February 24, 1934

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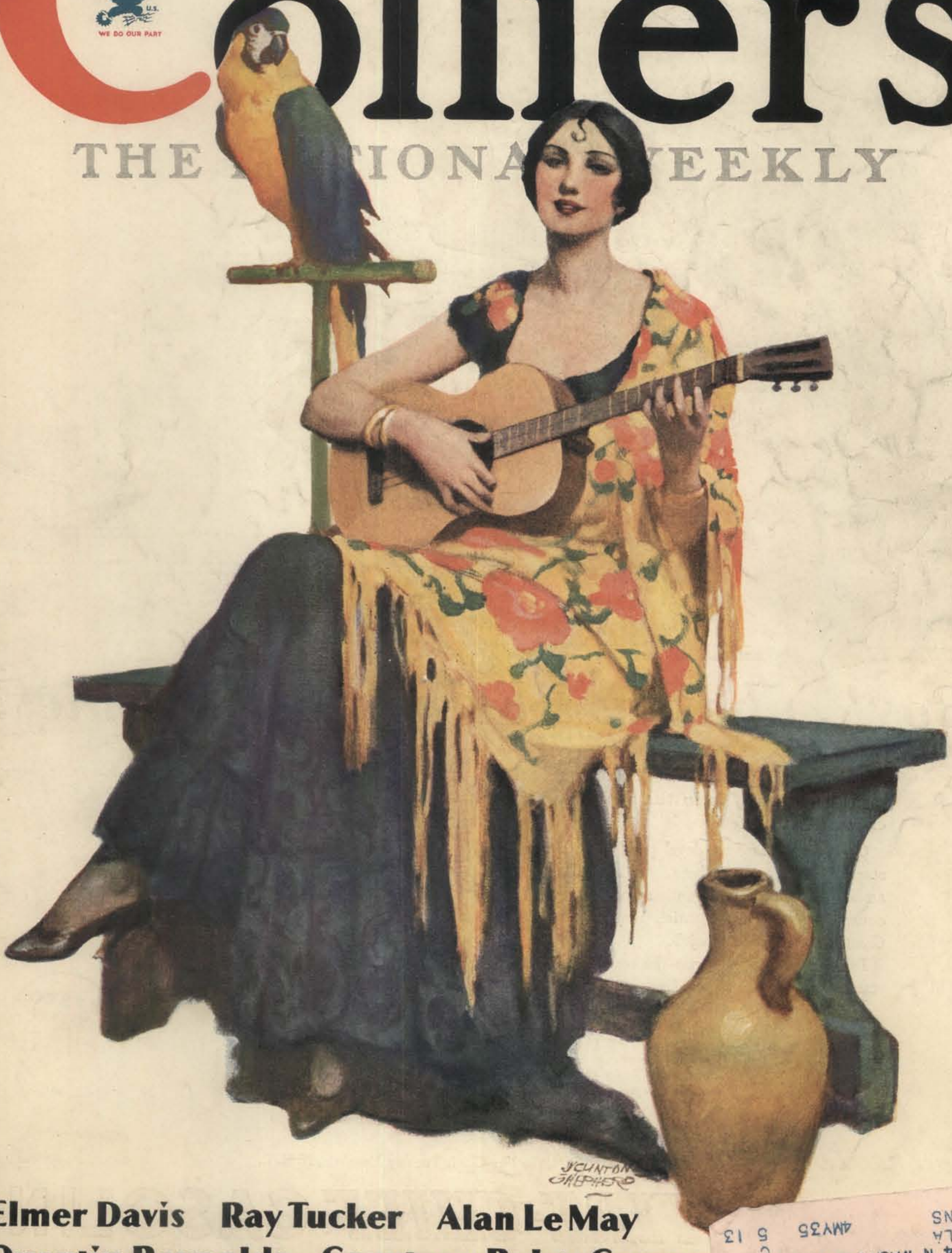
Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY



Elmer Davis **Ray Tucker** **Alan Le May**
Quentin Reynolds **Courtney Ryley Cooper**

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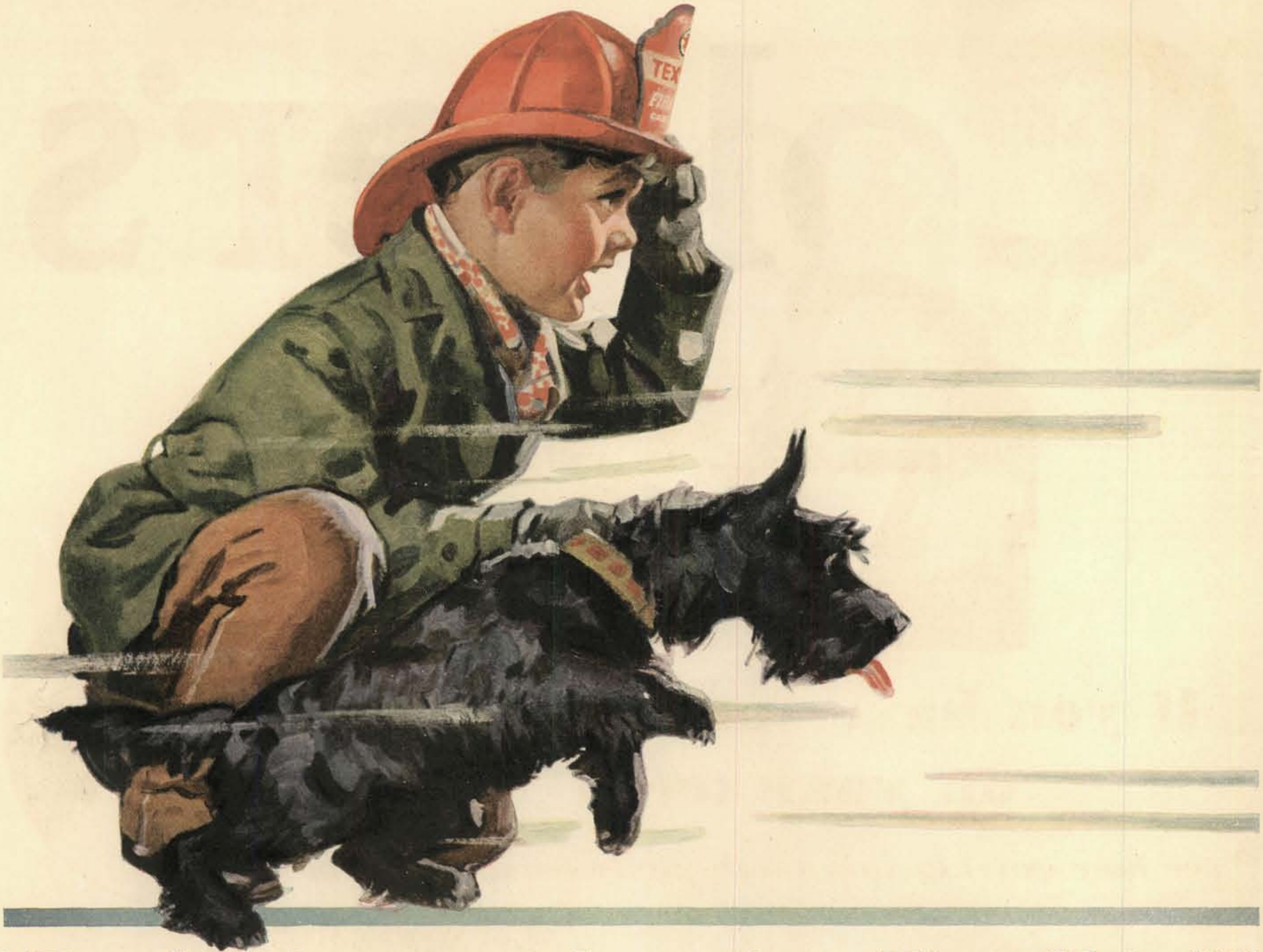

"Boy! . . he must be using Fire-Chief!"

No use chasing *that* one! The young man is right. *Fire-Chief* is in the tank. And that car is going places!

Greater Fire-Chief was developed for cars that must start instantly and get there fast! In fire engines, in ambulances, in police cars, wherever quick, unfailing action is absolutely essential, there you will find *Greater Fire-Chief* on the job.

In your car it gives you the same trigger-quick starts—the same thrust of extra power in every cylinder—the same space-eating speed that it *has to deliver* to be an "emergency" gasoline. And for good measure you get anti-knock smoothness that will please you.

How much extra does it cost? Not a penny! *Greater Fire-Chief* is yours at any Texaco Station in the country at the price of ordinary gasolines. Try just one tankful—and enjoy the "feel" of a smoother, livelier engine.

THE TEXAS COMPANY • *Texaco Petroleum Products*

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REG. T.M.

What is an Emergency Gasoline?

The U. S. Government specifies for its emergency use:— ". . . a grade of motor fuel which is suitable for ambulances, fire engines, military and naval equipment, and for other emergency vehicles under adverse conditions of starting and acceleration—"
(excerpt from U. S. Gov't. pamphlet VV-M-571)

***Greater Fire-Chief* exceeds these specifications**

NRA
WE DO OUR PART

a greater

Tune in on ED WYNN, the Fire-Chief, Tuesday Evenings, N. B. C.

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TEXACO FIRE-CHIEF GASOLINE

CHARLES McCLELLAND played fullback on the Carnegie Tech team that upset Notre Dame in '26. After graduation he took up the stage as a profession. One of his more recent appearances was in "Whistling in the Dark." "Mac" says: "I find Listerine Tooth Paste great for keeping my teeth clean of tobacco stain."

Singers realize the importance of keeping teeth free from film and discoloring stains. So it's not strange that the Revelers, harmony group known to millions by their frequent singing over NBC networks, believe in keeping their teeth white and attractive with Listerine Tooth Paste. Left to right: LEWIS JAMES, second tenor; WILFRED GLENN, bass; FRANK PARKER, first tenor; and ELLIOTT SHAW, baritone.

If you have smoke stains on your teeth

see how quickly this tooth paste combats them

WILLIAM HARLAN HALE is a young writer who has already been associate editor of Vanity Fair, columnist on a Washington, D.C., daily, and a roving reporter through Europe.

A convincing chorus of approval comes from smokers on the way Listerine Tooth Paste removes tobacco stains. Men and women usually find it highly effective.

Cleanses faster

No doubt about it, this modern dentifrice does clear away the film and stains faster than most. Less brushing is required. Teeth become whiter and brighter after just a few days' use.

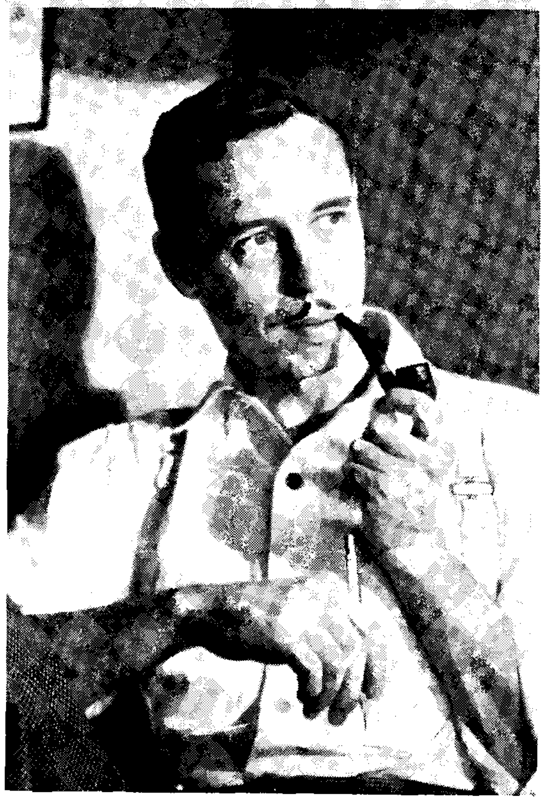
These results are due to modern polishing agents in Listerine Tooth Paste. It is surprisingly speedy in action, yet so soft that it cannot possibly injure enamel. As thousands of mothers know, this dentifrice is safe even for baby teeth.

You'll find that your gums look better and feel better after you begin using Listerine Tooth Paste. You'll like the way it refreshes the mouth. Used at night after heavy smoking, it sends you to bed with a cool, pleasant "taste." It acts on the breath much as does Listerine itself.

Change to this more modern formula for the next few weeks. See if, like its present users, you actually *prefer* it to 50¢ brands. Although you pay only 25¢ or less for Listerine Tooth Paste, you can't buy a finer formula at any price.

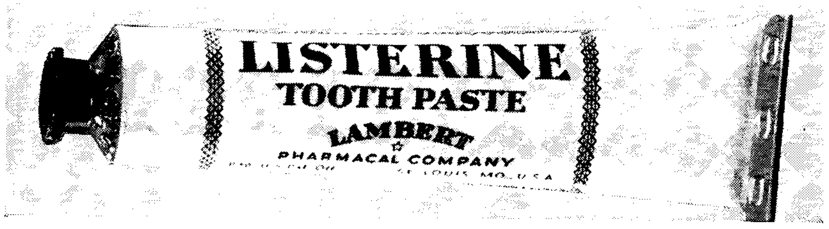
Save $3 a year

You can see for yourself that substantial savings are possible if you use Listerine Tooth Paste instead of 50¢ brands. On the basis of a tube a month, this saving amounts to $3 a year. Why don't you try it? If you find Listerine Tooth Paste a better dentifrice *regardless of price,* the saving will seem doubly welcome. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.



(*left*) Another chap who is glad to go on record for this dentifrice is MERRITT CUTLER, New York artist. Cutler has won fame at about everything he's tried: he brought home the D. S. C., Croix de Guerre, and British Military Medal from the War; and in 1930 he was a United States Indoor Tennis Doubles Champion.

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE · 25¢



Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

IT IS really amazing the amount of ignorance there is on Broadway about stealing horses. There are citizens who know all about stealing diamond necklaces or hot stoves, but when it comes to horses everybody confesses himself at a loss.

So when Regret, the horse player, wants to steal a crocodile for a friend he has to go to the rodeo and get the help of Frying Pan Joe, who is said to be a great hand at stealing horses in his day out in Colorado. And Frying Pan is very happy to return to his old profession.

The only trouble is that what Regret wants is just a horse and what Frying Pan Joe steals is Gallant Godfrey, the winner of the biggest stakes of the year. And many citizens will be somewhat startled if they know it is nobody but Gallant Godfrey who is drawing the victoria of "Princess O'Hara," and especially Princess O'Hara herself, who is driving the victoria. But it does not surprise Mr. Damon Runyon, who has been living on Broadway for many years.

FOR some time the richest people, per capita, on earth were the Osage Indians of Oklahoma. From 1915 to 1932 their oil royalties amounted to approximately $100,000 for every brave, squaw, and papoose. The Osages bought mansions, jewelry and hearses—you can sit on the floor of a hearse and look out when you go riding. But that's all over now—or almost. The Osages have been systematically plundered. And that's just one conspicuous example of the treatment our red brothers have received. Next week, in the first of two articles, Owen P. White describes our system for "Scalping the Indian."

THE romance between Dugan Weeks and Marta LeGrande had the swift, impermanent beauty of a rocket. It happened aboard ship. Everyone knew it couldn't last—even Dugan knew it, and said so. But Marta wouldn't have it that way. She followed him to Telos—and found him with another woman. That might have been the end of the story with anyone but Marta. In "All Questions Answered" Marian Sims tells you what she did.

JAMES GOULD COZZENS, author of "The Last Adam," tells the story of Curtis Bard, who loved a girl very, very dearly, but not quite so dearly as he loved himself. Bernice Brown writes the Short Short Story. Kyle Crichton, Freling Foster, Ray Tucker, Quentin Reynolds and others contribute stories and articles. George Agnew Chamberlain puts an end to "Marriage for Revenue" and Ernest Haycox increases the complications of "Rough Air." It's a big order.

This Week

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February 24, 1934

Cover by J. Clinton Shepherd

ALAN LeMAY
Out of the Whirlpool. A girl, as you might guess. Page 7

GROVER JONES
Revolt in Hollywood. Extempore drama. Page 10

JOHN T. FLYNN
Whisky Sour. What's wrong with our liquor? Page 12

ERNEST HAYCOX
Rough Air, Part II. Love against Hollywood. Page 14

ELMER DAVIS
A Butler and Everything. Unearned magnificence. Page 16

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Run of the Reel. Interlude in Florida—hunting the sailfish. Page 18

BETTY THORNLEY STUART
In Short. You'll be wearing 'em. Page 20

RAY TUCKER
White House Shadows. Dogging the President. Page 21

KYLE CRICHTON
Flash and Fury. Eddie Shore and the serious game of ice hockey. Page 22

GEORGE AGNEW CHAMBERLAIN
Marriage for Revenue, Part XI. Raglan strikes out. Page 24

ROBERT ORMOND CASE
Iron Woman. Justice in the Yukon. Page 25

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Center Ring, by Courtney Ryley Cooper. Page 29

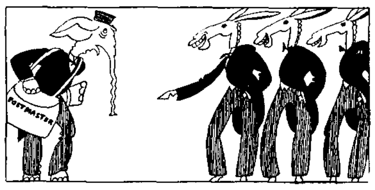
FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Choice facts. Page 32

EDITORIAL
In Round Billions. Page 58

●

Any Week

IN THIS issue you'll probably have quite a time of it deciding which you like most—Quentin Reynolds' sailfishing yarn or Lynn Bogue Hunt's illustrations. Both masterpieces, of course, but we think you ought to know that Mr. Hunt is so good at catching sailfish that he won the International Anglers' championship at Key Largo, Florida, in December for landing a sixty-five-pounder that fought like a double dose of Jack Dempsey.



NOW if we were the Postmaster at Stanton, Iowa—a Republican—we'd be pretty haggard. Mr. L. T. Larson of that city tells us that at the Booster Club of Stanton not long ago the Postmaster asked the club's endorsement of his application for reappointment. He also asked that a committee of three be selected to plead his cause to the district's Democratic congressman. Both requests were granted; but, says Mr. Larson, two of the committee are his competitors for the job and the third member is also a Democrat.

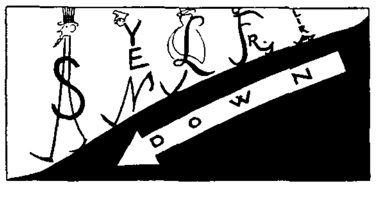
MR. LAURIE FLENNER of St. Paul, Minnesota, takes us aside to ask us to consider the future a bit. "If," says he, "this sort of thing is allowed to go too far, government is liable to be on the level and we're all going to have a fair shot at a square deal. And then where will we be?"

BUT if we permitted ourselves to spend our evenings worrying about possibilities of that sort we'd be in the same nasty spot Mr. Fred J. Mohler of Chicago, Illinois, is. Mr. Mohler reads the foreign news in his paper and finds himself all unraveled. "Look here," he complains; "all these revolutions and uprisings in foreign parts seem to be started by students. What the hell do they study, anyway?"

FROM Göttingen, Germany, Herr Karl H. Eitzen writes that we—We admit that we haven't the nerve to tell you what Herr Eitzen says about us. However, we can tell you that it is a black-shirted and steel-hatted curse he puts upon us for publishing T. R. Ybarra's "Hard-Boiled Hermann," a sprightly estimate of Herr Hermann Goering, President of the Reichstag. "It is," storm-troops Herr Eitzen, "an outrageous offense to say that Hermann Goering could ever dream of overthrowing Hitler. You ——" *Doch, doch, Herr Eitzen!*

MR. PAUL B. NEWMAN of Macon, Georgia, notifies the country through us that he "positively cannot vote for President Roosevelt again although I probably will. After working on my books for three weeks and finding that I was worth exactly one hundred and thirty-three dollars and seventy-two cents, I pick up the paper next morning and find that the President has changed the whole book on me and now I don't know any more about myself than I did before I started. I'm asking you."

DOCTOR ROBERT B. SWEET of Long Beach, California, thinks our editorial, "The Enemy Among Us," should be placed "alongside of Lincoln's Gettysburg Address." Mr. W. O. Byrd of Augusta, Georgia, says that "the gentleman who wrote 'The Enemy Among Us' deserves every medal, ribbon, prize, praise and, in fact, a government pension for distinguished and faithful service to the people." Mr. Harold K. Perkins of Suffield, Connecticut, calls it "the best editorial I ever read." Mr. L. M. Sipes, who, glory be, quit being an editor to become a preacher, says it "should be put into pamphlet form and sent to every home in the country." From these gentlemen and others we gather that it must have been pretty good.



"I SEE it all now," announces Miss Leona Brill of Toledo, Ohio. "We devalue our dollar in the interests of recovery. Then Japan devalues her yen to save her export trade. Whereupon France reduces her import barriers to keep her grape growers from going Democratic and England asks leave to tie her pound up to our dollar. Italy then establishes a stabilization fund to keep the lire steady, and Germany repudiates the whole darned thing. This leaves everything clear to me except what happens next. Or has it happened?"

WE SYMPATHIZE with Miss Brill. It occasionally gives us what is known amongst international bankers as pause. But these are times when a body has to think big. Like our favorite political philosopher, the late Uncle Joe Cannon. Uncle Joe was telling Chauncey M. Depew about a fish he had almost caught.

"About the size of a whale, wasn't it?" asked Mr. Depew softly.

"I was baitin' with whales," replied Uncle Joe.

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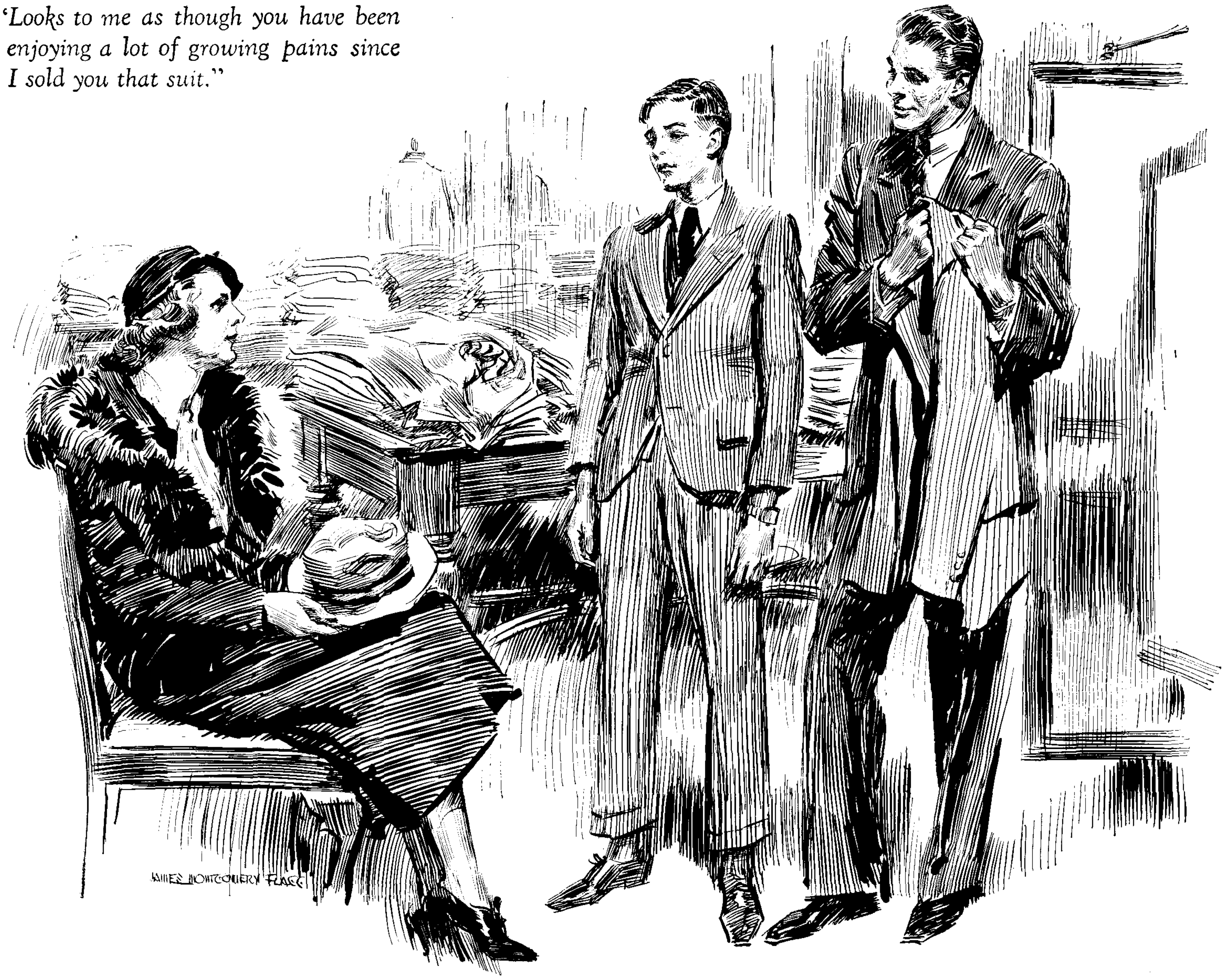
The "Growing Pains" Delusion

"Looks to me as though you have been enjoying a lot of growing pains since I sold you that suit."



CONTRARY to widespread belief, children do not suffer pain just because Nature is making their bones longer and their muscles stronger. It does not hurt to grow.

Whenever a child suffers so-called "growing pains," a thorough investigation should be made by a physician. "Growing pains" come from definite causes. Among them are improper nourishment, muscular fatigue following over-exertion, exposure to cold or inclement weather when not suitably clothed, improper posture which may induce flat feet, round shoulders, round back, flat chest, pot-belly, curvature of the spine. Tuberculosis of the joints is a rare cause.

One of the most serious causes of "growing pains" in childhood is rheumatic infection. Indeed, if it is disregarded, it may lead to permanent damage to the heart.

The onset of rheumatic infection is often so insidious that its danger to the heart may be unsuspected. This infection may cause a sore throat, as well as pains in the legs, arms or elsewhere; occasionally St. Vitus' dance. Sometimes it is accompanied by a steady, low fever. A child with rheumatic infection may look anemic, may be listless and may have no desire to romp and play. He may have little appetite and may lose weight.

While sunshine, rest, fresh air and nourishing food often help Nature to effect a cure if the disease has not progressed too far, do not delay having a needed medical examination if your child has "growing pains." He may be in great danger—the danger of permanent heart trouble.

THE LIGHT THAT NEVER FAILS

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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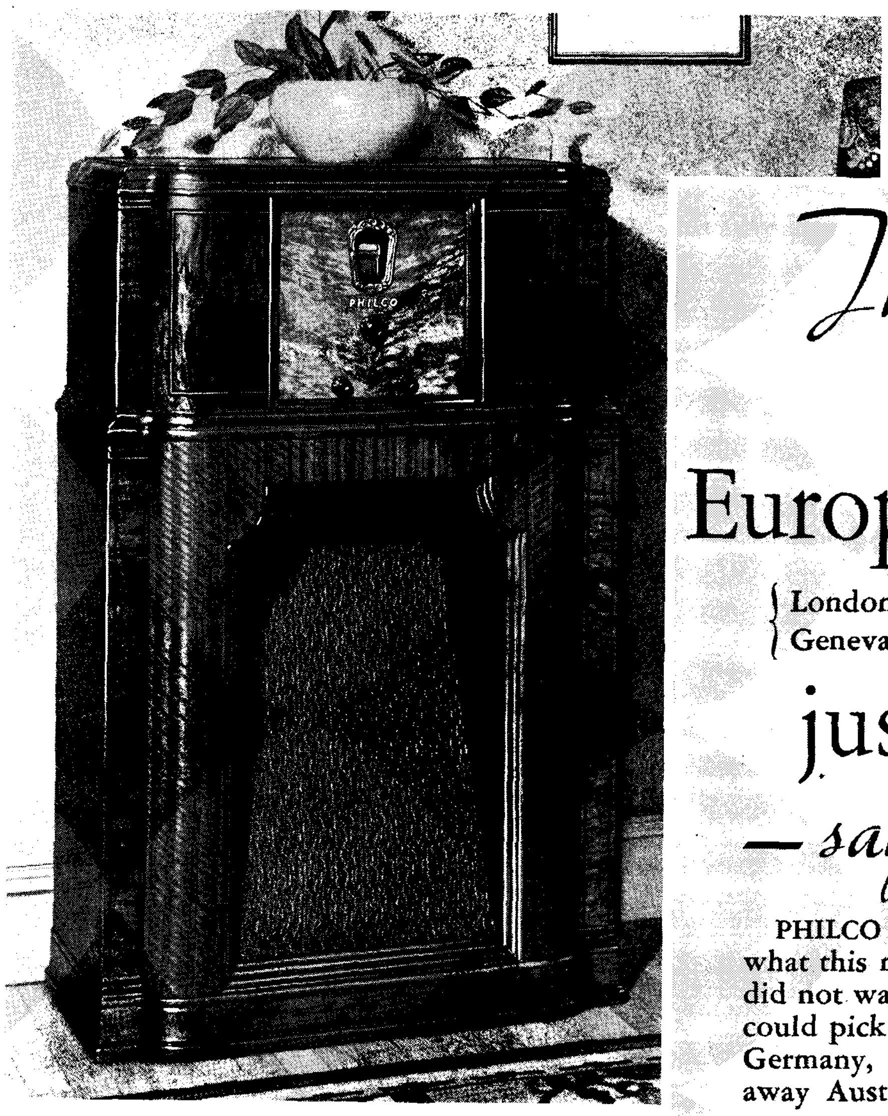
Give your home a REAL Radio



This PHILCO brings in Europe-South America

London — Berlin — Buenos Aires — Paris — Rome
Geneva — Caracas — Madrid — Moscow — Australia

just like "locals"!

— say owners everywhere!

PHILCO engineers preferred to be very modest about what this newest and greatest PHILCO would do. They did not want to emphasize the ease with which the 16X could pick up the short-wave stations of England, France, Germany, Spain, Italy, South America and even far away Australia.

But PHILCO owners have forced our hand! From all over the country enthusiastic letters are pouring in. Letters that tell of Berlin rolling in as plainly, understandably, *enjoyably* as a local station. Other letters tell of 16X owners who set their watches by the chimes of Big Ben in London. And still others tell of hearing the great Australian stations at Melbourne and Sydney!

So what else can we do but come right out in black and white and say that when properly installed with the PHILCO Special All-Wave Aerial—this 16X will bring you stations from overseas just as regularly as you can expect to listen to stations 500 or 1000 miles away. *With this added advantage*—that on many channels short-wave reception is better in daylight than at night! So much better that in broad daylight you can hear London, Paris, Berlin, Madrid with all the volume you can possibly use!

Go to the nearest PHILCO dealer. See and hear the 16X — or the 16 chassis in any of its varied and attractive cabinets from Baby Grand to Remote Control!

LISTEN TO BOAKE CARTER OVER KEY COLUMBIA STATIONS

PHILCO 16X (ALL-WAVE) $175

MARVELOUS TONE! Due in large measure to the greatest single development in scientific sound reproduction — the revolutionary PHILCO Patented Inclined Sounding Board.

1. Its inclination directs all high notes (sparkle and brilliance) some of which you would otherwise miss, up to "ear level".
2. Its large size permits full reproduction of low notes (depth and sonority).
3. RESULT — Reception as if the artists were present "in person".

SHORT-WAVE AS WELL AS STANDARD BROADCAST RECEPTION! Efficient reception on all American and foreign short-wave channels including the very short waves of British Empire Station broadcasts!

SUPER "CLASS A" AUDIO SYSTEM! No distortion from whisper to auditorium volume.

BASS COMPENSATING TONE CONTROL! Giving that pleasing depth and mellowness combined with the desirable crispness and clarity only possible through correct balance of bass and treble.

Shadow Tuning—Automatic Volume Control — New Auditorium Speaker — Illuminated Station Recording Dial — PHILCO High-Efficiency Tubes, etc.

16 Chassis with Remote Control	**$195**
16 Chassis in Attractive Lowboy	**$150**
16 Chassis in Baby Grand Cabinet	**$85**

PHILCO also offers another all-wave chassis—the 44—in two attractive cabinets

44H—All-Wave Highboy	**$89.50**
44B—All-Wave Baby Grand	**$65**

For better reception from short-wave as well as standard broadcast stations — specify a PHILCO Special All-Wave Aerial.

A BRAND NEW PHILCO AUTO RADIO AT $55

{Complete and installed on any make car—any model—any year}

A new 1934 model PHILCO Auto Radio featuring a full-size dynamic speaker—the same type used in high-priced home radios. Four-point tone control. More powerful—better tone than any auto radio that $55 ever bought before!

PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY SET

PHILCO

A musical instrument of quality

PHILCO · · · 60MB

$37.50

A perfect expression of all that is best in design. Modern — but not "modernistic." The cabinet is of beautifully figured, natural finish mahogany with ebonized trim. A PHILCO superheterodyne with automatic volume control, tone control, and electro-dynamic speaker. Covers regular broadcast band, all police calls and many amateur and airplane stations. $37.50.

$20 to $600

All prices subject to change without notice

Collier's The National Weekly for February 24, 1934

Out of the Whirlpool

By Alan LeMay

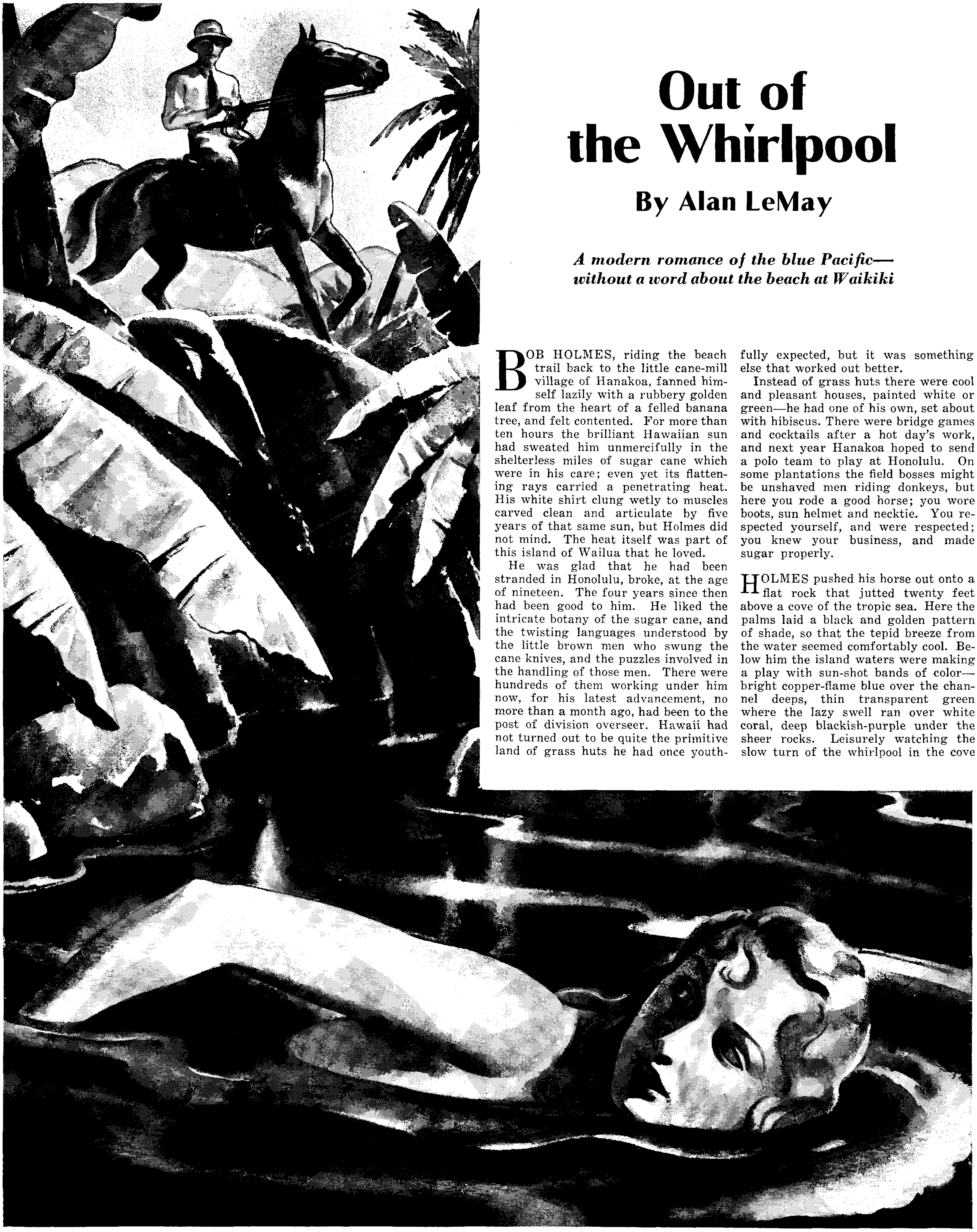
A modern romance of the blue Pacific—without a word about the beach at Waikiki

BOB HOLMES, riding the beach trail back to the little cane-mill village of Hanakoa, fanned himself lazily with a rubbery golden leaf from the heart of a felled banana tree, and felt contented. For more than ten hours the brilliant Hawaiian sun had sweated him unmercifully in the shelterless miles of sugar cane which were in his care; even yet its flattening rays carried a penetrating heat. His white shirt clung wetly to muscles carved clean and articulate by five years of that same sun, but Holmes did not mind. The heat itself was part of this island of Wailua that he loved.

He was glad that he had been stranded in Honolulu, broke, at the age of nineteen. The four years since then had been good to him. He liked the intricate botany of the sugar cane, and the twisting languages understood by the little brown men who swung the cane knives, and the puzzles involved in the handling of those men. There were hundreds of them working under him now, for his latest advancement, no more than a month ago, had been to the post of division overseer. Hawaii had not turned out to be quite the primitive land of grass huts he had once youthfully expected, but it was something else that worked out better.

Instead of grass huts there were cool and pleasant houses, painted white or green—he had one of his own, set about with hibiscus. There were bridge games and cocktails after a hot day's work, and next year Hanakoa hoped to send a polo team to play at Honolulu. On some plantations the field bosses might be unshaved men riding donkeys, but here you rode a good horse; you wore boots, sun helmet and necktie. You respected yourself, and were respected; you knew your business, and made sugar properly.

HOLMES pushed his horse out onto a flat rock that jutted twenty feet above a cove of the tropic sea. Here the palms laid a black and golden pattern of shade, so that the tepid breeze from the water seemed comfortably cool. Below him the island waters were making a play with sun-shot bands of color—bright copper-flame blue over the channel deeps, thin transparent green where the lazy swell ran over white coral, deep blackish-purple under the sheer rocks. Leisurely watching the slow turn of the whirlpool in the cove



Bill Holmes watched until her sunny head reappeared. Then three long strokes carried her out of view

James W. Earley

below, he got to thinking now about the laughter-loving, liquid-tongued islanders who had once been the only people here.

The Hawaiians still had a legend about this little cove. Why not? The water here had a pleasantly mysterious depth, and down under it you could sometimes see magic-looking fish moving as if the colors in the water came to life and swam away. The legend was about a girl who had changed into a bright fish, and still lived down there among the rocks in a translucent green and blue world of her own. The old folks among the native Hawaiians believed that if a yellow banana leaf were thrown into this shadowed eddy at the right time the girl would come out onto the beach in her human form, and walk there for a moment, slim and brown, clothed only in the lush length of her hair. The time for this was supposed to be just when the day was subsiding into the translucent half-light of sunset, preferably in the late spring. Like now.

On an impulse Bob Holmes sent his banana-leaf fan spinning into the whirlpool. It struck stem-end first, disappeared, then was swept into view again as the eddy caught it. Holmes grinned at himself and reined his horse toward the trail.

Then, turning on the flat rock, the horse gave a snorting jerk, and stood staring at the beach with every symptom of horsey astonishment. Bob Holmes' glance followed his mount's pointing ears; and he too was instantly paralyzed by a vision of the impossible.

The legendary girl had appeared out of the sea.

She was not a tawny figure with heavy black hair, as might have been expected. Her hair was only half long, richly golden in the sunset light, and her sea-wet body gleamed whitely, like mother-of-pearl. It was also possible that she had come around the point of rocks, instead of out of the whirlpool. But the banana leaf had made a most astonishing job of it, just the same. She was like something made of sunlight and mist—but a lot more tangible.

For a moment she stood rigid, startled into awareness by the snort of Holmes' horse. She remained poised there for the instant that it took a wave to break over the rock point into runnels of foam. Then she took two quick steps, dived, and her white slenderness cut the purple-black water in the rock shadows.

Bob Holmes watched, his mouth open, until her sunny head reappeared, well out. She shook the water out of her eyes and returned his stare unreadably for a brief moment. Then a little spout of water flirted from her heels, and three long strokes carried her out of view.

BACK in his own quarters, while he showered, shaved, and dressed in fresh whites, Holmes tried to imagine who the girl could be. Lovely young women were not so abundant on Wailua that any ever passed unnoticed, even for a day. Anyway, no one but a new arrival would have trusted the apparant seclusion of the whirlpool cove.

He had no time to investigate her possible identity now. Word was waiting for him upon his arrival at his quarters that he was expected for highballs at Tom Randall's house. Tom Randall was the manager, and Holmes had better be there. Already he was very late—would, in fact, have been too late altogether, except that the Randalls habitually dined very late.

As he walked up the long curve of the Randalls' palm-set driveway, he was still thinking, however, about the vision in the cove. Since hardly anyone came to stay at Hanakoa except company employees, he concluded that she must be a new nurse at the company hospital. If this were true, the addition of such a girl to their rather meager community was most certainly a matter for celebration. Holmes was interested in the extreme, and more than a little elated.

Picturing his vision installed in the hospital, he was unprepared as he entered the Randalls' white-pillared portico to meet her face to face—almost the first person he encountered in the long wicker-furnished living-room.

She was a vision still, and a very lovely one, but entirely different now. Her gray starched chiffon, touched with silver threads, dramatized her bright hair and pale skin, and her contrastingly dark eyes made her striking.

"Lucia," Norma Randall said, "this is Bob Holmes. He's in charge of the Makai division, and he's going to ride Number Two when we take the Islands polo championship away from the Oahu Blues. Miss Morrison, Bob."

BILL FREEMAN, boss of the Hanakoa mill, horned in at this point. The radio was bringing in San Francisco, and Bill wanted Lucia to dance before it faded out again. Bob Holmes was left with Norma Randall, the manager's somewhat fluttery little wife.

"Isn't she the loveliest thing you ever saw?" Mrs. Randall demanded.

"Yes," Holmes said. He was thinking that Lucia had not appeared to recognize him.

"Her family are very charming and distinguished people," Norma Randall was saying. (Holmes knew she meant that they were rich.) "I don't think they're exactly interested in the company just now, but it is quite possible that they may be. I'm terribly anxious that Lucia get as pleasant as possible an impression of our little old island."

"She would be a charming and distinguished person without any family at all," Bob Holmes said. Mrs. Randall was not being very informative. At a glance he had classified Lucia as the heart of a background to which he could add nothing.

"Of course she would. Everybody says she's going to marry Dale Hammond. You'd be interested in him—he's another polo player. He spends slathers of money on his mounts. They say a ten-goal player offered Dale some fabulous—"

Holmes thought of the all-purpose horses which he was using to practice on—a string of two animals of unknown breeding which he had bought because they looked as if they could jump over a flume handily.

"We're going to have to call on you often," Norma Randall said, "to help keep Lucia entertained. I'll make Tom arrange things so that you don't have to be in the field so much, for a couple of weeks. I should think," Norma added, studying Lucia Morrison from across the room with a calculating admiration, "that you'd thank me profusely for the break."

"It is a break beyond belief," Bob Holmes said, trying not to sound ironic.

He went away, and as he walked home he no longer thought well of himself, nor his position, nor the island of Wailua. The stir that he had felt at the prospect of being much with Lucia Morrison for the next two weeks was a premonitory one, promising destruction of a way of living with which he had been content. He had spoken to her only once, but he already knew that Wailua was going to seem an empty station of exile when she was gone.

CONSEQUENTLY, when he was called out of his cane fields at midmorning of the next day, he astounded Mrs. Randall by entering a vague and unbelievable protest.

"Look, Mrs. Randall—I appreciate this a lot; but the fact is, I have a very tricky burn to take care of down here in the hand-loading field, and I'm afraid that I ought to—"

"I have everything fixed up," Mrs. Randall told him. "We're all going riding, to show Lucia what the island is like."

"That's fine, but I thought maybe Bill Freeman would be better able to—"

"Your division is jamming Bill's mill nearly every day, and you know it. He can't possibly get away. Anyway, he's much too old to interest Lucia. What you can't seem to understand is that this problem of entertaining—"

"Perhaps Harry Watson—" he began, naming the overseer of the Mauka division.

Mrs. Randall stared at him with outraged disbelief. "What is this?" she demanded. "I've never heard of anything like it in all my life. Here I'm giving you a break that any other young man on the island would give his right arm for, and all you can think about is how to make your escape. Well, you're not going to! Heaven knows, I wish we had a couple of dozen young men; but we haven't, and you're going to rally around!"

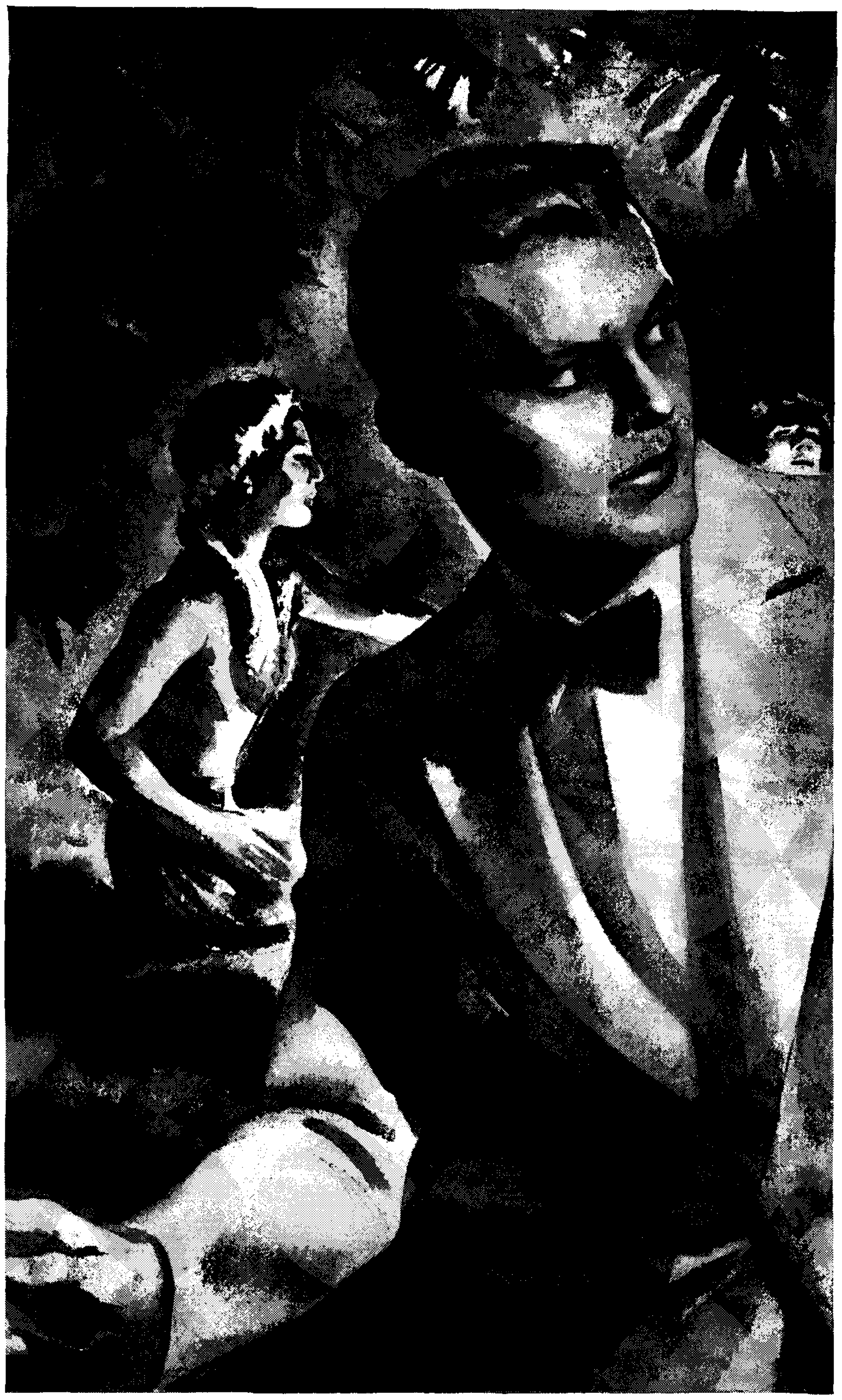
Bob Holmes wondered what Randall thought about all this. He never found out. Tactfully probing his manager's attitude, Holmes got the impression that he had been turned temporarily over to Mrs. Randall, and that was all.

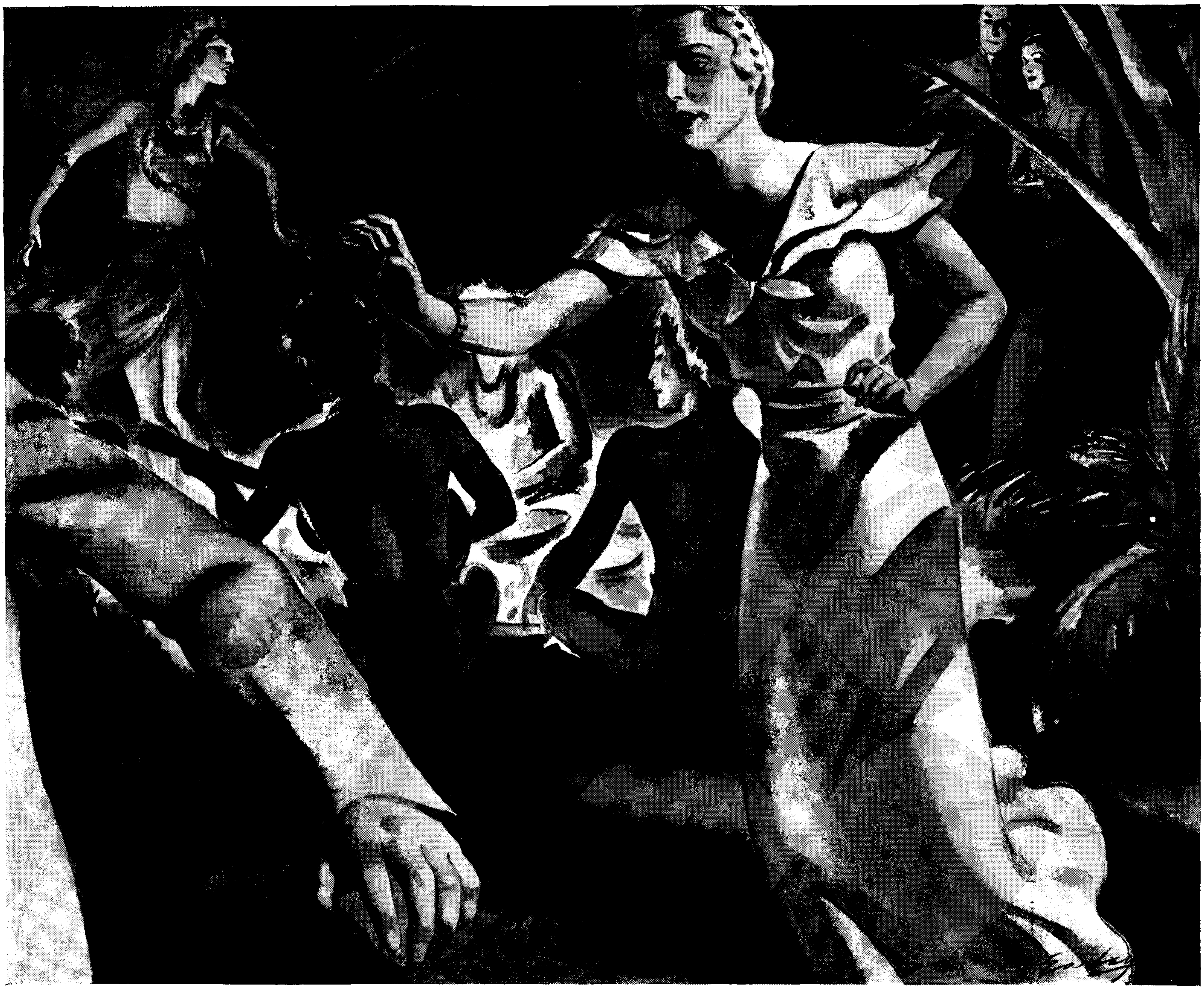
SO FOR two weeks Bob Holmes found his customary routine altered immensely. He was accustomed to leave for the fields at four in the morning, and to stay out until late afternoon. But now if he was able to make a hurried tour once a day he was lucky. Daily he was informed that he was needed for riding, swimming, dancing, or bridge. A vacation without leaving the island—that was what it amounted to.

He seldom saw Lucia alone. But though the rest of the party might change from day to day, Bob Holmes was called upon almost invariably. If he could have seen how well he looked, tall and sun-darkened in his immaculate whites, he would have known why this was.

Sometimes in the cool of the morning they rode the shady mountain trails where the delicate pale green of the kukui reached up through the gorges into the darker green of the koa forests. Or they rode in the noonday twilight of an ancient crater, under the giant tree ferns. Or hunted out the vast sheer buttresses of black and red rock where the vertical streams of Hawaii hung cascades of living silver in the sunlight, talking forever.

Other days they sunned lazily on the





Someone was running after him, and he quickened his step, but stopped when, hardly over a whisper, she called his name

beach, watching the shifting of the incredible bands of color in the tropic sea. They surf-boarded on the mile-long rollers, and bucketed about in the roaring white blaze of the breakers, and Lucia learned some ten-syllable Hawaiian names for little fish that were shaped and colored like tropic birds. Neither of them liked to talk as much or as constantly as most people do, and when they had learned this a companionship developed between them such as neither found in the company of anyone else.

After a little while Bob Holmes was able to keep from remembering that Lucia Morrison would soon be leaving the islands, that he probably would never see her again. When he let himself think about it he recognized that her departure was going to leave him hopelessly aground. But on Wailua he had learned the art of living in the present, with the past asleep and the future nonexistent, and this was a good thing for him now.

ONE day when they rode for an hour alone, Lucia asked him something that disturbed and bothered him.

"Bob—what's ahead of you, here?"

"Ahead?"

"I mean, do you always intend to make sugar?"

He smiled. "Oh, yes, I'll always make sugar."

"Always the islands? Even if this company should break up and you were let out?"

He was stirred a little then, that she should be interested in what his life was going to be; almost as if she touched the idea that some day she might share it. "I'd go on to other sugar islands," he told her. "Perhaps Porto Rico; perhaps—"

"But aren't you ever homesick?"

"This is my home. I've been to the mainland once in four years. I won't go back. People are always trying to sell you something. And they seem cold—kind of indifferent to each other—after you've lived out here. Wailua—Wailua has no locked doors."

"But don't you ever get hungry for little things that you remember? Like dry leaves burning in the fall; and the smell of frosty apples; and how nice the crackle of a fire is, when twilight shuts down so early in the winter; and how good hot chocolate is when you come in from tramping in the snow—"

For the first time in years Bob Holmes experienced a curious quick pang of nostalgia. But before he spoke again he knew what the answer was. When he thought of never again seeing the small, steep islands rising out of the warm sea he knew they had him for all time. He had come to them a wild, restless kid, and here in the cane fields he had found himself.

"*Kamaaina*," he said at last.

"Who?"

"A *kamaaina* is an old-timer. Of course I'm not really that. But I belong here, I guess."

HE KNEW what he was saying when he said that. To admit that he would always be an islander was to recognize a barrier between them that he saw no way to overcome. It was hard for him to take, as he thought now of how soon she would be gone. But the brilliant sun and black shadows, the cane fields and the many-colored tropic sea—even the labors in the damp heat had become a part of him. They fell silent, and he was afraid to look at her. Over them both had come a sharp mood of dissatisfaction with the world as it was.

They didn't talk about it again. Holmes returned to ignoring the fact that she was ever going away. He made no love to her. He knew this must be almost unheard of in her experience, and sometimes when he found her looking at him in a curious way he supposed this to be the reason. But he realized he had nothing to offer this girl who had everything, and who was going to marry a man who could afford one of the world's finest polo-pony strings.

The two weeks that Lucia Morrison had planned to stay on Wailua stretched on toward three, but she didn't leave.

The end of this phase came abruptly. All day, for a change, he had been in the fields fighting a cane fire. Back in his quarters, as he was bathing the smart of the smoke out of his eyes, Bill Freeman, boss of the mill, walked in, helped himself to a highball, and sat down heavily.

"Well," he said, "she's leaving."

"Who's leaving?"

"Who do you suppose?"

"When?" Holmes asked after a moment.

"Tomorrow's boat."

"Kind of sudden, isn't it?"

Bill Freeman shrugged again. "What else can we expect on this God-forsaken lava dump?"

Bob Holmes had known many men who thought of the life out here as an insupportable exile; but Bill Freeman never talked that way unless he had been drinking hard. In the last couple

(Continued on page 41)

Collier's *for February 24, 1934*

Revolt in Hollywood

By Grover Jones

Being the curious adventure of a gentleman who spoke out of turn in Yes-Man's Paradise

SCENE 26
Kendall Library

A Moving Shot of Rodney Kendall and Old Billik, as the latter follows the agitated youth around the room, trying to pacify him. Rodney pauses in front of the fireplace.

OLD BILLIK (*soothingly*): Steady, son, steady. No sense in flaring up now. If Alice feels that way about it—

Digby Carroll read no further. Taking the script in his good right hand he swung it circularly, in the manner of a sand-lot pitcher, and let fly. One hundred and twenty pages of Born to Love, a Modern Film Company masterpiece, shot through the air and thudded against a sun arc in an empty set. The huge light began to sway drunkenly, in close proximity to a pile of valuable antiques that were to be a part of the set's appointments.

Digby didn't care. He hoped the possible crash would short-circuit the bull switch and set fire to the studio. If it did, as the flames spread he would don make-up after make-up. All Old Billiks —five years of Old Billiks.

He had been in the business twenty years, fifteen of which had been devoted to making the name of Digby Carroll a credit to the screen. The virginal days of Hollywood saw him a star of the first water. Essanay, Biograph, Lubin, Triangle, and others long since forgotten, had twenty-four-sheeted him the length and breadth of the nation. His name was "box office."

In time, naturally, he ceased to play leads. But, being a good actor, it wasn't difficult for him to slip into character rôles. He found that he liked it—a scope for delineation that dwarfed heroic leads. Yes, characters were really the thing.

THEN came the talkies. And with them a new school of Art. Repression, the young directors called it; he catalogued it as the hacksaw of histrionics. No physical reactions, regardless of the tragic import of the scene. No outward manifestations of sorrow. You merely walked on, opened your face and let the words roll out. How stupid! How silly! A technique devoid of soul!

But it was not for him to protest; he had to eat. So, with deepest humiliation he studied repression at home while his wife was out playing bridge. And the more he studied, the more she played bridge. . . .

He was worried about Alice—darn that script writer, the girl in this story was named Alice, too. She had trodden the boards with him—burlesque, repertoire, Broadway. A little more limited in histrionic scope, naturally, but with sufficient appreciative sense of his own capabilities to make their marriage ideal.

They had been so happy before this repression monster came into being. A bungalow in a court just off Sunset Boulevard. Across the street, the Acme Film Company shooting gangster pictures all night long—machine-guns, patrol wagons and siren-equipped ambulances. Two blocks away, the Moroccan Theater dispelled a perpetually unusual fog with revolving sun arcs. Nightly groups stood on the sidewalk outside their bedroom window colorfully discussing the merits and demerits of the business; what So-and-so told Griffith that time he was making The Clansman; why Tom Mix used real bullets in all his fight scenes; who Greta Garbo's publicity man was and how much they paid him—and all that sort of thing. Manna to the person whose whole life had been wrapped up in the business.

REPRESSION had destroyed this romantic atmosphere for him. An actor must live his art, you know, and the old style of acting gave him that liberty. Domesticity offered the natural shadings of drama and comedy. He could always find a parallel at home for the thing he had to do at the studio. Alice understood. Let him rise to dramatic heights over a piece of burned toast or scream his defiance to the gods because he couldn't find his nail file and Alice would always reward him with a soft-throated "Bravo!" But repression—he shuddered at the thought of the vile thing—tolerated no such manifestations. Now he must move in and out of his household like a cake of Thursday's ice sliding around on the kitchen linoleum. A barometer of the human soul no longer; a Thespian in name only.

Repression, too, had brought a change in Alice. It started with the killing of Daisy, their pet cat. A plumber's truck had scattered its sixteen years and nine lives the breadth and length of a city block. Alice had come screaming into the living-room, and delivered a tragic oration that, in earlier days, would have brought him to his feet with noisy acclaim. But what did he do? As she lay sobbing on the sofa, he thrummed the table top with his fingers and merely said: "Life is like that, my dear." No arching of the eyebrows, no sign of agitation. Only a faint movement of the lips as the words came out in their natural order.

He had been pleased with his reaction, yet he loved Daisy with the passion of a parent for its first-born. Alice had given him one strange look, ceased her sobbing instantly and left the room. He tried to explain but he couldn't make her understand that this new art limited his expression. It was their first and last cat—and Alice was never quite the same afterward.

ALICE'S attitude had dwarfed his perspective. He was afraid of his future, now in the hands of the younger technicians. He struggled to make good. So when Joel Gleiver asked him to play Old Billik in Romance Valley, he jumped at the opportunity. He wanted to show those young squirts that once an actor, always an actor. He had always been a robust character in the films; he wanted them to see how he could put across this broken-down old eccentric who had nothing to do in the story except deliver the motivating plot lines by being a friend of the family.

Two hours he spent on the make-up. A frayed beard. Puttied left nostril. The right eye pinched down with a collodion scar. Deeply lined wrinkles in his face. No wonder Gleiver shrieked his admiration when he saw him.

If only an earthquake had opened up the California real estate that day he started to play Old Billik and enveloped the script that put the curse upon him. The suffering and indignities he would have been spared; the happiness he would have found at home. But no such luck. The character became so famous that all subsequent writers referred to similar characters in their stories as Old Billik. And Old Billik he became.

At first he offered only mild objections. The pay was good and the parts were short. Often he was able to play in two pictures at the same time—a double check that was not to be sneezed at. But the longer he played it the less they knew him as Digby Carroll, and the smaller grew the stipend.

Now he was working on a twenty-five-dollar check and times were tough. A measly twenty-five dollars for which he had to rise at six in the morning, comb crêpe hair until seven, grab off a cup of coffee and then spend another two hours lining his face and applying the collodion scar. After which he followed some young squirt around a living-room two blocks long, telling him not to do anything rash, for the sake of his dear old father. If it happened to be a woman star, he was privileged to sit on the foot of her bed while she ate her breakfast without even having washed her face. That always disgusted him. And there they sat and talked plot, with now and then an ingenious young director cutting to a lap dog for comedy relief.

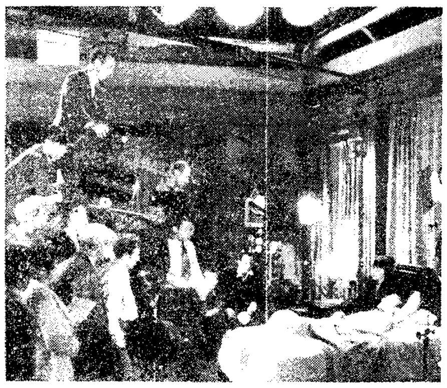
CRASH! The sun arc had grown tired of its teetering and did a perfect nose dive into the pile of antiques. The twisted rung of a Louis XV chair came flying from the cloud of wreckage and playfully tapped Digby on the left ear, instantly stopping any further mental preamble. Unmindful of the hurt, his horrified eyes watched a myriad of studio workers rush toward the scene of disaster from every shadowed nook and cranny. A bedlam of excited voices, all talking at once.

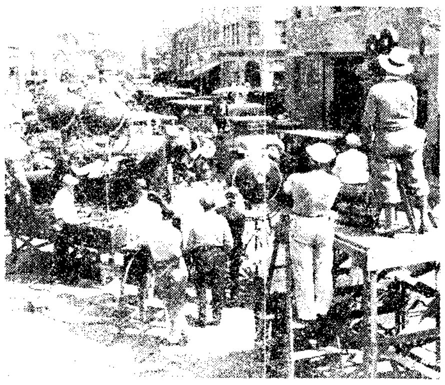
Stamborn, the company's greatest director, was there. At the moment he was screaming and tearing his hair because the crash had broken in on one of his finest scenes. He saw Digby, trembling on the sidelines; the posture of a guilty man.

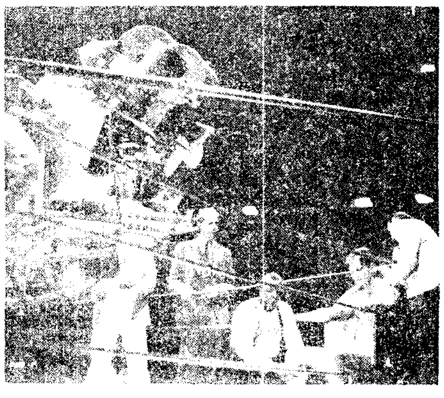
"What the mischief have you been doing?" screamed Stamborn. "Don't you know I'm shooting in the next set?"

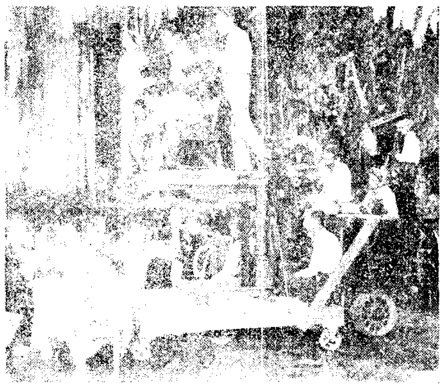
Digby shook his head dumbly. His lips were dry and stuck together, making it utterly impossible for words to come through. Two days later he cursed himself for this display of cowardice. Why hadn't he grabbed that weasel by his purple coat and, while the others looked on with mouth agape, which is what they would have done under the circumstances, calmly twisted his head off at the shoulders and tossed it through the studio roof?

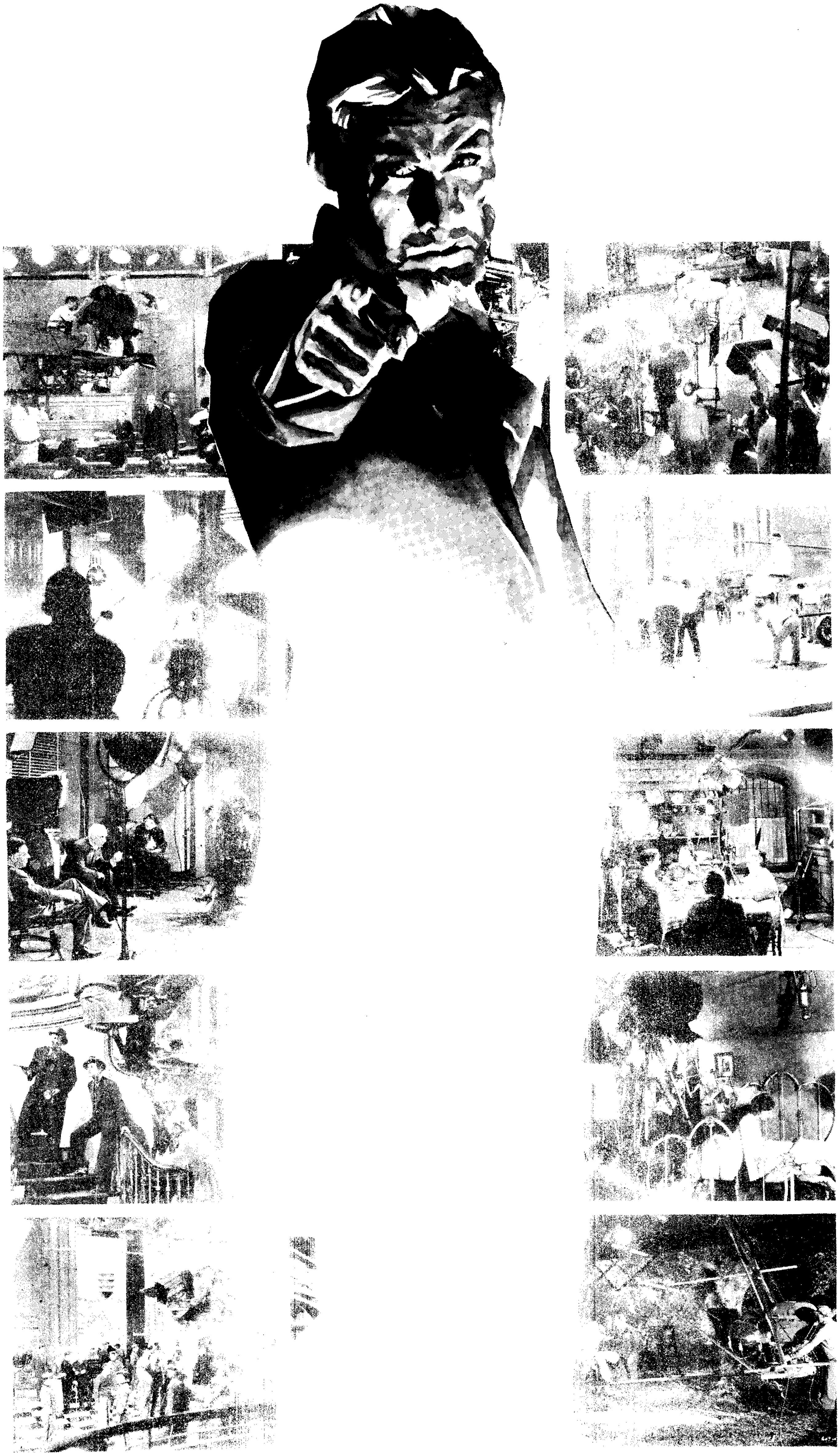
Instead, he allowed himself to be reviled, threatened with dismissal and the possibility of never working for that











"Why don't they practice what they preach? Why don't they?" Digby whirled and pointed an accusing finger at the dumfounded director and producer

company again. Fortunately, Stamborn's vehemence was of sufficient duration to dissolve his mental paralysis. He heard himself saying:

"It—it was really not my fault, Mr. Stamborn; honest, it wasn't. I came over here—over here to—to read the script—you know, Mr. Stamborn, the part I'm to play for you—and I got such a kick out of it, I—"

"Got a kick out of it, huh?" Stamborn tapped his moist forehead with his handkerchief. The ugly glint in his copper-colored eyes gradually disappeared. "You think it's good, huh?"

"Not good, Mr. Stamborn," replied Digby with growing courage. "I think it's great. It's got such depth and feeling—sweep, you know. It—"

"What about this furniture, Mr. Stamborn?" A property man indicated the wreckage with a backward sweep of his thumb. "The boss'll raise cain, sure as I'm a foot high, an' I don't want him to think that I done it."

"Scram!" growled Stamborn. He turned and faced Digby once more. "You think it's got suspense? The story, I mean."

"Plenty of suspense, Mr. Stamborn; it's full of it. And those little twists you've worked into each situation—clever as the deuce."

"Glad you like it," smiled Stamborn. "Best story I ever tackled. It's got what most of 'em lack." He doubled one fist and brought it up with an accompanying grunt. "It's got guts. . . . Think you can handle your part okay?"

DIGBY smothered the sudden desire to scream. How nice it would be to take a knife—not an ordinary knife, but a long-bladed affair, well-sharpened at the end, jab it into the region of Stamborn's lower vest button and then move circularly toward his throat. It might take hours but it certainly would be worth the trouble. However, he found himself nodding in reply to the question.

Stamborn removed a cigarette from a rather elaborate case and gently tapped the end. Digby took particular notice of that case. On its back was engraved: "To Christophe V. Stamborn. For the most meritorious direction of 1932—Satan Sally." Satan Sally!

He groaned inwardly. He was Old Billik in that picture, too. Chased a girl from New York to Paris just to tell her that he was a friend of the family and that she ought to return to her lover, who had been falsely accused of having an affair with a torch singer.

"I'll be getting to you first thing in the morning," said Stamborn. "Bear down on that sequence in the Kendall house. It's a tough routine but I think you'll be able to put it across. Also, I don't mind telling you that I like actors who take the interest in a script that you've shown. See you tomorrow."

He walked away, taking with him the disturbing odor of perfume. Digby stared after him for a moment, his mouth moving strangely. Somehow or other, he wanted to cry. It was a silly thing for a man of his age to want to do. He looked around the set. He was alone. So he started to cry.

(Continued on page 46)

Whisky Sour

By John T. Flynn

Many citizens feel that legal whisky has let them down—both those who buy liquor stocks and those who drink liquor. The behavior of the stocks has been erratic and subject to collapse; the liquor has tasted like many things but only rarely like whisky. And the reasons for this lie in ways that are dark and well hidden from the public eye. Mr. Flynn here produces them for your inspection

WELL, Repeal, the newest legitimate child of the well-known old Demon Rum, has been around now for about two months and we have had a chance to look the infant over and say how we like it. Liquor has been rescued from the hands of the bootleggers and turned over to the promoters. So far, everybody seems satisfied—everybody but the whisky drinkers.

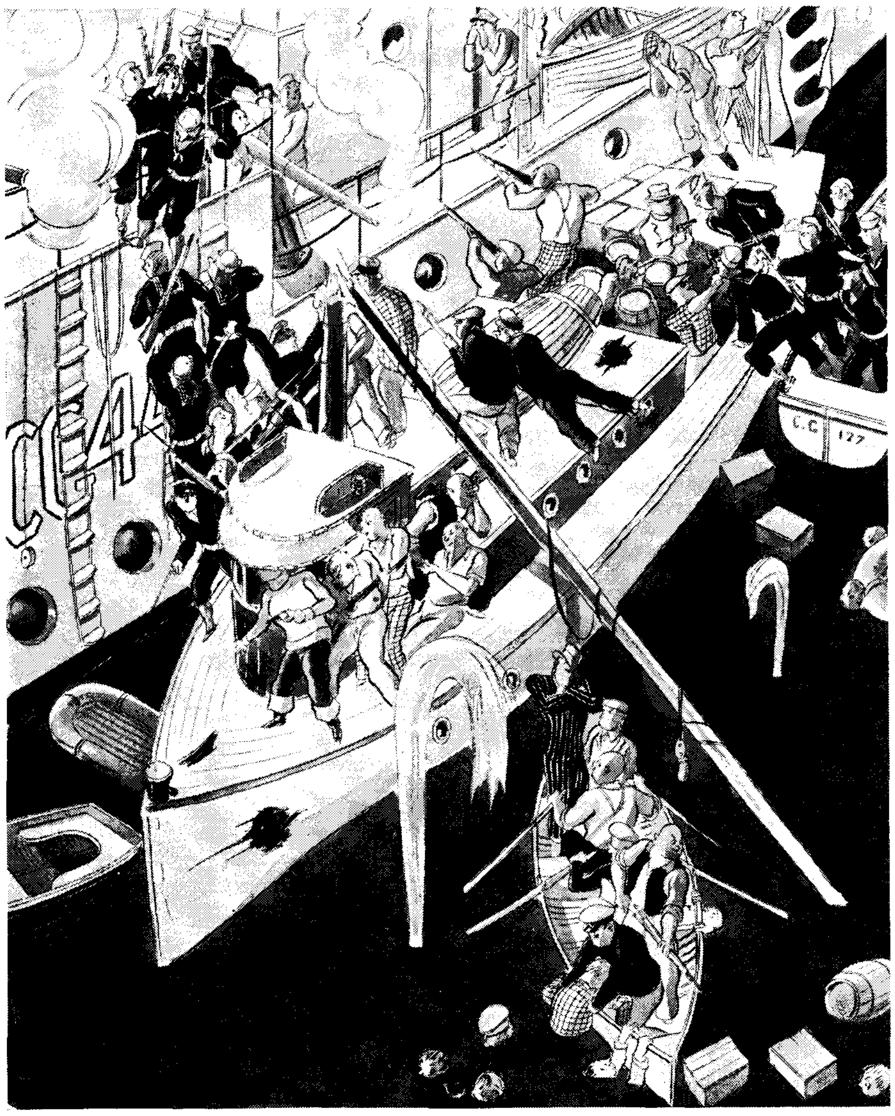
Last December 4th the whole nation was sitting around licking its lips and looking eagerly for the dawn when once again it would get a taste of legal whisky—all but the Methodist Church Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals and the members of the Anti-Saloon League. They were down on the marrow-bones praying that the Lord would do something at the last minute to keep whisky from coming back. And never was a prayer so bountifully answered. Whisky hasn't come back yet, though we have gotten a lot of things which are being sold for from three to nine dollars a quart. The wets got rid of prohibition and the drys got rid of whisky.

But for all that, it is turning out to be a big thing for our hard-pressed old Uncle Samuel. He is going to squeeze about 620 millions of dollars in taxes out of the racket and the states and cities and counties will probably take another three or four hundred millions. There's a clean billion dollars. We will probably drink more than 150,000,000 gallons of alcohol, known by various names from rum to gin to Old Woodchuck. We will drink about 60,000,000 barrels of beer—which is really only about half a barrel each, if the children join in. We will consume perhaps 125,000,000 gallons of wine from various parts of the world, but chiefly from once-dry California. All this makes a pretty big business. It does not include such subsidiaries as that enormous industry which manufactures pills, powders and potions for curing headaches on the morning after the night before. And with the brand of hooch that is being eased down the gullible American gullet in the name of law and order there ought to be plenty of headaches.

A Great Economic Gain

Of course, it isn't all brand-new business. After all, the bootlegger was a breadwinner and there were, at least the New York Chamber of Commerce told us there were, half a million souls turning an honest penny in that grand old trade. But there are probably a lot more people making Old Woodchuck, whisky "blends," good wine, and very excellent beer and selling it to our citizens under the ægis of the Constitution than there were working for Al Capone, Legs Diamond & Company in the pre-repeal days. Even in prohibition days I once estimated that we spent about $220,000,000 a year for wine and a good deal more for beer, near and not so far, and perhaps twice as much as both on bad liquor and worse gin. But the new legal industry of wine, beer and hard liquor will amount to more than that, altogether, in taxes alone, and many times that in actual business. At the very outset possibly $200,000,000 was spent or at least projected for the building, enlarging, equipping and rehabilitation of distilleries, breweries, stores, eating places and beer gardens all over this broad land. Economically this is a gain. Everyone is beginning to realize that what the country needs is some contribution to the revival of the capital-goods industry. And this single adventure of repeal has done more in that direction—a good deal more—than the President's public works program.

Down in Washington Mr. Deets Picket, of the Methodist Church Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals, counts the number of drunks, arrests and suicides since December 5th. The nation has been swept by a wave of such things since the noble experiment went west, he insists. Mr. Deets Picket, of course, is talking through his hat. But for all that, there have been a few things attending the return of the prodigal which will bear watching.



Repeal is supposed to have ended rum-running, but you can't make the Coast Guard boys believe it

Liquor Goes to Wall Street

For one thing, liquor came back to America in a characteristic American fashion. It rode on the back of the bull. In other words, it made straight from Rum Row to Wall Street. Let me illustrate.

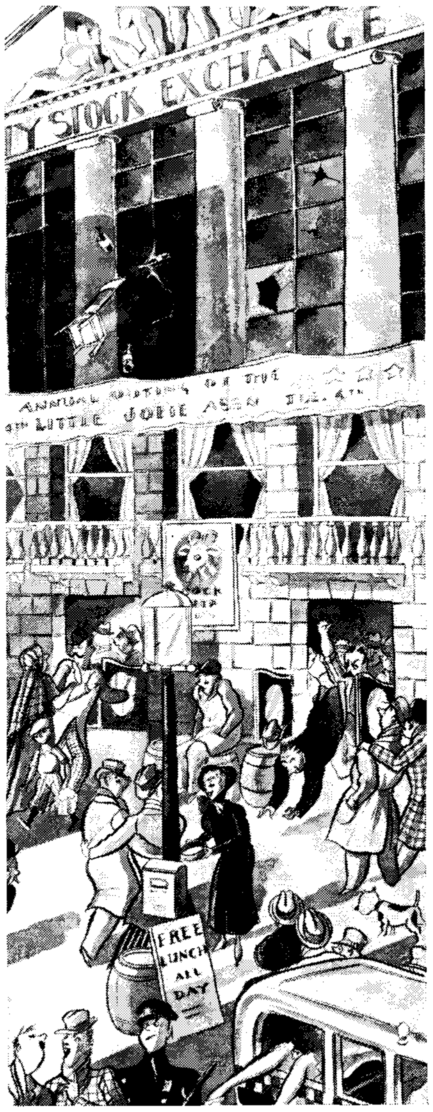
There's Mr. Harry Publicker, for instance. Mr. Publicker began making barrels years ago. Being an observant gentleman, Mr. Publicker perceived very quickly that whisky in barrels does two things. Some of it evaporates and some of it soaks into the barrels. Mr. Publicker discovered a way to take empty whisky barrels and extract a couple of gallons of whisky out of their inebriated staves. He did very well at it. The government did him a grave injustice by trying to make him pay taxes on this whisky. But the government was wrong and gave him a lot of undeserved publicity. That whisky had already been taxed before it disappeared into the wood. Publicker beat that case. Later he went into the making of commercial alcohol and finally built up the largest commercial alcohol distillery next to the great United States Industrial Alcohol Company.

Many of us manage to see things after they happen. There are a few farsighted persons who are so gifted as to see them before they happen. Mr. Publicker was one of those who saw repeal coming before the Democrats and Republicans awoke to the imminence of the fact. When it came Mr. Publicker was ready for it. He had his American Commercial Alcohol Corporation set to go. On May 15th the stock of that company was selling on the Exchange for about 21. May 27th it was selling for 35. July 1st it was selling for 40 and a few weeks later it fetched a neat $89 a share. Then a few days later it sold down for $29 a share. How did this happen? Mr. Publicker's officials will tell you that the public just rushed into Wall Street and ran away with the stock. But it wasn't that simple. The whole story is a bit complicated, but here is what happened:

Just Like the Good Old Days

The company put out about 25,000 shares of new stock. The stock was given to Mr. Tom Bragg, a bold, dashing Wall Street operator, under an option for $18 a share. That's what the company got for it. Then Mr. Bragg began operating on the Stock Exchange with it.

It happens that the specialist in this stock on the Exchange is one of Mr. Bragg's buddies. They are just a couple of good pals together. Anyhow, the specialist managed to buy and sell several hundred thousand shares. Mr. Bragg bought and sold heavily. The officers of the company were equally



Liquor came back in American fashion —straight from Rum Row to Wall St.

active. A few people were on one side or the other of the market in three fourths of all the trades. Thus the 25,000 shares which were sold for $18 were sold to the public, at the very moment when Mr. Bragg was paying $18 each for them, at prices ranging all the way from $21 to $89 a share.

This was just before repeal became an accomplished fact and thus the public's first taste of the new grog was enjoyed in Wall Street. There were plenty of other stocks. Mr. Lewis Rosenstiel, who controls the Schenley Distillers Corporation, put out several hundred thousand shares. Lehman Brothers offered them to the public at $15 a share. They got an option on another 100,000 shares at $15. The shares in that wild bull market went to $47 a share. There's plenty more to this liquor bull market. But this is enough. And it cost American investors several million dollars. It was thus liquor came back to America and it wasn't a bit nice.

The next chapter brought forward that well-known old term of reproach in American business—"whisky trust." It appears that while the rest of us were cheering Congress and the West to hasten repeal, the boys were around gathering up all the potable whisky. While we were going around saying goodby to our favorite speakeasies and trying to drink up the remaining supplies of bootleg hooch, Brother Daniel Weiskopf of New York and Brother Richard E. Wathen of Louisville were going about getting their hands on all the good old Overholt and Mount Vernon, Sunny Brook Rye, Chicken Cock, Large, and other well-known brands for their National Distillers Products Corporation.

Similarly Brother Lewis Rosenstiel, for his Schenley Company, was gathering into his warehouses all the available supplies of equally good liquor. The result was that on that fateful December 5th, as repeal dawned upon our arid shores, if you wanted a drink of good liquor you just about had to go around and buy it from the good Brothers Weiskopf, Wathen or Rosenstiel. Otherwise you had to sit down in your palatial salon with your friends and oil up on a little industrial alcohol.

Where Our Good Whisky Goes

About 450,000 gallons of hard liquor a day will probably go down our throats during this first liquor year. There were in the country when repeal came only about 20,000,000 gallons of whisky.

The two big companies had about fifteen million gallons between them. They were making new whisky at the rate of about 200,000 gallons a week each. At that rate the whole supply should have vanished, if we drank only pure liquor, in no time at all. The two big companies were making liquor at the rate of 200,000 gallons a week, but that was only half enough. What is poor, weak human nature expected to do under such circumstances? Well, having pretty nearly cornered the supply, it can be expected to boost the price. And so, New York wholesalers inform me, the price of pure whisky to dealers was fixed at from sixty to eighty dollars a case, which, they insist, was from two to three times as much as the bootlegger's price on the New York market for equally pure Canadian whisky.

But there wasn't so much of the pure liquor and that for the very good reason that the pure liquor has now become almost nothing but flavoring. It is being put to the ignoble use of giving taste to ordinary commercial alcohol, which is being put into bottles with alluring labels and sold as a "blend" at from three to four dollars a bottle.

Strong men have almost gone off in a faint over this new crime of "cutting" liquor. Cutting was supposed to have been invented by the rum runners. It was supposed to vanish with prohibition. We sat around naïvely awaiting the arrival of repeal when Old Taylor, Old Grand-Dad, Green River, Susquehanna Rye and other divine nectars would trickle over our palates—liquor such as we had in the good old days.

Of course the bootleggers didn't invent cutting and the good old days weren't nearly as good as we think.

One day back in 1894 the inspector of the health department of Boston set out upon his accustomed rounds. He visited thirty-seven barrooms where hard liquor was dispensed to the booboisie. In each place he bought a drink, which he carried away to be analyzed. Here is what he found—an alcoholic hash made up of ordinary rubbing alcohol, caramel, prune juice and such essential oils as wintergreen, œnanthic ether and pelargonic ester, and sometimes, where the proprietor was an excessively conscientious person, a trace of pure whisky.

Here is a recipe for making the stuff which was very popular among venders of cheap whisky, according to the head of the chemical laboratories of the Department of Agriculture, in those grand old days:

Spirits	32 gallons
Water	16 gallons
Caramel	4 ounces
Beading oil	1 ounce

The beading oil was made of sweet oil of almond, sulphuric acid neutralized with ammonia and a little proof spirits. This was designed to confer upon the mixture that property which is known as "bead," for the delectation of those finicky customers who demanded grog of the best quality. This is one reason why America was able to shift with such ease from the open saloon to the back-alley speak.

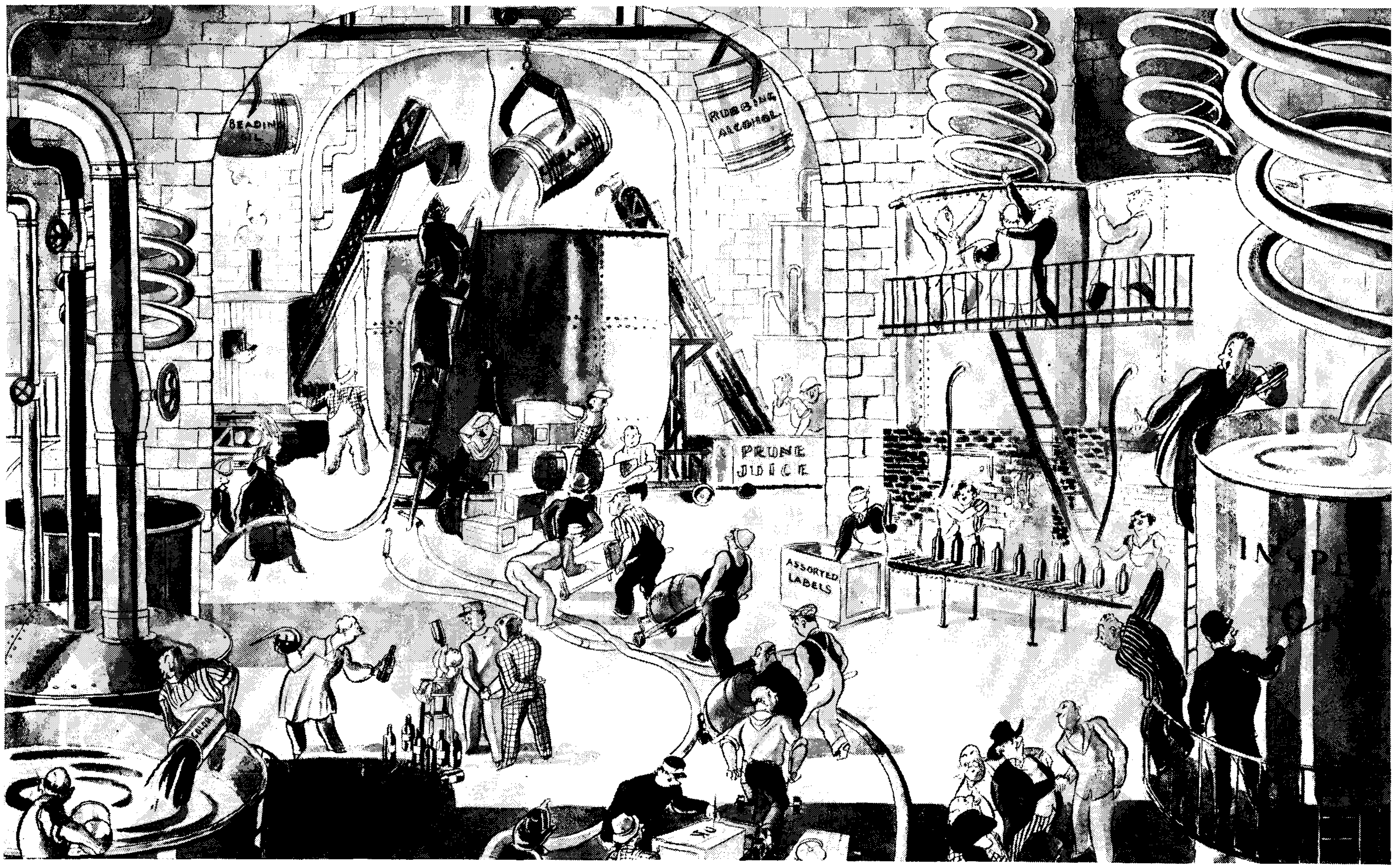
This is what we are getting today, with this difference: Then we bought these mixtures in cheap barrooms at a nickel and ten cents a shot and for from fifty to ninety cents a bottle. Now we are paying thirty cents a glass and three and four dollars a bottle in perfectly respectable establishments. And on the labels appears the legend "whisky."

In Defense of Rectifying

The federal government and many states propose to force honest labeling. Whisky purveyors, they insist, should put on the label the precise contents of the bottle. The distillers object. Whisky, they say, never comes out quite the same, even though the same materials and stills are used. But patrons of trade brands insist on the same flavor and quality from bottle to bottle. This can be accomplished only by rectifying—that is, varying from time to time the ingredients of the blend. If the label bears the secret, competitors will be able to chisel in on an honestly built-up trade. What is more, patrons will become suspicious of a constantly changing formula. This may or may not be true. But the patron ought to know whether he is buying whisky or rubbing alcohol. And the label ought to clarify that scrap of information at least.

Of course, Americans have a childlike faith in labels. Promoters have been around buying up all the old trademarked labels—many representing liquors which have been out of existence for ages. Down in Kentucky the label hunters have been scouring the woods for old ruined stills and defunct trademarks. And presently you will see the

(Continued on page 43)



"Cutting," once a back-alley business of bootleggers, is now out in the open, a thriving, up-to-date industry producing low-grade "whisky" at tremendous profits

Illustrated by George Shanks

Rough Air

By Ernest Haycox

The Story Thus Far:

ATTEMPTING a border-to-border record flight, beginning in Southern California, Captain Jim Breed—noted World War ace and most daring of all Hollywood's stunt flyers—is forced down in Oregon. Hopelessly delayed, he gives up the flight and returns to Los Angeles. But not until, quite by chance, he has met Anne Carson, a girl of whom he knows nothing but whose beauty and charm fascinate him.

Within a week he goes to a party given by Carol Castaine, glamorous motion picture star in whose new picture, "Wings Over Hell," he is working. Gathered in Carol's house are many of Hollywood's celebrities—Ferd Gottschalk, Carol's director; Barry Trent, her leading man, and scores of others equally well known. Also, to Breed's amazement, *Anne Carson!*

Unaware that Anne and Breed have met, Carol introduces them. Then, told of their meeting in Oregon, she presently observes that Jim Breed, with whom she is desperately in love, and this Carson girl—this "nobody" invited to the party merely because she covers Hollywood for a Los Angeles newspaper, and whose friendship is, therefore, worth cultivating—seem deeply interested in each other.

They are more than "deeply interested"—they are gloriously in love. And, before they part that night—at Anne's hotel—they are engaged. Engaged, despite Breed's repetition of a warning he had given Anne in Oregon: "Never marry a flyer; he'd only break your heart." For Anne, conscious that Jim Breed has in mind the hazards of a stunt flyer's life, the constant imminence of death, the uncertainty of the future, is not a girl easily frightened by danger. . . . In his apartment, later, Breed receives a phone call from Carol Castaine. She insists that he come to her at once—at 2 A. M.! Breed goes, reluctantly. He tells her, at once, about his engagement.

Carol takes the announcement lightly. "What of it?" she says. "I love you. And I'm going to get you. Now listen, Jim. Gottschalk has planned some stunts for you. He is going to make you crash. I want you to promise me, Jim, that you'll get another flyer to take your place." Then, her arms around him, she kisses him.

Breed puts on his hat, and without speaking, walks out, steps into his car, drives away swiftly.

II

THERE was a low, barren hill a half mile to the west; in the immediate foreground the flat California landscape had been cleared of its sage and desert brush to represent an area somewhere in France. Five thousand feet above the hill two planes soared and rolled and dived through the motions of a solitary dogfight, sunlight occasionally bursting against the sudden slant of a wing. On top of the flyers, perhaps five hundred feet, lay a stratum of woolly white clouds which Anne knew Gottschalk had waited a week to find. Those clouds were a part of that scene which the cameras now faithfully recorded. It was a beautiful scene, a Gottschalk scene; and it was real enough. Too real, Anne thought, and pulled her eyes away.

Gottschalk stood a few yards from her, unlighted cigar clenched between his teeth, scowling at the high sky. All degrees of picture people loitered silently in the sun and in the dust. Behind her was the French farmhouse set, and near that the squadron hangar of 1918 fashion. There was even a pond with six white ducks disconsolately floating in it, and a pretty girl in French dress rolling dice with some extra man under a beach umbrella. Ten planes, half of them dead black to represent German ships, lay silent on the line; to one side of these Carol Castaine's limousine stood parked. All this was on location, five miles from the Rex studios.

The insistent coffee-mill wailing of the planes deepened; Gottschalk pulled his shoulders aside as if to avoid being hit. Looking up then, Anne Carson saw the two ships wheel so closely together as to make a single outline, momentarily. It took the breath out of her. They parted and flattened against the day's brightness; they came about and pointed head on until, interminably later, one ship pulled up and the other fell off, motor noise rushing up through the scale.

She saw the lower ship lift its nose, lose momentum, stall on its tail. Gottschalk's feet fiddled on the ground and, dropping her glance, she noted how anxiously he watched the cameras. This was but an instant's break, yet when she lifted her head there was a long trail of smoke descending from the heavens. The plane fell in a twisting, tortured course, leveled off, went over on its back and fell again, blacker fumes gushing from the fuselage; as it dropped behind the summit of the yonder hill its nose was straight down, and the illusion was so perfect that Anne's nerves coldly crawled in anticipation of a crash. It didn't come, of course, but this was realism with a vengeance. That hill was only two hundred feet high; two hundred feet was all the pilot had to kick his ship out of the drop.

GOTTSCHALK was anxiously wigwagging at his cameras and another sirenlike wail poured through the noon brightness. She understood then what the cloud stratum was for. A third plane dropped vertically from the clouds in a full power dive that washed the heavens with its savage assault on the air. It fell in a straight line that had no flaw for a thousand feet, for another five hundred, coming down behind the unsuspecting victor now leveling away for home; coming down behind him and below him, and swinging out of that dive to rush nose-up beneath the victor's belly in a great, spectacular arc. It was truly a Gottschalk touch. The cameras had stopped. The pilot of the victor plane went overboard, body turning slowly as he dropped, and Anne began counting to herself: "One—two—three—four—five—six—"

He was far below the ships then; and the cameras were working again. A great blaze broke into the upper corner of her vision, but she followed that pilot on down until she saw the 'chute bulge whitely against the light, an indescribable feeling of relief weakening her knees. Her eyes lifted instantly to discover the victor's ship to be a red and whipping shroud of fire; the third plane described a quick wing-over and fell away. So the victor was now the victim, wheeling earthward as a consumed mass, with the cameras catching every descending foot of the fall. It passed the hill; it struck with a solid, booming roar.

"Cut," muttered Gottschalk, and turned toward Anne. Sweat glittered along his face. A man in an army officer's uniform with silver wings worked above his blouse pocket ambled up, inhaling cigarette smoke heavily. His eyes were rather strict and hard.

"It will do," said Gottschalk.

"Yeah?" murmured the flyer. "That's nice."

"I got no complaint on the timing," said Gottschalk. "Breed drops out of shooting range. The cameras don't miss anything. I think we got a scene when the cutting room is done. Miss Leach."

An assistant director coming forward on the trot caught Gottschalk's call like an infielder and pivoted and relayed it to a homely girl standing a few feet away. Miss Leach scuffed primly across the dust. "Twenty-three, after lunch. Hymie—" this was the assistant—"scene twenty-three, right after lunch. And see those damned ducks don't run away."

"Lunch, Mr. Gottschalk."

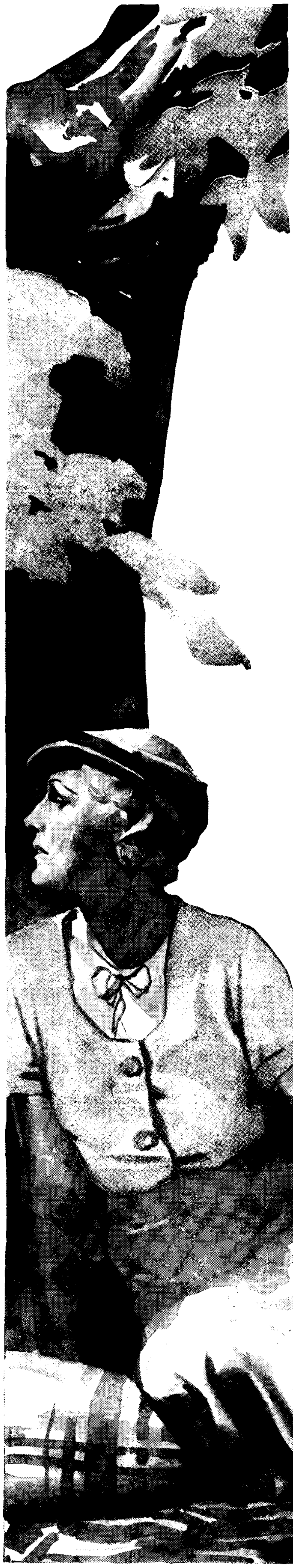
ANNE CARSON watched a plane streak across the rim of the hill, the engine roar reverberating along the earth in shattered waves. It passed over, sucking up the loose air, and banked sharply for landing. She turned suddenly to the flyer beside her. "Suppose that burning plane above him—"

"Suppose we don't suppose it."

The plane stopped and a tall, thin, young pilot dropped out of it and started forward; but he paused and changed direction. A touring car turned off a road leading from the hill, bounced over the ruts of the field and halted. Anne Carson kept her eyes there soberly, seeing Jim Breed crawl from the machine with his loose 'chute in his arms. The other pilot joined him and they came on together; they were both grinning. A man ran out of the hangar and gently took over the 'chute. Breed said: "Don't pack that until I have a look at the shrouds."

Said Gottschalk: "The scene's good."

Breed's eyes sought her out; they approved of her. His face was flexible,



"I can say I love you," he told her. "That much I know won't ever change. But I'd lie if I said the future was all ours. It may not be"

stirred by an inner activity. He was whipped up, he was very cheerful. She said to herself: "Flying does that to him. Flying—rubbing elbows with danger." She felt oddly outside that circle of men.

"So that's all right," said Breed. He hauled the lanky flyer forward. "Anne, this is Slim McKay."

Slim McKay bowed and said "Sure," and a distinct blush dyed his peach-bloom skin. He was inordinately tall, and he had a pair of eyes as blue and cool as Anne Carson ever had seen in a man. He grinned, but he had nothing more to say. The flyer standing by Anne all this while spoke to Breed gruffly:

"Why didn't you two mugs play patty-cake while you were scraping varnish up there?"

IT SEEMED uncharitable, surly. But Breed looked at him and then both men smiled. Breed said: "Been introduced yet? This is Sunshine Smith, Anne. Be good to this girl, Sunshine."

The near-by assistant said uncertainly: "Lunch, Mr. Gottschalk." Breed took one of Anne's arms, Sunshine took the other, and they all fell abreast and marched across the dust.

Sunshine spoke indifferently: "When did you go for blondes, guy?"

"Don't call that hair blond," said Breed. "Ever see the color of a ripe wheat field?"

"Do you have to marry the girl?"

"See why they call him Sunshine, Anne?"

Sunshine Smith looked down at her with a certain severe interest. It was a pose, Anne thought; but not altogether a pose. "Well," muttered Sunshine to Breed, "you better run an ad in the paper: 'No more gals need apply.'"

They went on past the French farmyard set to a marquee tent and sat down at a long table. Barry Trent, in a beautifully fitted flying officer's uniform, had a seat across from Anne.

Carol Castaine came in and stopped. She said, "Hello, Anne," carelessly and laid an arm on Gottschalk's shoulder. She spoke to him, but her eyes, underscored by make-up, sought out Jim Breed and tentatively stayed there. "Does the French girl of the provinces have to wear such lousy clothes as these, Ferd? I look like Ella Cinders."

"So we got to go through that again," said Gottschalk. "Look, Castaine. This is a farmyard. Wait till we get to the bedroom scenes in Paris. You knock 'em then, see?"

Castaine lifted her shoulders, thereby expressing all the successive degrees of resignation, and took a place beside Barry Trent. Gottschalk lolled back in his chair.

"Flying stuff is a headache," he said.

"Pass the aspirin," murmured Sunshine Smith.

"Well," continued Gottschalk, "we got a strong shot this morning. By the time we get the close-up stuff it will be stronger yet. So halfway through the picture here's action that's going to make the final smash look like ten cents. It won't do. We got to get a new idea on the last crash."

"How about Jim landing in the middle of an alligator pond?" said Sunshine Smith.

Anne's elbow hit Sunshine Smith in the ribs below the table line. You didn't talk to directors like that; you didn't if you wanted to stay on the pay roll. Sunshine Smith looked around at her and winked. But Gottschalk could be incredibly literal.

"WHAT'S alligators got to do with this picture?" He cupped his hands and rolled them descriptively. "It's got to be a long shot so the audience sees there's no fake. You come out of the sky, Breed. You come down low into the cameras. You're in trouble. You been shot up and you fly crazy. I don't want another flat landing. It's been done too much. Well, there's a couple trees close together. You try to get through but it ain't wide enough. You lose one wing, and the other cuts off the upper half of a tree. You crash and go on your nose, in no man's land, in barbwire and in a trench. You're right in front of the cameras. It's a natural close-up. Plenty of dust and falling pieces and trouble. The sound ought to be swell; if it ain't we'll make it right. The plane burns. We fade out with soldiers tryin' to get you clear of the ship. Suspense, see? Build up for the last scene in the hospital."

Carol Castaine's mouth was thin. "Ferd, you're actually a fiend."

Looking quickly to the three flyers on either side of her, Anne saw them to be soberly thinking about it. They were visualizing the picture. They were weighing it with a speculative detachment; their minds were considering the bare possibilities, the remote chances. Stunt people were that way; they found a slim thread of safety and built it up, and made it do. Sunshine Smith straightened at the table. "You've got to have speed to come in to the cameras low. That's the speed you smash at. The trench is no help, either."

"You're absolutely crazy," said Carol Castaine. It came to Anne then how shrewd a man Ferd Gottschalk was. He wasn't paying any attention to Sunshine Smith. He knew his man. He was looking at Jim Breed in his heavy, glum way. Anne swung her head to the left where Breed sat. His chin was tipped down a little and she saw two transverse lines cut across from temple to lip. Thinking lines. One fist lay idly doubled on the table, the four knuckles heavy and square. A tuft of ink-colored hair grew out of the flesh just behind the base of the little finger; his wrists were almost as broad as the broad, thickly padded hands.

"Maybe," he said.

"You got two weeks," said Gottschalk. "Think it over."

"Don't set your heart on it," intervened Sunshine Smith quickly.

GOTTSCHALK didn't seem to hear; he rose and went out; and all the lesser people followed. Anne rummaged her purse for a compact and touched her nose with the tab more or less as excuse to see what the tiny mirror would tell her. Her eyes seemed hard to her. Did you get that way when you lived with risk and uncertainty? That same stillness, that same faint cold speculation was to be seen around the eyes of most stunt people. But her voice was casual enough:

"I've got to run along."

Breed rapped the table. "A party's in order, isn't it, Anne?"

"A thought," said Anne, rising. "At my place. At nine."

"Move out the glassware," Sunshine Smith drawled. "Lady, this is the end of your privacy—and innocence."

"What?" said Barry Trent, immediately alert. "Is there a motive here?"

"You're invited, Barry," Anne told him, and rose.

Breed looked at her; rather curiously, she thought. Carol Castaine's mobile lips were pursed along a wide line; her white hands lay spread on the table and these she stared at, her attention withdrawn from the party. "A date, then," said Breed. They all rose and sauntered into the lucid sunlight. Property men roved the area; there was a great deal of deceptive confusion. Breed paused a moment beside Anne. Slim McKay and Sunshine stood in front of her. "I'll be here most of the afternoon," Breed explained. "Bring your newspaper bunch tonight. Sam Wein will be on hand, of course." He went away, but Slim McKay and Sunshine gravely held their places.

"Look," said Sunshine. "Flying's dangerous, isn't it?"

Said Slim McKay: "He ought to retire."

"Mr. and Mrs. on a poultry farm at Glendale."

"Then," observed Slim McKay, "there's Mister Breed's bawdy companions."

"Out like a light," insisted Sunshine. "Mrs. wouldn't want the likes of those tramps muddying up her rugs."

"There's the gals, too, Sunshine."

"Not any more, Slim. He'll be married. In a nice little bungalow with ruffled curtains at the window, in Glendale. Flying's dangerous. You'll reform him, won't you, Anne?"

THEY were rummaging her with like eyes. It was hard for the youthful Slim to keep the shine of amusement off his face, but Sunshine Smith was grave all the way through. They were on the defensive; they were trying to protect Jim—as probably they had done often enough before. Nothing, she thought gently, was like the loyalty of man and man. "I think you're a couple of mugs, I do," she told them.

"You'll get by," said McKay.

Sunshine Smith slowly shook his head, and there was a break in his taciturn manner. "I'm afraid she will, Slim."

"Really afraid?" demanded Anne.

"Not for him—not for that guy," said Sunshine. "For you. Listen, honey, some of the breaks are going to be bad."

(Continued on page 33)

A Butler and Everything

By Elmer Davis

"If you really want to help your husband," said Uncle Arch, "get him into debt." Oh—yeah?

WHEN they were married, each of them got a piece of good advice. Whitney Kenyon's Uncle Arch from St. Louis drew Gladys aside at the wedding reception and whispered: "My dear, you've married a nice boy, but—he never walked up an escalator in his life. If you really want to help him, be the sort of wife he needs, you've got to get him into debt."

"I don't like owing people money," she said uneasily. "Neither does Whit. He gets a good salary, and he likes his job—"

"And he'd never know he was in a rut till it was too late," his uncle finished. "It's up to you to keep him out of it. Why, look at me!" He frequently invited people to look at him, confident that they would enjoy the view. "I was the same way, when I was young; I'd never have got anywhere if I hadn't married a girl—God rest her soul—who spent money faster than I made it. She had me in the hole in no time, and I had to stew and worry and overwork to get myself out; but I give her the credit for what I am today."

Her eyes wandered to her husband, who was talking to George Habirshaw. She hated to think he'd ever have to stew and worry and overwork, to get out of a hole she'd got him into. . . . And meanwhile—

"Here's luck," George Habirshaw was saying, lifting a champagne glass. "You've got a peach of a girl, old-timer."

WHIT thought so too, but it was gratifying to have his opinion confirmed by good old George, who had been brilliantly successful. Back home they had been college classmates; but in New York it meant something that George, who was getting rich in Wall Street, still kept up his friendship with a man who merely had a job in the soap business.

"Yes," said George, refilling his glass. "But as a married man of three years standing, I want to give you one piece of advice. It costs more than you think it's going to; and when you're in a jam, never figure on cutting down expenses. It can't be done. Always figure on how you can make more money."

Considering that these words were spoken in 1926, when the big bull market was just beginning to paw and bellow, you can guess what happened—but you'd guess wrong. Whit and Gladys loved the simple pleasures; they agreed that too much money never made people happy. No doubt their expenses would increase in time; but so would their income, as Whit rode up the escalator of promotion in the Saponaceous Sales Service Associates, Inc. So Gladys never seriously tried to do anything about the good advice she got at her wedding till the spring of 1933—after the president of the Saponaceous Sales Service Associates jumped (or fell, as the police charitably put it) out of the window.

She had had her moments of revolt before that, however; the worst one early in 1929, when she had lunch one day with George Habirshaw.

SHE was in town on a shopping trip (the Kenyons had moved out to a commuting suburb after the twins were born) and ran across him on the Avenue. George and Whit had kept up their friendship, even though it seemed to Gladys that they had nothing much in common except that they had once gone to college together; sometimes he dined with the Kenyons, and sometimes he asked them to glittering night-club parties—invitations which a man who had to be at his desk the next morning, and a woman who took care of young children, simply had to refuse.

But anyway, it was nice to be effusively greeted by a man so smooth and suave and prosperous-looking, even if you were nothing to him but the girl good old Whit had happened to marry.

Moreover, George insisted that Gladys must come to lunch in his new duplex apartment at the Shelmerdene. (He'd sold his house in Greenwich, after his wife divorced him.) She hesitated, and he misunderstood her reluctance.

"Now look here, Glad, it's all right for you to lunch alone with an old friend of the family. You know Whit wouldn't mind it."

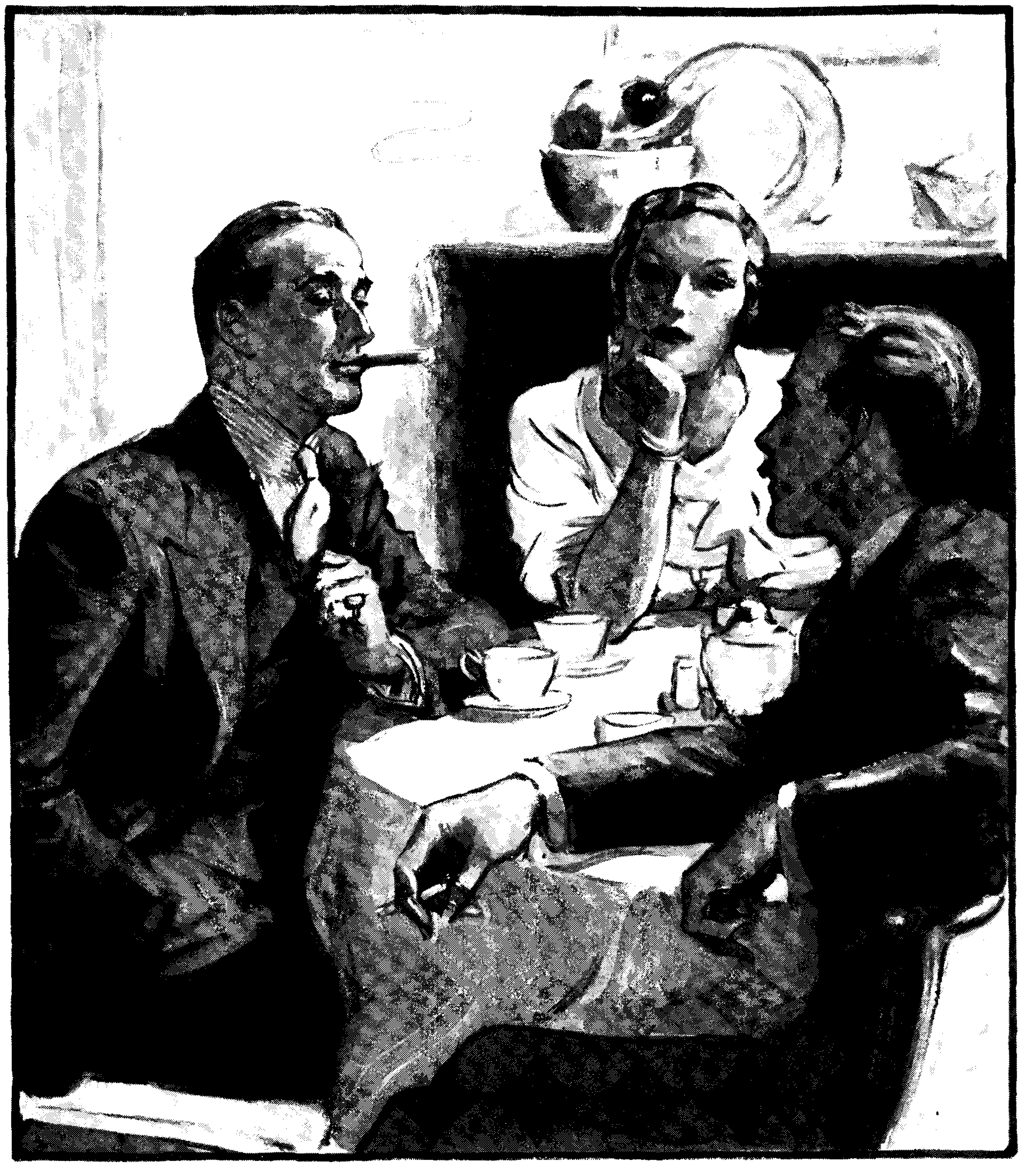
"Yes, I know." (He needn't have been so emphatic about it.) "But my clothes aren't fit for the smartest apartment hotel in town."

"You look swell," he told her. "Come on to lunch."

If Whit had said she looked swell he'd have meant it; George knew better—but it was nice of him, anyway. So she went to lunch, served by a perfect butler in a perfect apartment, with the first champagne she'd had since her wedding. Then, over coffee and cigarettes—

"How do you like Crestlake Manor by this time?" he asked. "You were lonesome at first, weren't you? But you must be acquainted now."

"Oh, we've met some people; but I don't think we rate very high. We prac-



"Why not?" he asked as they laughed uncertainly. "I've got to turn my hand to something. And I'd be a good butler-chauffeur"

tically ruined ourselves by driving a last year's car; and when, on top of that, I'm the only woman in town who hasn't got a fur coat—"

"You haven't? What does Whit do with his money?"

"He pays his bills. So far as I can discover we're the only people in town who do. The rest of them buy fur coats on credit and new cars on the installment plan, and figure that the grocer and butcher can wait till they've taken their stock profits. But you know Whit—he puts one foot in front of the other, and looks where he's putting it."

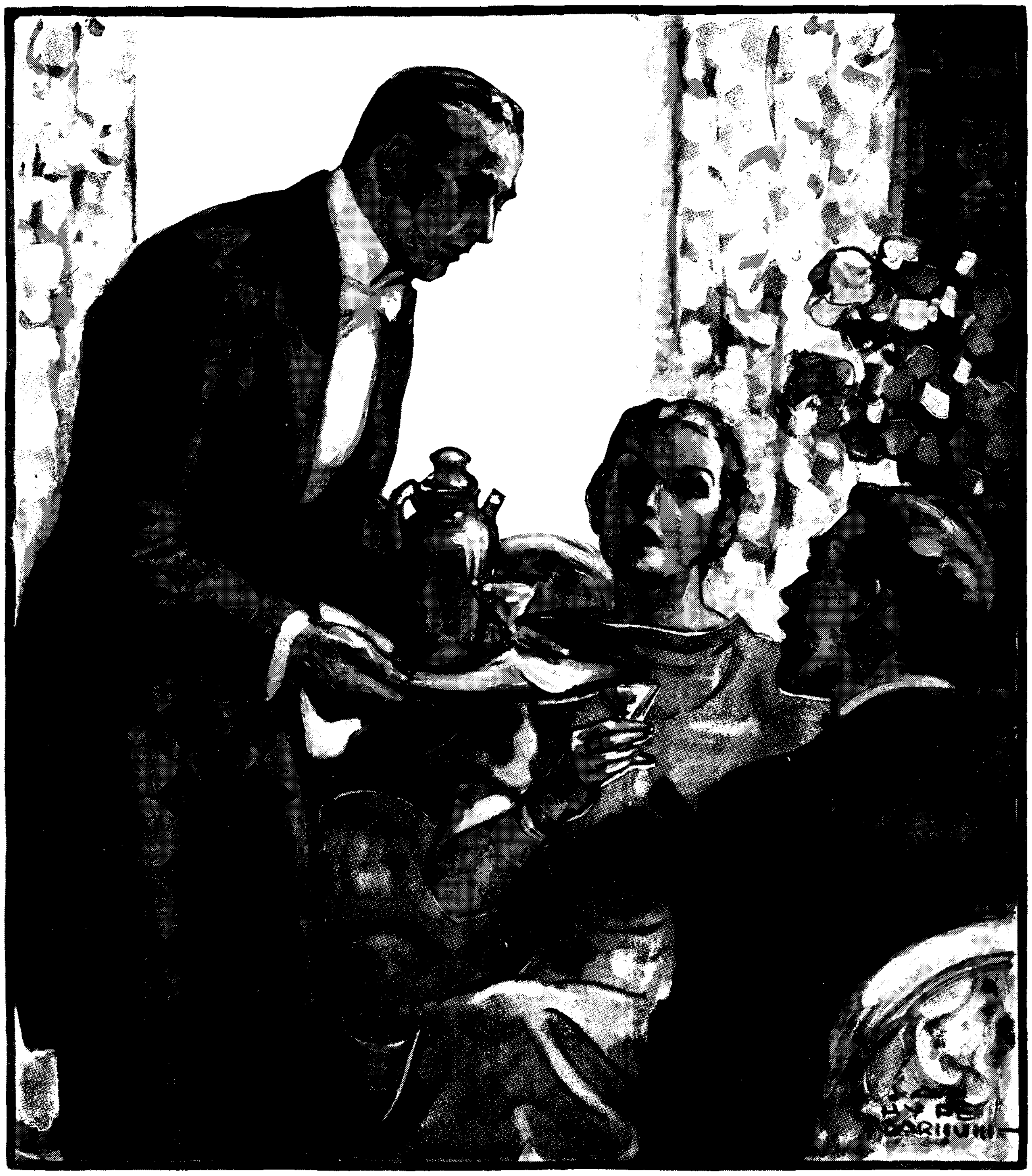
"But, Glad! You've got to keep up a front! . . . Isn't he in this market at all?"

"No," she said. "He views it with alarm."

"HE ALWAYS did," George recalled. "A year ago he tried to tell me it was too high; and since then I've made twelve million dollars out of it. . . . He knows I'd carry him, if he hasn't got the capital."

"He wouldn't let you. . . . Of course we don't have to worry, really, about the future; his Uncle Arch is a childless widower, and rich—"

"All the more reason why you shouldn't squeeze the nickels now. A man owes his wife a few little luxuries, when he's doing as well as Whit. I certainly would never let a woman do without a fur coat—"



"George, you've got to have a drink with us." Habirshaw raised his eyebrows, in the best tradition. "I'd better not, sir. The other servants might misunderstand"

"But he's different, George. As different from you as a work horse from a— I don't know what to call you." But she had known what to call her husband; belatedly, she realized that champagne had loosened her tongue. "Really, Whit's doing awfully well," she said. "He's buying stock in his company, and paying off the mortgage—"

"While you do without things. . . . Listen, Glad—there's *no* reason why you shouldn't buy a little stock—enough for a fur coat and a new car out of the profits, anyway. I'd handle the whole thing for you—"

"Meaning that you'd take the loss if it went down," she said, "and I'd take the winnings." He nodded. "In other words," she clarified, "you want to give me a new car and a fur coat."

"Well, why not?" George demanded. "Why can't I do something for Whit's wife? I mean— You know there's nothing personal about it."

"I realize that," said Mrs. Kenyon. And after a pause— "I guess I'm like Whit," she said. "When you come right down to it, I'd rather pay as I go. Only I whimper about the price and he doesn't."

But all the way home she kept thinking about the fur coat and the car she might have had—and Whit couldn't have objected; he'd know there was nothing personal about it. But she had reached Crestlake Manor before she would admit to herself that this was the real reason she had refused—it was so appallingly, so unflatteringly clear that there was nothing personal about it. Just a gesture, such as George might have made for the starving Armenians or the flood sufferers in Arkansas.

"Now what's the matter with me?" she wondered. "I'm not in love with George and I don't want him to be in love with me; and I'm not, I'm not, I'm not the kind of married woman who fools around out of boredom, without really meaning it. . . ." But she was seething with bitterness none the less. She wished that something would happen to George Habirshaw.

And six months later something did happen to him. It happened to most of his fellow-countrymen, too; but not to Whit Kenyon, who had always viewed the market with alarm.

AFTER the crash Whit had the laugh on his neighbors, if he had been vindictive enough to take it. They had lost their savings but he still had his stock in his company; they lost their jobs but he went right on selling soap; presently they began to lose their homes, but he had paid off the second mortgage and even reduced the first. Of course in times like these the old car had to do for another year; but when other families in Crestlake Manor dined on spaghetti the Kenyons went on eating beefsteak—and paying for it, on the first of every month.

But he didn't have the laugh on George Habirshaw. George's millions had evaporated, but he went on living at the Shelmerdene, and riding in a big car, and throwing parties more glittering than ever. Even when his brokerage firm at last went bankrupt in 1932, with liabilities of ten times its assets, George stayed on at the Shelmerdene; the receiver had confiscated his car, but when he came out to dine with the Kenyons at Crestlake Manor, he came as usual in a limousine.

"I've got an account at a rental agency," he explained. "They and my tailor and the Shelmerdene people all know I'll come back. If you've made money once you can make it again, whenever conditions are right. How are things going with you, old-timer?"

"Pretty well," Whit admitted. "Still selling quite a lot of soap. Even people who skip a meal now and then seem to go on washing. And I'm in line for the presidency of the S. S. S. A. whenever Mr. Renton dies." Gladys said something. "Yes, I know, dear—that may be twenty years. I hope it will be; he's a swell man to work for. . . . But what I'm getting at, George— If you're short of cash I can—"

"Thanks, old-timer; but I don't need cash. I've got credit." And when Whit had gone out to mix some highballs—"It's fine that old Whit is doing so well," said George earnestly. "And now that prices have dropped, Glad, I suppose you've got that fur coat you wanted."

"Not yet; but we still pay our bills on the first of the month. . . . Everything is terribly high here because the tradesmen have to live on the few of us who pay. Other people didn't pay in the old days because they were buying stocks, and—and fur coats; now they don't pay because they can't. So we don't get a break at either end."

"TOUGH," George sighed. "But after all, you and Whit are getting along, and you're crazy about each other. That's the thing that counts."

She thought so too, and she didn't see why it should annoy her so to find her opinion endorsed by George Habirshaw.

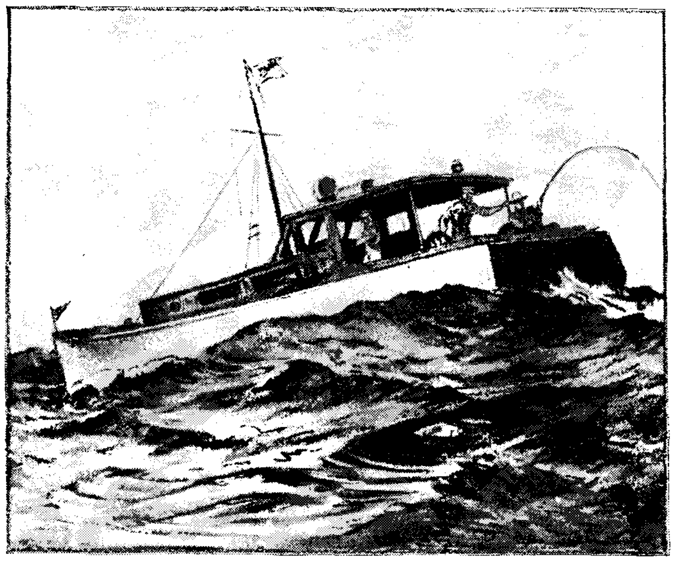
So the Kenyons went on riding the storm while other people went under. Even the 1933 bank holiday didn't spoil their perfect record with the tradesmen; they had paid the March 1st bills before the banks closed on the 4th, and the banks were open again when the April bills came in. But before that

(Continued on page 48)

Run of the Reel

By Quentin Reynolds

Meet the fish with a sail. He's the king of them all, a game fighter and a great showman. And there's a trick to catching him. Come along to Florida with Mr. Reynolds and see how it's done



Illustrated by Lynn Bogue Hunt

"WE'VE got to figure out some way to catch these things," John Martin said ruefully, looking at his empty hook.

"*I think* I know a way," Charlie Thompson said thoughtfully. "Anyhow it's worth trying."

They were bobbing about in a thirty-foot fishing boat twelve miles off Miami Beach in the indigo blue waters of the Gulf Stream. They were trolling for barracuda, Martin the amateur sportsman, Thompson the guide. Suddenly a fish had leaped out of the water some fifty feet astern—a big fish which had what looked to be a sail on his back. A moment later Martin had felt what he thought to be a tug on his line.

"I've got a strike," he called to Thompson, and he gave his line a sharp jerk the better to implant the hook. But there was nothing there. The same thing happened a moment later.

"This fish, whatever it is, is playing with me," Martin growled, and pulled in his line. The strip of dolphin belly he had been using for bait was slashed in two places but there were no teeth marks on it. This had happened a dozen times that season to Martin and Thompson and it had happened to other fishermen too. Fishing was good in the Gulf Stream that year and you couldn't stick your foot overboard without kicking a shark, a barracuda or a mackerel. But Martin and Thompson were after this impudent stranger who taunted them by leaping out of the water, by playing with their bait—and then refusing to swallow their hooks.

"Yes," Thompson said, "I think I've a way to get this fish. I think that he has no teeth—this fish with the sail on his back. I think that he first stalks the bait and then jabs it with his bill. He seems to have a bill almost like a swordfish. He stuns it, waits for a moment and then rushes at it. Now we are trolling and he hits our bait. The boat keeps right on and he figures that the bait isn't dead, so he doesn't rush in to grab it. He sees it moving along and he's smart—he's waiting for it to die, he won't go after it while it's alive. Suppose now that you take the brake off your reel as soon as you feel that first pull, which is merely the fish stunning the bait, which he thinks is alive. The boat will keep on but your line will run out and the bait will remain where it was when he stunned it. This crazy fish with the sail on his back will then think that the bait is dead and he'll swallow it. Then reel in and we'll see what kind of fighter he is."

So Martin put another strip of dolphin belly on his hook and threw it overboard. Once more they sighted the elusive fish with the sail and again Martin felt a tug on his line.

"Take off the brake and let the line run for about ten seconds," Thompson almost whispered.

Martin did. Then he began to reel in. Suddenly there was a flash and ninety pounds of surprised sailfish danced in the air wondering what it was all about. He gave Martin a fight that lasted two hours but Martin brought him in. It was the first time that a sailfish had ever been caught. This was the winter of 1904.

Fishing's Ultimate Refinement

Now sailfishing is the king of all game-fish sport. Sailfishing to the big-game fisherman is what trout fishing is to the stream fisherman. It may be exciting to catch shark, barracuda or bonefish—but sailfishing is the ultimate refinement of the sport. A sailfish is an opponent for whom you can have only the greatest respect. It ranks with the bonefish as a great fighter. No one in Florida waters ever dragged a live bonefish over the side of the boat. They fight until they die and thus of course ultimately get the last laugh. A barracuda with his rows of gleaming teeth and with his face scarred by a constant ugly leer is a dangerous killer, but a barracuda gives up when he's tired. He can't take it.

But a sailfish? Ah, there's a lad for you. He is in there thinking all of the time. You can't toss a line overboard and say, "Come, pretty sailfish, climb on that hook." No, indeed. You have to stalk a sailfish as a hunter stalks a deer. You have to think faster than the fish, you have to have steel muscles, iron nerves and a sense of humor to catch a sailfish. You also have to have luck.

John Mahony of Miami is generally acknowledged (by everyone except himself) to be the greatest living sailfisherman. In all he has caught more than 400 of them—but in the National Anglers' Tournament sponsored in December by the Florida Year-Round Clubs at Key Largo, Florida, Mahony didn't get one. And he's the champion of champions at this sport, according to the guides, the amateur fishermen and the men who sit on the edge of docks waiting for the fishermen to come in.

They hunt sailfish (and hunt is the word to use) off Fort Lauderdale, Palm Beach, Miami Beach and Key Largo, headquarters of the Key Largo Anglers' Club, which is about thirty-five miles from Miami. Let's go after one of these babies and let's see if they are as smart as the fishermen say they are.

You begin by getting up at the crack of dawn, and in February the dawn cracks early in Florida. You ride the thirty-five miles to Key Largo through a soft and silent morning. Only the day seems to be awake.

Your boat, a twenty-foot cruiser which can go sixteen knots, is waiting; and your guide, Captain Bob (or Captain Bill or Captain Tom), is waiting, impatient to be off.

"Do you know anything about sailfishing?" he asks hopefully.

"I know how to put the worm on the hook," you answer modestly.

He looks at you coldly and explains that you use flying fish or strips from almost any larger fish as bait. He explains the technique of sailfishing to you, the same technique devised by Charlie Thompson exactly thirty years ago.

You are off now. The water is shallow and light green. You look over the side and you see several insignificant-looking fish apparently hiding their heads in the sand of the bottom.

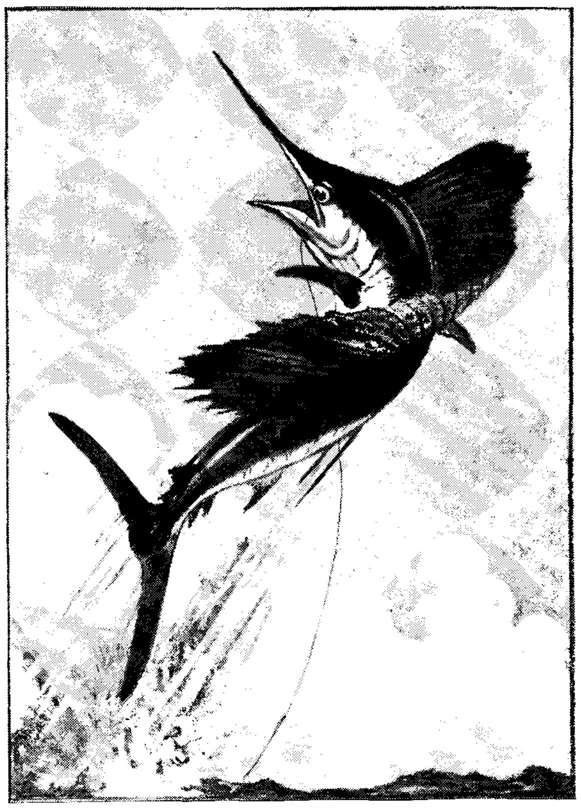
"Them is bonefish," Captain Bob explains, "and they're looking for mussels."

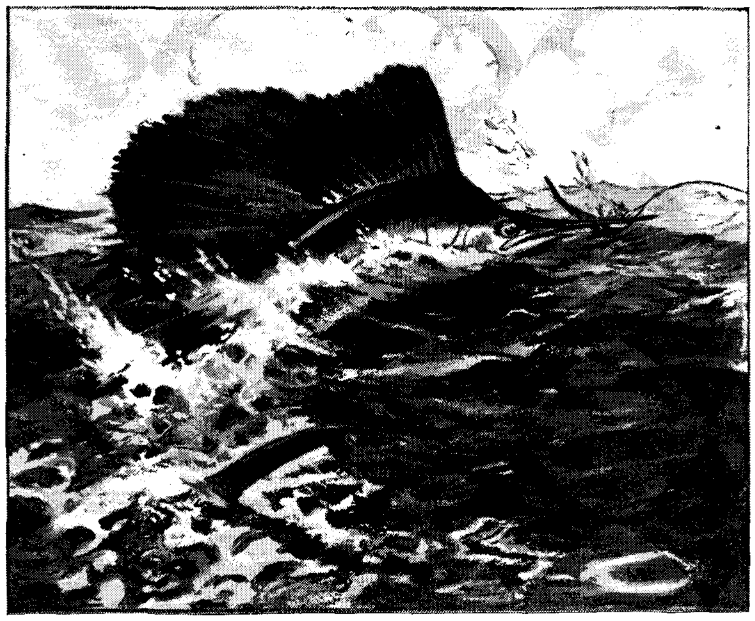
The Sailfish's Cafeteria

Bonefish, those terrible fighters, these dull-looking, peaceful fish? Now to the right a school of flying fish, probably three hundred of them, leap from the water. You are out in Hawks Channel and the water is a deeper green, an offshore wind is kicking up a bit and the boat rolls and pitches gently. A huge brown shape emerges from the deep and comes near the surface. It turns over lazily and you see a white belly and an ugly row of teeth.

"A hammerhead shark," Captain Bob says dryly. "Don't fall overboard."

We're in the jungle now. It's a jungle of dark green water peopled with killers of the deep. In its way it is as much of a jungle as the heart of Africa. There they are, even though you can't see them. There they are, issuing a challenge to you. You pound out to sea and you have to hang on, for this is a





A frolicsome fellow, the sailfish, whose idea of fun is to sneak up on his unsuspecting dinner and knock it silly with his nose. Then you wait, prayerfully, while you count ten, and if you're lucky, the fun begins immediately rough day. You look back and a thin brown line marks the shore. Then—

"We're in the Gulf Stream," Captain Bob says.

"How do you know?" you ask, if you are a tyro in the big-game jungle.

"Look at the water," he says. The water is blue now—indigo blue. A moment before it had been green. We are right on the edge of the Gulf Stream and at this point off the coast the sailfish gather. Fifty feet below the surface of the water there is a coral reef. Small fish live here and the smart sailfish use that coral reef as a restaurant.

In the stern of the boat two comfortable arm chairs are rigged and lashed to stanchions. Beside each, standing in a holder, is a rod. It is a short, stout pole and it carries heavy line. Captain Bob attaches a slice of bait to the ugly-looking hook and you sit down to await developments.

The Battle is On

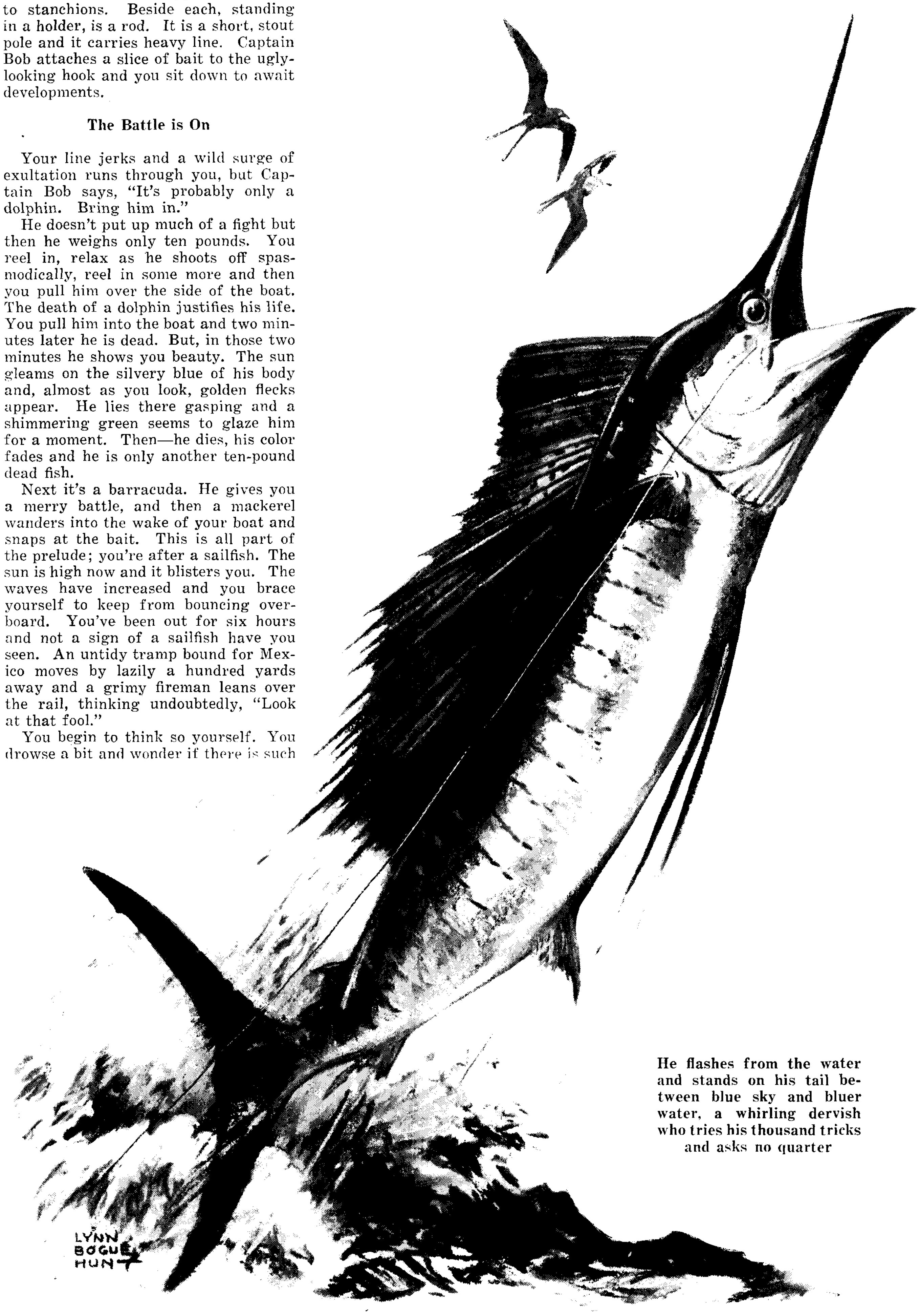
Your line jerks and a wild surge of exultation runs through you, but Captain Bob says, "It's probably only a dolphin. Bring him in."

He doesn't put up much of a fight but then he weighs only ten pounds. You reel in, relax as he shoots off spasmodically, reel in some more and then you pull him over the side of the boat. The death of a dolphin justifies his life. You pull him into the boat and two minutes later he is dead. But, in those two minutes he shows you beauty. The sun gleams on the silvery blue of his body and, almost as you look, golden flecks appear. He lies there gasping and a shimmering green seems to glaze him for a moment. Then—he dies, his color fades and he is only another ten-pound dead fish.

Next it's a barracuda. He gives you a merry battle, and then a mackerel wanders into the wake of your boat and snaps at the bait. This is all part of the prelude; you're after a sailfish. The sun is high now and it blisters you. The waves have increased and you brace yourself to keep from bouncing overboard. You've been out for six hours and not a sign of a sailfish have you seen. An untidy tramp bound for Mexico moves by lazily a hundred yards away and a grimy fireman leans over the rail, thinking undoubtedly, "Look at that fool."

You begin to think so yourself. You drowse a bit and wonder if there is such a thing as a sailfish in the Gulf Stream. Then you feel a grip on your arm.

"A sail," Captain Bob whispers, and he points thirty yards astern. You peer intently, and then a shape flashes through the air. It's the fish with the sail on his back, and he leaps seven feet in the air and sails serenely for perhaps fifteen feet. He leaves a spray of silver in his wake. You're not drowsy now. Your bait is fifty feet astern, flicking over the surface of the water. Some fishermen use a kite attached to the line. The kite carries the bait out of the wake of the boat and makes the bait jump and dart and careen crazily—the better to catch the eye of a sailfish.



He flashes from the water and stands on his tail between blue sky and bluer water, a whirling dervish who tries his thousand tricks and asks no quarter

The fish has disappeared and then you feel that pull on your line. He has slashed your bait with his long bill.

"Release your drag . . . count ten," Captain Bob says sternly.

A flick of your thumb and the line goes whining out of the reel—"One-two-three. . . ." Sheer mental agony this is. What is happening back there just under the surface of the water? You can visualize that wary sailfish circling the bait, peering at it suspiciously, and then lunging forward to swallow it if he thinks everything is on the up and up.

"Eight . . . nine . . . ten." And then you "strike." That is, you throw on the brake and jerk your rod upwards. If your prey has swallowed the bait (and incidentally the hook) this "striking" will set the hook firmly in him. You can tell by the feel of your rod that you've hooked him. And now the battle is on.

At first you let him do the work. He leaps from the water, a silver flash against the pale blue of the sky. He dives and streaks fifty yards to the right so near the surface that you can follow the swift flight of his body.

He flashes above the surface again and literally stands on his tail. He is a whirling adagio dancer now, an acrobatic dervish. More than half of the time he is out of the water and you pray that neither his bill nor his sail will slash your line and thus end this glorious fight.

"Reel in when you feel slack," Captain Bob says.

You reel in twenty feet and the muscles of your lower right arm shriek their protest. Then this trickster of the sea exerts his strength, the line burns out of the reel, and you've lost that twenty feet and a hundred more. But he's well hooked. Gradually, inexorably, you draw him nearer to the boat. He's tried a thousand tricks. You've tried but one—reeling in when you felt slack. He's a hundred feet from the boat now and suddenly he changes tactics. He aims right for you and he looks like a torpedo coming at you with a white bubble of foam in his wake. You reel in desperately. If he fouls your line he'll cut it.

A Fight to the Finish

But he doesn't. Again he shoots off to the right. You lose track of time. You forget the blistering rays of the sun and the pitching and rolling of a boat not made for such a sea as this. You are conscious only of one fact—you are fighting a worthy opponent who will neither give nor ask any quarter. Your right arm is a leaden ache now—you're not accustomed to this kind of work. But he's coming nearer. He is getting weaker and weaker. Forty—thirty—then twenty feet away. Again he leaps through the air and he is so close that you imagine you see a sneering expression on his face. Oh, probably you're a little touched by that sun.

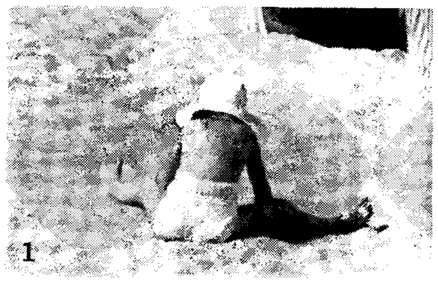
Now Captain Bob puts on a pair of gloves. He leans over the stern. You reel in a bit more—a bit more and now you've got him. Captain Bob reaches down, there is a swirling commotion of water, Captain Bob and sailfish, and then Captain Bob straightens up to fling sixty pounds of defeated warrior on the floor of the boat.

His eyes are shining. He has seen this five hundred times, but he's as excited as though it were his first glimpse of a sailfish.

"Nice going!" he shouts at you, and you swell with pride. You've landed your first sailfish. You've conquered the wariest, cleverest, fightingest son of a gun in the Gulf Stream. There he lies, seven foot two inches, with the sail on his back and a long bill protruding from what you might call his forehead. You are surprised when you look at your watch to discover that the fight lasted two hours.

Captain Bob puts him away and heads for home. He chatters excitedly, telling you what a great fisherman you are. It is late afternoon now and you are riding into a purpling sky. The blue of the Gulf Stream changes into deep green and far ahead you see the brown line of the shore. People will be waiting there at the dock. You will have your picture taken with this sailfish. You are a warrior home from the wars.

Yes, you should feel happy, light-hearted, proud—a swaggering, conquering hero. But do you? No, my friend, indeed you don't. For you, alas, are seasick.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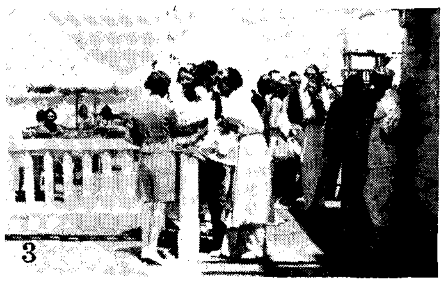
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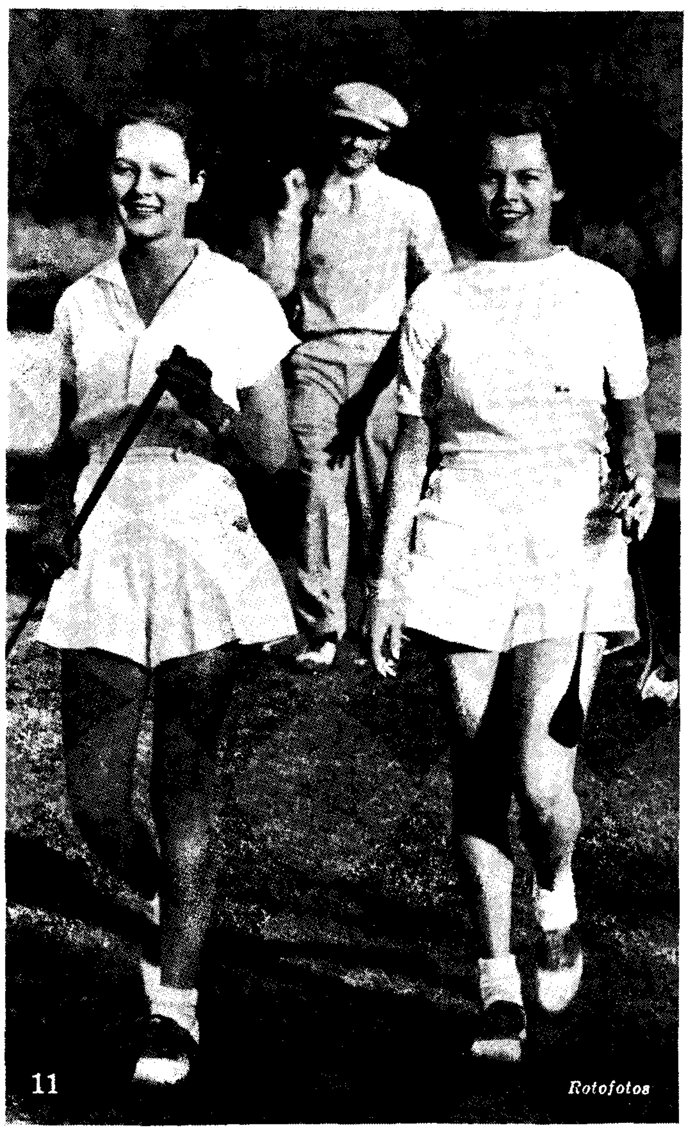
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Rotofotos

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Photos by Marian Stephenson

HOW old is Ann? If she wears shorts this year, she's young. If she doesn't, she's middle-aged, by code if not by calendar. The eye is the census taker, and advance reports indicate that America is to be a nation of lovely ladies not a minute over thirty.

They aren't out to shock or astound. They don't want to make the front page or the rotogravure section. They've merely kicked free from encumbrances to comfort, barricades against sun and air, and the mistaken notion that a skirt, which can blow up, is more modest than trousers that can't. Beach life began it. Tennis gave it a big lift. The bicycle geared the movement for speed. And the continued determination of fashion to stick to the long skirt for general wear cleared the track for a whole new division of clothes.

For tennis, shorts will be worn this year almost to the exclusion of other costumes. For beach, they'll be regulation attire, except for such swimmers as never go dry. You'll see them on the country club veranda for tea, and doing their eighteen holes on all the best courses, except those that are public or semi-so. They'll appear for street wear at summer resorts and go motoring almost anywhere in the country. The skirt-covered versions—of which more anon—will go shopping or to business even in big cities, with the addition of a little jacket to adjust the matter of sleevelessness.

Nobody ought to be surprised at what's happened, for the events that led to the climax have been piling up as news items for the last eight years. Yet, here and there a few die-hards are sure to raise the same holy hands of horror that soared skyward when bathing stockings finally drifted out to sea. But the ultra-conservatives are so pleasantly in the minority that they aren't worth registering in the returns. The rest of America is quite ready to join with the rest of the world in acclaiming shorts as a sensible, practical fashion for almost anyone who plays outdoors.

It was on the Lido that women first began wearing bathing suits all day, not because they wanted to be taken for mermaids, but because the bathing suit left them freer to lie around and tan or get up and exercise than any other form of clothes then in existence. That was back in the dim, dark ages of October, 1926.

By the following spring, Palm Beach had swung into line, with extra bathing suits that didn't bathe. And a New York manufacturer of men's wear was launching in California the first honest-to-goodness shorts for women. His men's shorts had gone over big two years before. Now the girls were clamoring. While swimming was their primary reason for being, these West Coast shorts were amphibians and also served on tennis courts.

The Evolution of a Fashion

America's main 1928 contributions to progress were two: First, Mary Lewis, of Best and Company, New York, advertized the first cotton edition of something so like today's one-piece shorts that any still in existence could appear with acclaim. These were bought mainly for tap dancing, but a few unresisting souls played tennis in them. Then, on the West Coast, Anna May Wong had her picture taken in a costume that looked like a tailored suit both above and below until she moved, when the lower half turned out to be twins. This was called "Trouser Skirt," and she wore it for traveling.

By 1929, the movement was assuming the proportions of news. The ladies of Vienna, following the lead of a baroness, adopted a side-divided dress in wash silk over shorts of same, skirt on for golf and off for tennis. New York advertised a sailor-collared bit with the shortest of shorts in candy-striped and dotted broadcloth for "gym, dancing, basketball, tennis and campus wear." Similar models were dispensed by Fifth Avenue shops in yellow cotton gabardine. Just at this date, the first dresses with natural waistline were making their appearance as "a high fashion."

It was in 1929, too, that shorts were

(Continued on page 57)

White House Shadows

By Ray Tucker

Collier's Washington Staff Writer

Nobody is closer to the President than Dick Jervis, head of the White House Secret Service detail. He and his colleagues see our Chief Executives in all moods and all circumstances. Here are some of the things they have seen

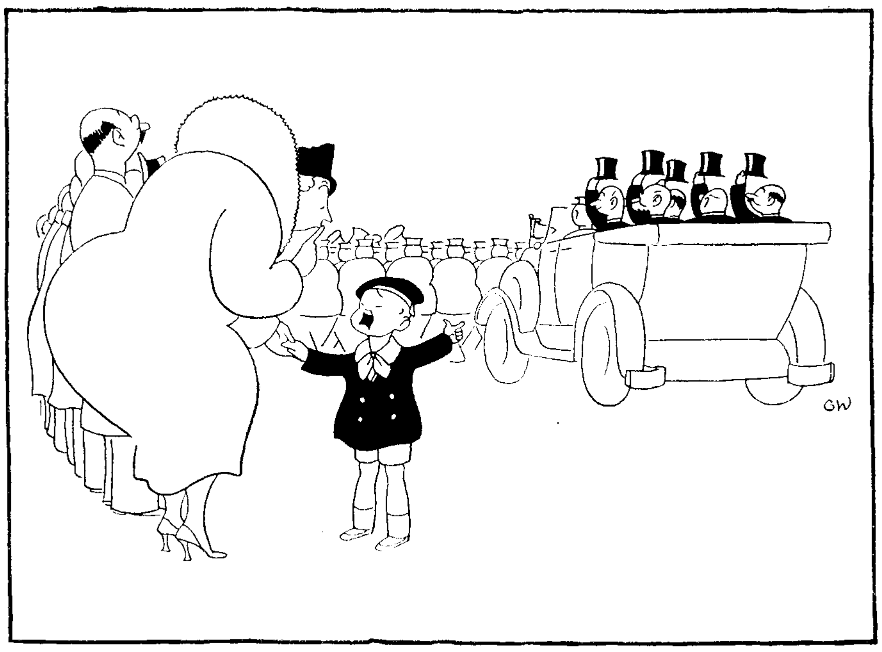
EVERY President creates new problems for those self-effacing shadow men, the White House Secret Service detail, charged with making safe and comfortable the life of the nation's Chief Executive.

The attempted assassination of President Roosevelt brought worried scowls to his watchmen's faces, and on the day of his inauguration the police made a careful search of all housetops along the line of the inaugural march. On that day, and on the day when he appeared before the American Legion convention at Chicago last fall, the Secret Service men, as they often do, had to muss up many plans for the ceremonies so dear to the hearts of the natives.

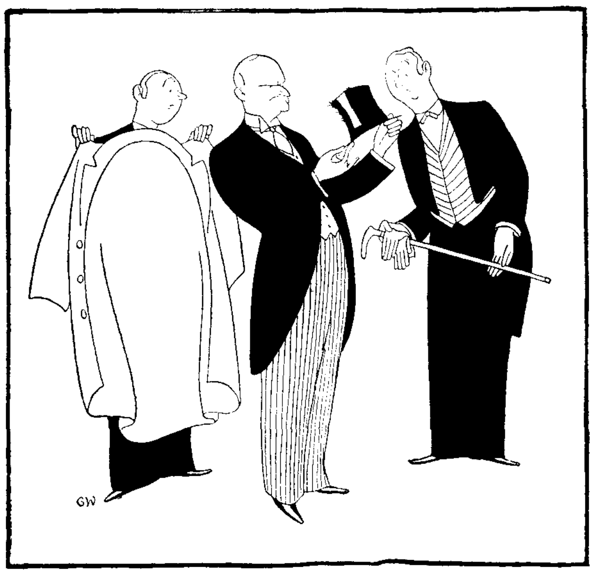
Presidential obedience to White House wives is an unexplorable subject, but it is doubtful if they heed family injunctions as meekly and religiously as they listen to those of the official guardians who pull the President around like so many dictators. Although more than 1,000,000 people waited to see President Roosevelt tour the Chicago Fair grounds, and the President expressed a desire to see them and the sights, Col. "Ed" Starling, the rangy Kentuckian who has charge of all advance work on presidential trips, would not hear of it.

"I don't care what the President said," he told the chairman of the welcoming committee. "He can't go into that crowd."

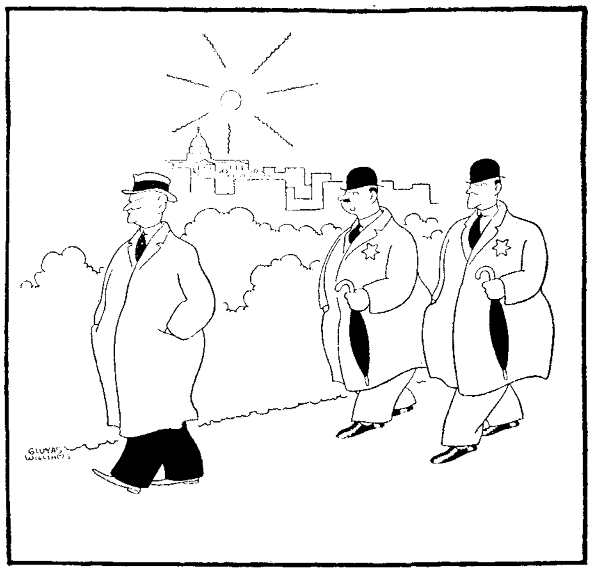
Colonel Starling is Washington's great disappointer. During the Harding administration he broke the hearts of thousands of hospitable Ohio folk who had arranged for a presidential reception aboard an old river steamboat. After inspecting it, Colonel Starling decided that it was unsafe, and selected another vessel moored at a more secure spot. When Mr. Harding arrived, smiling and bowing to "my neighbors," the 1,500 sightseers on the steamboat originally selected as his barge rushed to one side of the craft and the upper deck caved in, killing several people.



Little Johnny would cry and ask his ma: "Was that funny little fellow in the front seat the President?"



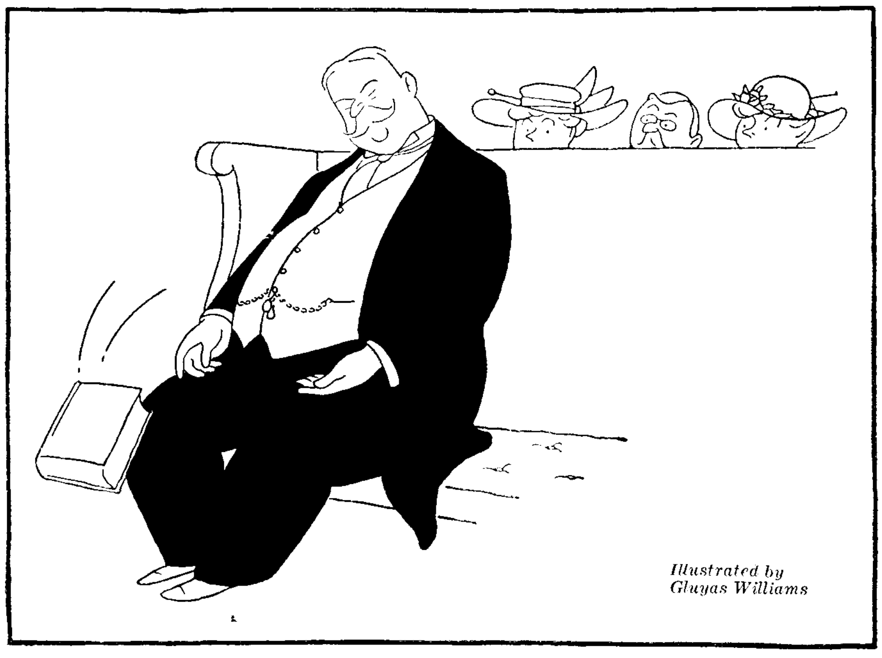
When the hat was returned to him at the close of the ceremony, it was slightly mussed. He stared at it in some chagrin



Mr. Coolidge played pranks on them, making them wear rubbers on walks even when the ground was dry

Although Mr. Roosevelt's insistence on riding in open cars and his fondness for travel make it hard to guard him, his tremendous popularity acts as a counter-agent. Moreover, he is more amenable to Secret Service supervision than any President since Woodrow Wilson, and for much the same reasons. As students of statecraft and former governors, both realized that a man must give up many claims on privacy once he crosses the White House threshold.

Mr. Harding, to whom White House confinement was imprisonment, and Mr. Hoover, a recluse despite his acquaintance with the far places of the earth, chafed under this control. As men more gifted with a dramatic sense, Messrs. Wilson and Roosevelt derived inspiration from the thought that they appeared before the public as the symbol of the state.



As he relaxed, the Bible fell to the floor with a bang and the alarm brought him back to consciousness

Illustrated by Gluyas Williams

The Secret Service advisers always point out to each President that too many passengers in his car obscure him from view, and cause local soreness, leading little Johnny to cry and ask his ma: "Was that funny little fellow in the front seat the President?" Votes of present and future generations may be alienated that way.

Our Traveling Presidents

Although Mr. Roosevelt is no presidential Marco Polo—Mr. Taft's record still stands—he has always been an enthusiastic voyager, and a peripatetic President piles up troubles for his overseers. Despite cares of state unequaled except possibly during the World War, he will have covered almost 8,000 miles in his first year in office, as against 8,686 for Wilson, 8,612 for Harding, 2,400 for Coolidge, 2,347 for Hoover. Mr. Taft, who had to have a special, extra-size mattress for train travel, flung it around the landscape to the extent of 21,666 miles in his first 365 joyous days. But Mr. Roosevelt has several trips in mind, including a tentative dash to New York City next month, a short visit to Warm Springs, an inspection of the Tennessee power development and a battleship voyage to the West Coast when Congress quits. Already Secret Service scouts are stirring in anticipation.

It is the uncertainties surrounding presidential plans which make it difficult to provide for his protection and comfort. Every detail may have been arranged, as they always are, in split-minute routine—trains, automobiles, hotel rooms, elevators and even picked waiters, routes of march, police alignments, public appearances, private conferences—and he may find at the last minute that he cannot get away. Between election and inauguration Mr. Roosevelt planned a trip to Europe to talk with the heads of states, and William C. Bullitt, now Ambassador to Russia, made all arrangements, even selecting hotels easiest of entry and egress, only to have the trip canceled as inadvisable at that time.

That may explain why Richard Jervis—everybody calls him "Dick"—the

(Continued on page 45)

Flash and Fury

By Kyle Crichton

The career and accomplishments of Eddie Shore, who plays hockey professionally

Eddie Shore, hockey player. He carries 486 stitches

WHAT makes Eddie Shore the greatest drawing card in hockey is the hope—entertained by spectators in all cities but Boston—that he will some night be severely killed. Coupled with this is a more than grudging admiration for the roughhouse tactics Mr. Shore employs. But, grudging admiration or no grudging admiration, when the paying patrons plunk down their money on the box-office ledge, they do so with the prayer that this will be *Der Tag*.

Baseball crowds in cities other than New York have a similar, but not so bloodthirsty, feeling about Babe Ruth. They can be thrilled by the spectacle of Mr. Ruth ruining three home-town pitchers, but what really throws them into a state of ecstasy is the sight of the great man swinging so viciously and vainly at a third strike that only a major operation can bring his sylphlike form back to normal. It is like that with Eddie Shore, only more so. This is because hockey happens to be a little more so than baseball.

Put very simply, hockey is a combination of forked lightning, old-fashioned shinny, second-degree murder and mayhem. In this setting, Mr. Shore is High Chief Assassin. When he begins one of his forays down the ice, he resembles nothing so much as the rear-end of a transcontinental bus out of control on a steep hill.

His bulk is portentous, and his speed and general deportment are that of a baby elephant crashing through the underbrush. This is not to say that Mr. Shore is unique in his ferociousness. As he careens his mad way down the rink, his opponents are no less filled with the notion of ending Mr. Shore's career on the spot. Which is to say that this is hockey, a game played by men.

Rough, but Not Vicious

And yet the accident last December when Ace Bailey of the Toronto Leafs and Shore collided in a game at Boston, resulting in a brain concussion so serious that Bailey hovered between life and death for weeks, is one of the few bad injuries of hockey history.

Hockey is the roughest of sports, with a maximum of body contacts, but it is seldom dirty, and this is the opinion of Frank Patrick, president of the National Hockey League, in lifting Shore's suspension after Bailey's recovery was assured: "Proper consideration has been given to the mental anguish Shore has undergone and to the fact that his playing record does not class him as a vicious player." Rough, yes; but clean and hard—that's hockey.

Eddie Shore was born on a ranch near Fort Qu'Appelle, Saskatchewan, in 1900, and got his first taste of what the fates intended for him when, at the age of twelve, he was sat on by a horse. Since then practically everything has happened to him. As said before, serious casualties are rare in hockey but it is the sign of a dull game when the ushers cleaning up afterwards don't find a few stray teeth about the rink. When the skates flash and the sticks swing, events naturally happen.

There is a saying about Madison Square Garden in New York City that the janitors really get their break when Boston comes to town. When Eddie Shore meets head-on with Ching Johnson of the Rangers in the middle of the rink, they don't have to shake the furnace again for a week.

As an amateur Shore won an important game in Montreal. During the course of it he lost six teeth, achieved a broken nose and a broken jaw and ended up with two black eyes, which is par for the course.

He started playing with St. John's College in Western Canada in 1918 and went from there to the Melville Millionaires and thence to the Indian Head Tigers. The best reports are that young Mr. Shore with the Indian Head Tigers was three degrees the other side of lousy and at the request of all concerned took off his skates and got a job on the railroad. From throwing coal into the firebox of a Canadian Pacific engine, he is said to have developed the thick, cobbly legs which have made him one of the surest skaters in the world.

More Fun than Railroading

However, once a man like Eddie Shore gets a hockey stick in his hands, nothing—not even free rides in the cab of a Mogul locomotive—can keep him away from a hockey rink. So he gave up the Canadian Pacific and when next heard of in history is a member of the Victoria Club in the Western League, which was owned by Lester Patrick, now manager of the New York Rangers.

When it was decided to invade America with hockey and the Western League was raided for the purpose, Patrick sold his club to Detroit. That is, he sold everybody but Mr. Shore, who apparently wasn't wanted even as a gift. So he caught on with Boston.

That was the turning point of his career, because at Boston as manager was Art Ross, who is, if anything, an even greater showman than Shore. One of Mr. Ross' pet plays is to take out his goalkeeper and put six forwards on the ice. What happens during the bombardment which follows is too swift and violent for the fastest camera. Mr. Ross has even been known to throw seven forwards into the fray, banking on the theory, and often successfully, that the extra man will not be noticed in the excitement.

Under Ross, Shore bloomed like a rose. Before the season was half over he was acting like Napoleon after the

(*Continued on page* 40)

Eat Soup
and Keep Well

Campbell's
Tomato Soup

One of your appetite's few *great favorites!*

Your appetite has its best friends, too—the chosen few that are always welcome and that you are always glad to greet again and again. In that select group Campbell's Tomato Soup is sure to belong. For here is a case where "first impressions" never wear off. Every time you enjoy Campbell's Tomato Soup it seems to be even gayer, brighter and more delicious than before.

The world-famous flavor of this soup can only be produced by Campbell's exclusive recipe. The soup is blended in the most completely and scientifically equipped kitchens devoted to soup-making. Quality is *assured* when you get Campbell's!

Enjoy it both ways!

To serve as Tomato Soup, add water. To serve as Cream of Tomato, add milk or cream. Delicious either way!

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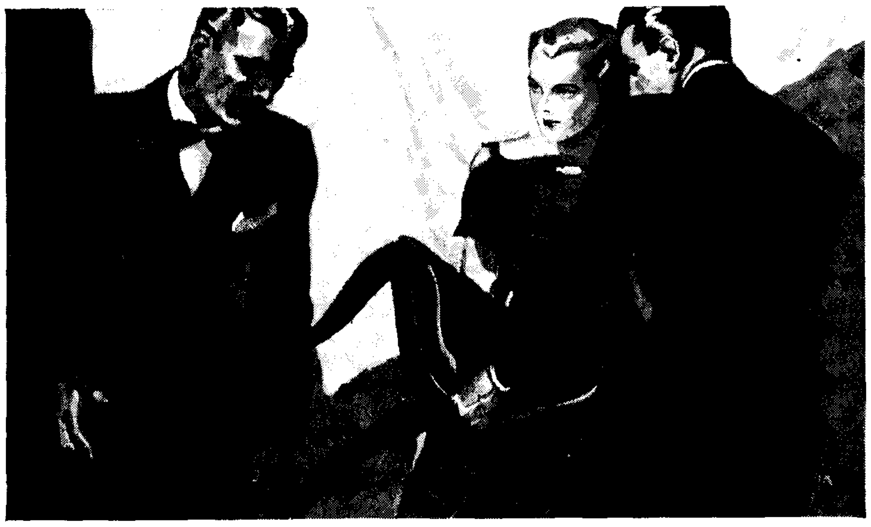
MEAL-PLANNING IS EASIER WITH DAILY CHOICES FROM CAMPBELL'S 21 SOUPS

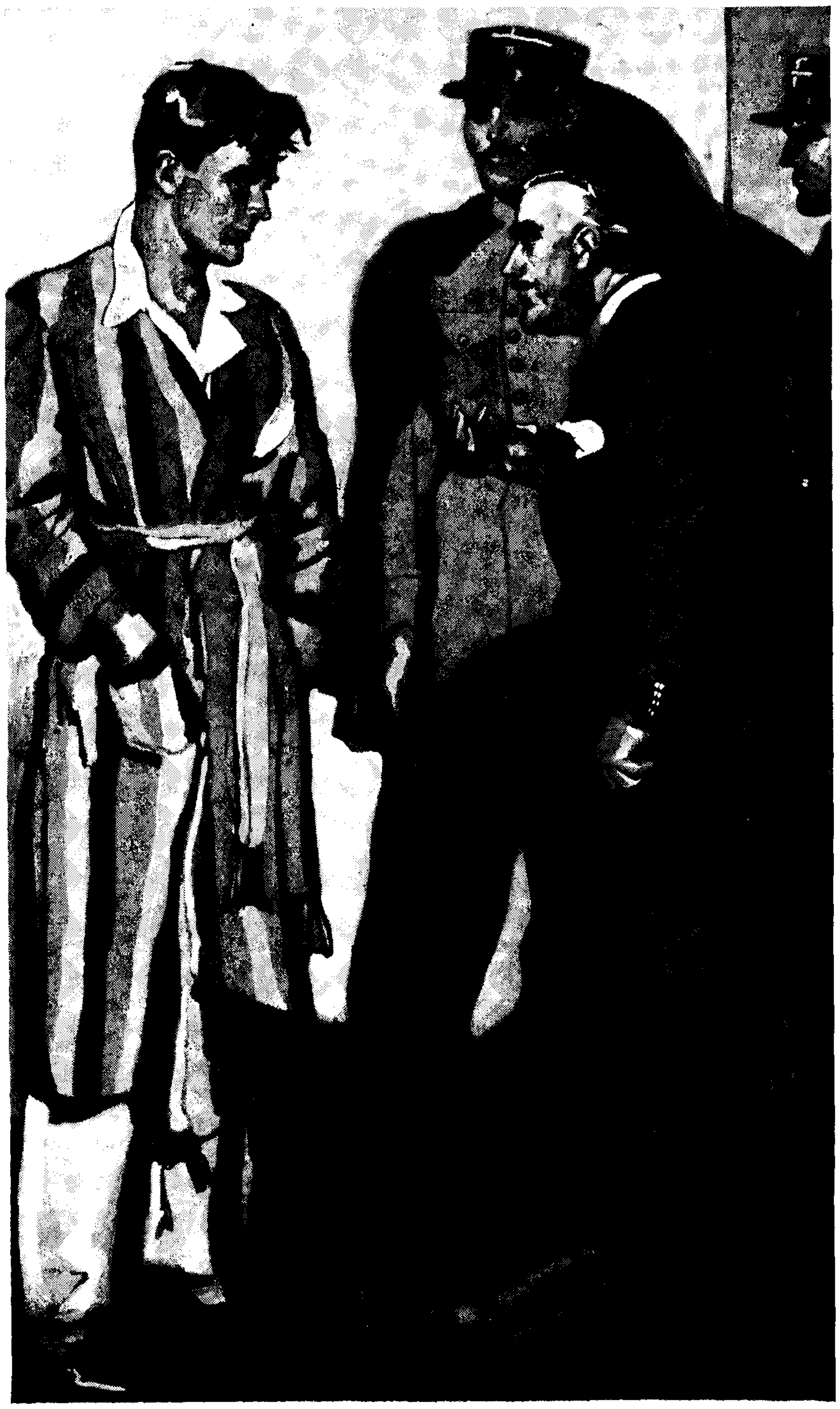


Conscious that waiters were closing in on him, Larry realized that he had no time to lose. Defensively, Abbott raised a chair

Marriage for Revenue

By George Agnew Chamberlain

Illustrated by Carl Mueller



Raglan opened the door. A plain-clothes man was standing there and two uniformed companions closed up behind him

The Story Thus Far:

PARTNERS on Wall Street, Larry Raglan and Adsit Abbott quarrel, part company, form firms of their own. And strange complications develop. Abbott, a tricky gambler, is interested in Regis Mulholland, Raglan's secretary. Involved in a mild affair with Raglan's divorced wife, Eleanor, he watches the girl—and waits.

Regis (forced to make her living since the death of her brother) has a sister-in-law: Dora Mulholland. Unknown to Regis, Dora—a worldly opportunist—meets Raglan, inveigles him into marrying her. Amazed by the marriage, Regis is not surprised when it terminates in a divorce.

Dora goes to Paris. Likewise, Eleanor, who, much the same type as Dora, drops Abbott when he suffers reverses. . . . With Tony Allerton, a clever young financier, Raglan makes a fortune; then, caught in a falling market, finds himself on the verge of losing it. While wondering how he can save himself, Regis Mulholland comes to him, gives him a notebook wherein she has listed certain good "buys," carefully analyzed.

Grateful, really seeing the girl for the first time, Raglan kisses her. Whereupon Regis, hurt, insulted, resigns, leaves the office. And Raglan, too late, realizes that he loves her; for, within a few days, Regis sails for France.

Miserable, Raglan takes a radical course. He sells out, gives his business to his employees, and leaves New York on a rum-runner. Thirteen days later he examines Regis' notes. They excite him strangely. When the ship touches at Cherbourg, he lands, hurries to Paris. There he meets an old friend, Bruce Wadding, and a young Frenchman, one Bertran, who is deeply indebted to him. But he cannot find Regis.

The girl's suggestions, he feels sure, are sound. But he has less than thirty thousand dollars with which to follow them up. He needs a wealthy backer—and Bertran supplies the right man: his uncle, a baron, who agrees to risk a million dollars on the American's judgment. . . . Resuming his search for Regis, Raglan finds her. She is employed by a bank. "I need you," Raglan says. "Get your hat and tell them you're through." Regis is silent for a time; then—"All right," she says, "I'll come."

XI

AFTER office hours Regis telephoned Raglan she had made her arrangements and could start in at nine the following morning. "Why tomorrow?" he inquired in a tone that resurrected a buried past. "What are you doing now and tonight?"

"Tonight?" she asked, dazed. "I thought—"

"You didn't use to think—not that way. If you can't come tonight, you can't. But I'm working, I've been working, and I suppose I can keep on alone." He hung up.

Twenty minutes later there was a knock on his sitting-room door and Regis entered. He greeted her with a quick nod, burdened with satisfaction either at her coming or with himself for having been sure she would come. She stood just within the threshold, taking stock of the scene before her, and immediately any qualms she may have felt over this meeting vanished from mind. Raglan, a fine figure in his well-cut tweeds, his mane of hair tumbled as it had always been in days of yore, lounged behind two kitchen tables placed together to form a vast desk.

She made swift inventory of the objects upon it. Telephone directories covering Paris, London, New York and Philadelphia. Two copies of a familiar standard code. Pads, pencils, an agate holder with two fountain pens; cable blanks, paper clips, ash trays, cigarettes, cigars and a glass jar filled with his favorite pipe tobacco. At one side a typewriter and stand with accessories; at the other end a steel filing cabinet with locks. She gasped, and with that gasp forgot herself as a person and turned a somersault backward into her previous existence as an exceptionally capable helper.

"HAVE you collected all these things since you saw me this morning?" she asked.

"Yes," he answered, regarding her with lazy eyes. "Are you going to work in your hat?"

She laughed—quite a happy laugh—tossed her hat aside and came forward. "What shall I do first?"

"Type. Two carbons." She sat down. "Are you ready?"

"Yes."

"Raglanco, New York," he dictated. "Crediting you two hundred thousand as indicated buy Savannah Eastern and Western preferred judiciously I mean keep it down rigging market if necessary by wash sales since imperative price must not attract attention by any rise—"

The telephone interrupted him; a moment later he was saying, "Nobody answers? That's impossible. Anyway, it's your business to find him. Put the superintendent of the building on the job." He returned the hand telephone to its cradle and continued to Regis: "Keep awake additional credit when necessary my intention to continue until we own fifty-one per cent outstanding preferred."

He sat for a long moment in silence, his long legs fully extended, his hands clasped in his lap and his head fallen. "We'll let it go at that," he said finally, then looked up at her. "You've guessed what's up, haven't you?"

"Not entirely. I remember having devoted a page of my pet notebook to Savannah, Eastern and Western, but—"

"All the better," broke in Raglan. "Now for the codes. The key number is four. I brought two books so we can work out the message separately and check up against each other."

THEY tackled the task from opposite sides of the improvised desk. After ten minutes Raglan was called to the phone again. "That you, Tony? Where the devil have you been? Really! All three out to lunch at the same time, eh? I admit it's terrible to sit doing nothing, day in and day out, but get this, Tony: From now on your office hours begin at two in the afternoon and stop at ten at night. Never mind what's up. Don't yell at me and don't use my name; we both know who's talking. Take a grip on yourself and on your pencil. Are you ready? My address is the Hotel Daunou. Within a couple of hours you will get a cable from me and the key number is four. Read it over ten times before you make a move, then keep on moving. The bank indicated is diagonally opposite ours. Get it? Don't call me up or wire me or ask any questions unless there's some instruction you don't understand. But there won't be. Use your head. Goodby."

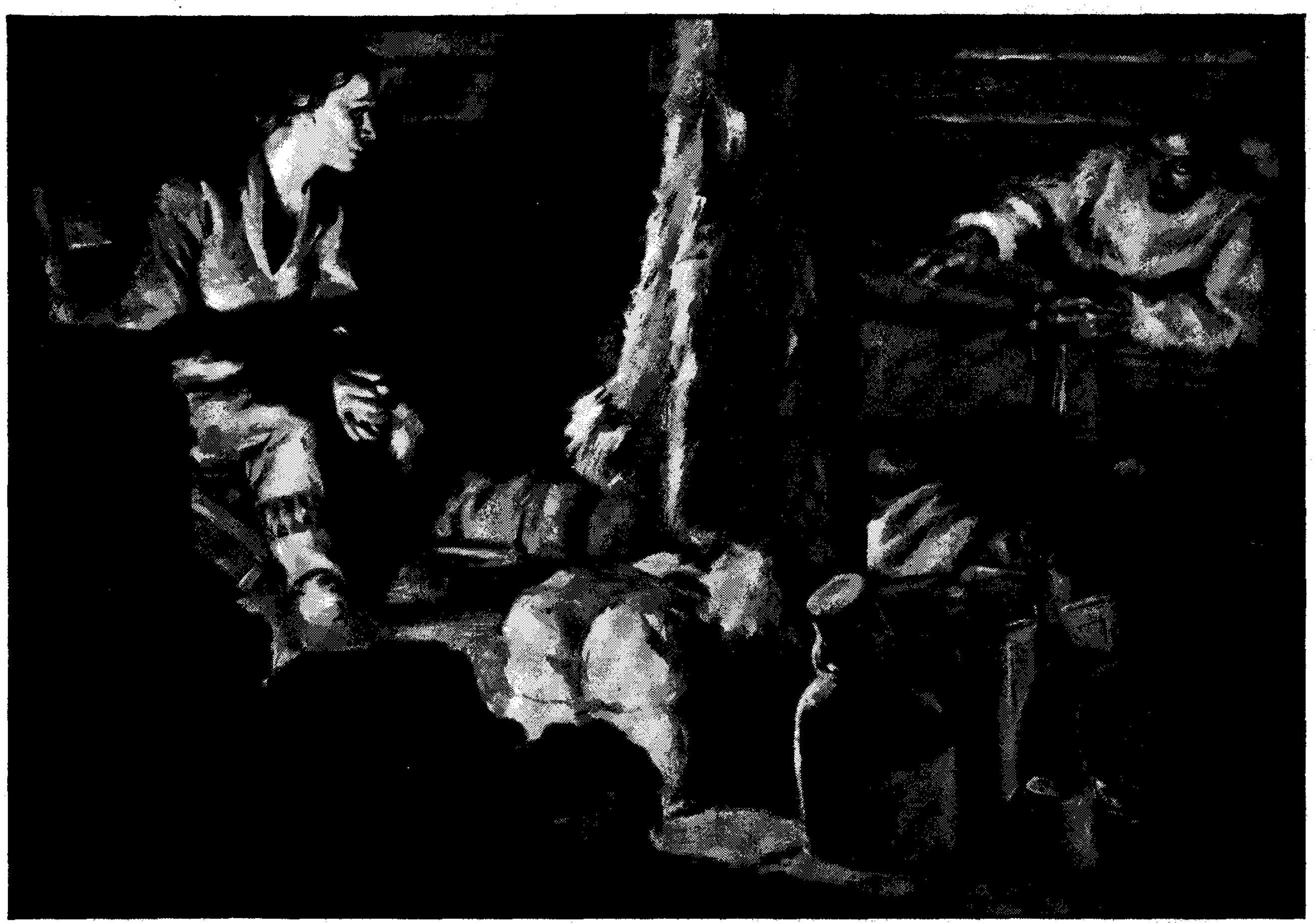
His time estimate proved too optimistic. Regis remembered having decoded several messages; she had never coded but one. They worked hard for four hours, checking and rechecking, differing as to punctuation but at last arriving at a formula that seemed foolproof. Raglan settled back with a sigh. Regis leaned forward, her hands gripping the edges of the table; she felt as though she were going to faint.

(Continued on page 52)

"I'll watch you hang in the morning," said Dawson Annie. What she did then, to the man she hated, makes one of the strangest stories that ever came out of a cold, hard land

Iron Woman

By Robert Ormond Case


Harry Anderson

SANDERSON was in the lead, with Joe Bemis second and the remaining six men of the Little Cultus strung out in a long line, when they overhauled the grub-thief in the canyon that led up to Windy Pass.

Dawson Annie, who could ordinarily mush with any man, had fallen far behind. Those in the lead commented on this when it became plain that the chase was almost over. Joe Bemis was of the opinion that Annie had had trouble with her team, or that her legs had given out. She was a big, strapping woman, but a seventeen-hour haul, with but one cold camp, was a test for anyone.

Sanderson said no: she was squeamish. She didn't want to be in on the finish. It had been plain enough for an hour past that their man was about to fold up. She had found an excuse to hang back.

"What of it?" said Sanderson. "Let her stay behind and look the other way. This is a business for men."

It was dusk, with a storm brewing beyond the black, snow-patched ramparts towering above the Pass. The grub-thief had abandoned his dogs at the foot of the long, glacial groove leading up to the barrier, and had stumbled on afoot. He had fallen three times in the first two hundred yards of the terrific climb. The fourth time he had crawled for a space, dragging himself over the hard-crusted snow. Now he had given up. He was facing toward them in a sitting position, the hood of his parka lowered.

SANDERSON swung wide to avoid the abandoned team. He turned his head on his shoulder as he went by, examining the outfit. The others did the same. The disreputable sled was of the interior type—Ileut, probably—built long and low. The stolen grub was only partly covered by a ragged, smoke-blackened tarpaulin. It needed only a glance to identify the grub. They all recognized Dawson Annie's flour bag, bacon and her favorite brand of baking powder.

A rifle scabbard projected from beneath the lashed tarpaulin, with the rifle still in it. All wondered, at the time, why the grub-thief hadn't taken the weapon with him. It was only afterwards, when they examined his effects, that they found he had no shells.

The dogs, gaunt, exhausted, lay sprawled on their bellies in the snow. Each man who loved dogs cursed as he went by. The grub-thief, breaking trail for his pursuers, had killed his team on the home stretch. They would never run again.

Because their man had left his rifle behind him, Sanderson came to within a hundred yards before he halted his team. The others ranged up alongside. With rifles grasped in their left hands, they spread apart, advancing in skirmish line.

To their disgust, the grub-thief did not show fight. In silence they closed in about him.

They searched him for concealed weapons, but he was unarmed. All replaced their mittens, lowered the rifles to the ground and leaned upon them. They stood in a circle, looking down at him. His wolfskin parka was ragged, with the hair worn off in many places. His moosehide mukluks were patched, the sinew stitches showing the cunning craftsmanship of the Ileut squaws. He was a white man. His features were wasted and thin, with a black, ragged beard.

He looked into their faces once, scanning each in turn. Then he lowered his head again and looked through their legs at the long slopes and valley below. His eyes were black and expressionless, like those of a crippled animal that has given up at last and holds no further hope.

"Well," said Sanderson, "I guess we'll have to hang him."

"I've got a rope," said Joe Bemis, who was a great hand to think of things. He drew a coil of closely woven tent rope from his pocket. "It's light, but plenty strong."

Sanderson looked around him, though he knew that they were far above the timber line.

"The rafters of the ice house'll do," he said. "Let's get this over with."

"Wait," said Joe Bemis, squinting at the sky. "There's a storm coming up. We'd best camp at the ice house. We can't camp with a dead man."

"We'll bury him first, then," said Sanderson.

"But we can't bury him proper before dark," objected Bemis. "And all hell'll be blowing over us in fifteen minutes. Listen to her howl!"

THE wind was moaning in the higher crags, though the slope was protected somewhat. It was going to be a dark, wild night, plainly enough. There would be no burying until morning. A fire had to be built to thaw out the frozen ground under the snow. Rocks had to be pried loose and piled up. Otherwise the wolves from the Porcupine, ranging over the Pass into the Yukon Basin, would have made short work of the grub-thief's body.

"You're a nuisance, fellow," said Atlin Bill. "What's your name?"

"For hanging purposes," said the grub-thief, "John Doe."

"Where'd you come from?"

"The Yukon River."

Even Sanderson grinned at this, because the Yukon River is two thousand miles long.

"Well," said Sanderson, "let's take our outfits up to the ice house. We'll make camp and hang him in the morning. Shoot the pilgrim's dogs, Bemis. They'll never live through the storm."

"If I've got to shoot his dogs," said Bemis, "don't you ask me to haul on the rope in the morning. I'll have done my share."

They took all their outfits up to the ice house and dug through the drifts. It was cold as a tomb inside, but previous mushers had left fuel behind. They built a fire and chinked up the cracks in the wall where the moss had fallen out. They spread their blankets on the floor, leaving the single bunk for the grub-thief.

"He's only got one more night," said Sanderson. "Let him sleep comfortable. Leave that space beside the stove for Annie."

The prisoner sat shivering on the edge of the bunk, even after the cabin was warm. He stopped shivering for a minute, and everybody stood and listened, too, when they heard Bemis shooting. They counted the shots. There were seven. When the seventh shot echoed against the wind, the prisoner started shivering again and hid his face in his hands. Somehow or other, when a man's dogs are gone he feels that he's finished too.

"Syd," she said, "the North has broken me, too. I can never go back. There's nothing to go back for"

"Well," growled Atlin Bill, "you stole grub. You've been long enough in the North to know what that means. You can take a man's squaw, and he'll get over it. There's plenty of squaws. You can steal his dust: and what of it? There's gold creeks left. But when you steal his grub you take his last hope."

"You haven't heard me complain," said the prisoner, his teeth chattering. "I'm just scared, that's all. I've never been hung before."

JOE BEMIS came up, mad and scowling. He took the rope out of his Mackinaw pocket and threw it into the corner.

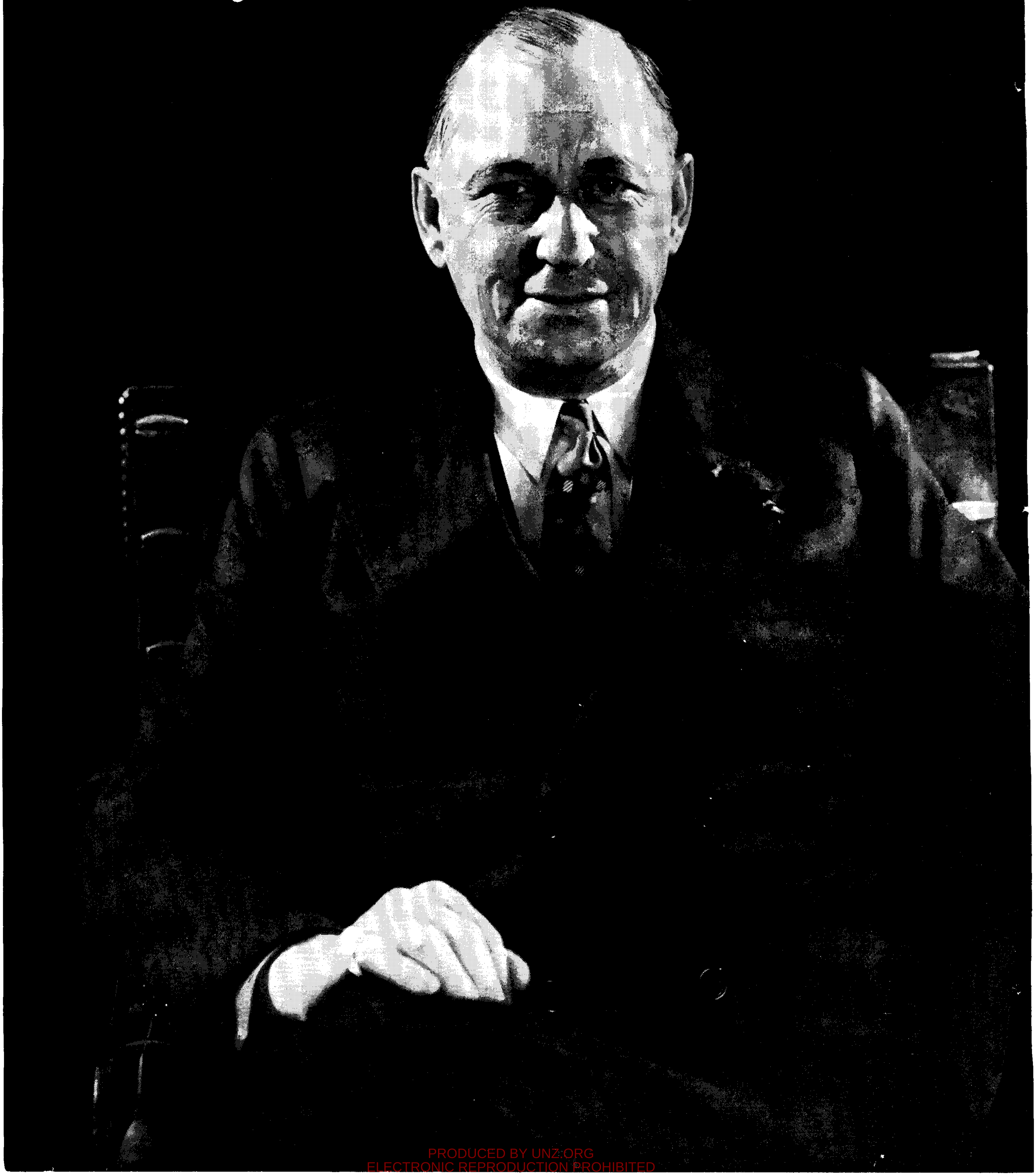
"I brought his blankets," he said. "I left the grub on the sled. Annie can pick it up when she comes by. She'll be here any minute now. It'll be a joke on her. She'll think the show's over, hearing the shots."

They spread out the grub and put the coffeepot on. The prisoner wouldn't touch any food, though they knew he was near starving. He'd been pressed so hard since the midnight before, that he hadn't had a chance to eat any of Annie's grub, after all. He just shook his head when they told him to sit in.

Dawson Annie rolled in when the coffee had come to a boil. They heard her outside, slapping her dogs affectionately as she turned them loose and fed them. When she came in the door and kicked it shut behind her the room seemed brighter. A big, fine, upstanding

(Continued on page 28)

"Why I believe Plymouth is



he Best Engineered Car in the Low-price Field”

by WALTER P. CHRYSLER

“OUR BUSINESS has been very good. At this time, I believe people will be interested in knowing why! To put it as simply as I know how—our engineers have built into Plymouth cars the *things people want.*

“Everybody wants a car that's safe. Everybody wants comfort when he rides.

“Our engineers have done two big things to make automobiles safer. They have developed and perfected Hydraulic Brakes. They have pioneered the use of Safety-Steel Bodies.

“Another thing they've achieved—and perhaps the biggest—is patented Floating Power . . . which does away with vibration. This year, in addition, every Plymouth—even the lowest-priced model—has individual wheel springing.

“These two features together give you a more comfortable ride than ever before.

“I have always believed that people wanted these things—not only in expensive automobiles—but in cars that the working-man could afford. The public's response has convinced me that I was right.

“I credit our present position in the Industry to these engineering achievements. I sincerely believe Plymouth is the best engineered car in the low-price field—because Plymouth is the only car in its price class that has all of them.”

• • •

WHAT WALTER P. CHRYSLER HAS STATED HERE should interest every person who is thinking about a new car. For the features he mentions cannot *all* be found in any other low-priced car.

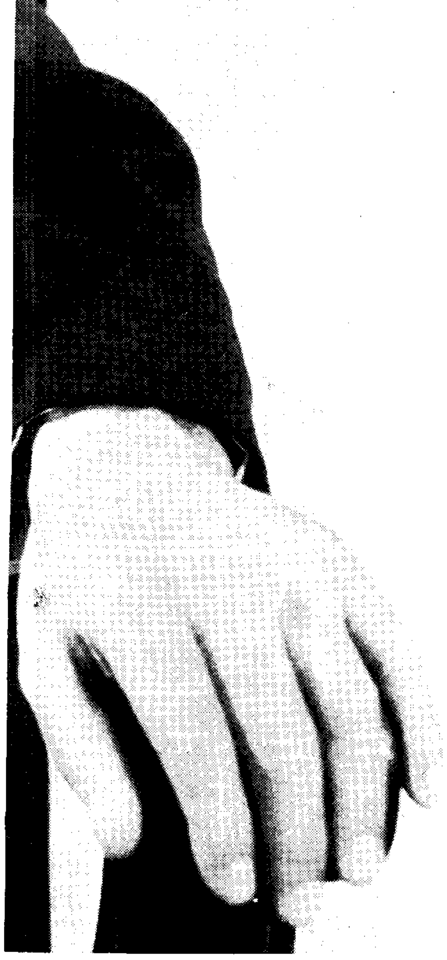
Floating Power engine mountings give you a smoothness you could never get by merely putting pieces of rubber under the engine.

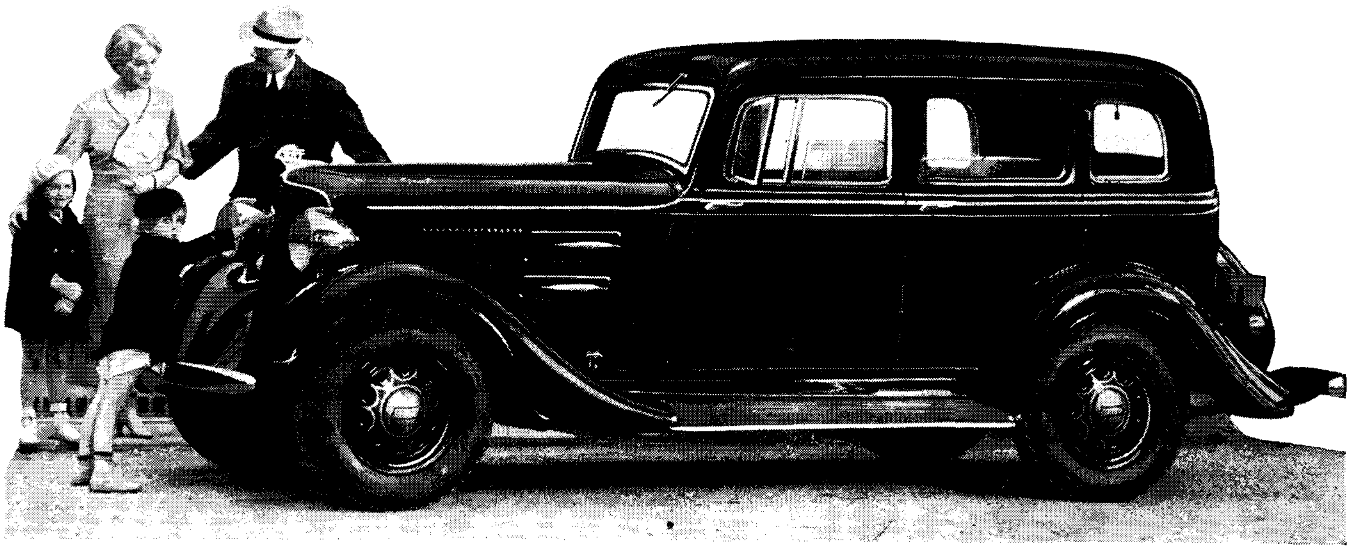
Individual front wheel springing is found on *all* Plymouth models—regardless of price.

Safety-steel bodies *are actually all steel*—built on the strongest Rigid-X double-drop frames. They stand punishment that would demolish any body not of this “steel reinforced by steel” construction.

Hydraulic brakes are always equalized—the braking action is the same on all four wheels. And although they are much costlier than the ordinary mechanical type, every Chrysler-made car has them.

These four features are really *extra* points of value in Plymouth. Isn't that a common-sense reason for “riding” in a Plymouth before you buy?





AMERICA'S BIGGEST LOW-PRICED CAR . . . THE NEW DE LUXE PLYMOUTH
WITH 114-INCH WHEELBASE AND PERFECTED ALL-WEATHER VENTILATION

(Continued from page 25)

woman, pretty as a picture and hard as nails.

"Well, boys," she said, "I got here at last. My sled like to fell apart on me, but I got it fixed."

She came forward to the box stove, drawing off her mittens. She looked at the prisoner, and her smile faded.

"So!" said Annie. "You haven't done the chore yet? What was that shooting in the canyon?"

"His dogs," said Sanderson. "They were done for."

Annie took off her parka, shook the snow from it and hung it on a peg.

Everybody was dog-tired, so they ate in a hurry and lit their pipes for a last smoke before rolling in. Annie wouldn't eat anything, but she drank some coffee. Nobody paid any attention to the prisoner. He sat there, looking at Annie, watching her every move.

"Now, then," said Sanderson, knocking the ashes from his pipe, "two of us have got to guard this pilgrim while the rest of us sleep. We'll draw straws for it. We'll leave Annie out."

"You'll deal Annie in," said Annie. "I'll take my turn with any man."

She insisted on it, though her cheeks were pale with weariness; and when the drawing came, as luck would have it, she drew one of the two short straws. Joe Bemis drew the other.

They gave the prisoner his blankets. He kept his parka on and turned the hood up over his ears. He covered his legs and hips with the blankets and turned his face to the wall. The others spread their outfits side by side and crawled in. Sanderson blew out the light.

There was one cross-legged chair, with a rawhide bottom. Annie sat in it, facing the fire. Bemis sat on the floor beside her.

FOR a while those on the floor tossed restlessly. But, one by one, they fell asleep. The prisoner lay quiet.

"Joe," said Annie, speaking softly on account of the sleepers, "no use both of us sitting up. I'll hold it down till midnight and you can take it from then on. I'll wake you up."

Because the stretch from midnight on was the longest and worst, Joe had no qualms about calling her.

"Jake," he agreed.

He spread his blankets in the space beside the stove that they had left for Annie, and rolled in. Joe liked Annie. For a long time he lay in the shadow of the stove, his head pillowed on his arm, watching her.

The prisoner turned over, resting on his elbow; and the bunk made never a sound. The soft glow from the hearth was upon her as she turned her head to look at him. His eyes glistened in the shadow.

"Well, Annie," he said, "it's been a long trail."

"You're on the home stretch now," said Annie, nodding. "I'll watch you hang in the morning. Wait, Syd," she said, "not yet. Some of the boys may not be asleep. That Joe Bemis, for instance. He's playing 'possum."

"I'm not playing 'possum," Joe denied. "My feet hurt. I'll be asleep in a minute. Go ahead and talk."

"It was twelve years ago, Syd," said Annie. "It seems much longer than that. I was twenty-two then, and still had faith and hope. Did you marry that girl over at Humboldt?"

"Yes," said the prisoner, "I married her. Then I quit her, too. I feel sorry for her. I'm just a bad egg, Annie. There was a boy, you know. Must be going on nine years old."

"Mine was a boy, too," said Annie.

It was quiet in the cabin for a minute. Then the prisoner said: "I didn't know there was a baby."

"We got tired of opening th' door for him to go in an' out!"

Frank Owen

"He'd have been going on twelve now," said Annie. "He died when he was three. . . . I heard in the camps that Blackie Trask had gone north. You changed your name up here, of course. I've looked for you from Atlin to Nome. Where've you been, Syd?"

"On the Kuskokwin," said the prisoner. "I went from bad to worse, and ended up with the Ileuts, living with a squaw. Last winter on the Coleen. That's a terrible country, up there under the Endicotts." He shivered. "The North's broken me, Annie."

"SYD," she said, "the North has broken me, too. I can never go back. There's nothing to go back for. I've been looking for you. Men are given grubstakes here, but a woman has to pay her way. Nobody would marry me, of course. I wouldn't expect it. I've no heart left to offer a man. Just an empty body."

Joe Bemis opened his eyes. "I'll marry you, Annie," he said.

"Go to sleep, Joe," said Annie. She turned to the other man. "I've found you now, Syd. I knew it was you last night when I flashed the light on you. I saw your face."

"I knew you, too," said Syd. "I knew I was sunk. That's why I pushed my dogs so hard. These boys have been around a little. I might have talked my way out of it if I was caught. They might have listened to me. But, not you, Annie."

"No," said Annie, "not me. I'll watch you hang in the morning. That'll make these last ten years worth while. . . . About that boy of yours—a little, dark-eyed lad, I suppose? With long lashes? Just like my boy's. That's what I hold against you mostly, Syd. On his account. He needed a father. He needed someone to look out for him. I cooked in the camps to earn money. Meanwhile, he died."

The sleepers snored. In the blackness of the night outside the drums and trumpets of the storm rolled on. The firelight faded and Annie piled on more fuel.

"Syd," she said, "why did you steal my grub?"

"I was in a hurry to get outside," said Syd. "I couldn't go out down-river. I had an outfit but no grub. I couldn't get grub because I was siwashed in every camp from Forty Mile down. And the Mounties want me on the Canadian side. The Ileuts have a winter camp at the head of the Porcupine. I could join up with them if I could bring my share. I figured to take the grub on the Little Cultus and make a run for it. The boys probably wouldn't follow me beyond the Pass. I could go down the Mackenzie and make it to Humboldt by spring."

"What for?" said Annie.

"I got to thinking about that boy," said Syd. He buried his face in his hands; and the bunk shook. "Write to my woman, Annie. Tell her I was heading home."

"You ask *me* to do that!" said Annie. She stirred the fire with a charred stick. "I'll do it, Syd. After I see you hang. Who's been taking care of your boy?"

"I don't know," said Syd in a low voice. "I got a letter from my woman, once. At Circle City. I was looking over the unclaimed mail and sneaked the letter. The boy wasn't doing so good, my woman says. He'd ought to be down in the Valley. They were having bitter weather up there on the Truckee."

"The Truckee?"

"That's where she was working," said Syd. "She was cooking in the camps."

AT NEAR midnight Annie woke up Joe Bemis and whispered to him. It was time to stand guard. The storm had blown over. In the vast, still cold outside you could have heard a match breaking two hundred yards away.

"Wait, Joe," Annie whispered. "Did you hear us talking?"

"Part of it," said Joe, yawning. "Lately I've been asleep."

"Well, Joe," said Annie, "I've turned squeamish. You boys will hang him for sure, won't you?"

"We sure will," said Joe.

"And bury him proper?"

"Sure."

"Get my dogs together then," said Annie. "As quiet as you can. I'm going back to camp. I'm a fool, Joe. I thought I was hard. I've waited ten years. But I can't stand to watch it."

Joe looked at the prisoner, who had his face turned away.

She took down her parka from the wall. "What a chore you'll have to do in the morning!" she said.

Joe grinned and went outside. He routed out Annie's dogs and slapped them quiet as he got their harness on. He lined them out and broke out Annie's sled. Her blankets and grub were still on it. So she was ready to start.

The door opened and closed again. Joe could see the starlight glint and sparkle in the fine fur of Annie's parka, but he was glad that he couldn't see her face.

"It's all right with me, Annie," he said as he passed her, shivering. "I know how it goes. Don't mush too far tonight. We'll overhaul you in the morning, after we've buried this pilgrim."

She made no reply, and he went on in.

"What's the matter?" said Atlin Bill, rearing up. "Who opened that door?"

"Annie," said Joe. "She went out to get her blankets."

Bill looked at the prisoner, who had his face to the wall, and lay down again. Joe piled on more fuel.

"You blasted crook," he told the prisoner, when he was sure Atlin Bill was asleep again, "you stole more than grub from Annie. A fine, big woman like her! I wish it had been me that had met her twelve years ago, down on the Humboldt."

The prisoner said nothing. Joe sat in the chair Annie had just left, his eyes fixed on the glowing stove. He raised his head once, listening to the creak of sled runners fading in the night. When they were gone he relaxed and reached for his pipe.

IN THE morning the men of the Little Cultus rose up, stiff-jointed and scowling. Joe had the coffeepot on and would have placed the skillet on the stove, but Sanderson said no. Everybody knew he was right. The kind of chore before them had to be done on an empty stomach. So Joe set the coffeepot aside and everybody stood around yawning and stretching and looking at the grub-thief, who still had his face to the wall.

"Where's *Annie?*" said Sanderson, all of a sudden, looking hard at Joe Bemis.

Joe had to tell them then. He'd put it off as long as he could.

"Sanderson," he said, "I'm not making any excuses for Annie. At the same time I'm not blaming her. She used to know this pilgrim. Outside. Being an old-timer, she knows he's got to be hung. Being Annie, she couldn't stand to watch it. So in the middle of the night I got her dogs together and she's started back to camp."

He looked at Sanderson, hard-boiled; and Sanderson looked back. Nobody said anything for a minute, then Sanderson shrugged his shoulders with a kind of gloomy amusement and told them to roll their blankets and clear the floor.

They let the prisoner sleep while they made ready. They took their time. It wasn't that they were postponing the chore or that they felt sorry for him. They all said so. A grub-thief wasn't entitled to any consideration. But there was something about a man sleeping like that, right up to the last minute. They kind of hated to wake him up.

But finally the packs were rolled and the floor cleared. The rope was over the rafter. Sanderson had taken a rawhide thong from his pack to tie the prisoner's hands. He went over to the bunk and stood above it; and everybody followed behind and gathered around.

"Fellow," said Sanderson, shaking his shoulder, "it's time to get up."

The grub-thief turned over slowly and the rawhide dropped from Sanderson's hand. For maybe five seconds it was so quiet in the cabin that you could hear Atlin Bill's big silver watch ticking in his pocket under his Mackinaw.

Then Sanderson said: "Well, sir, I'm damned."

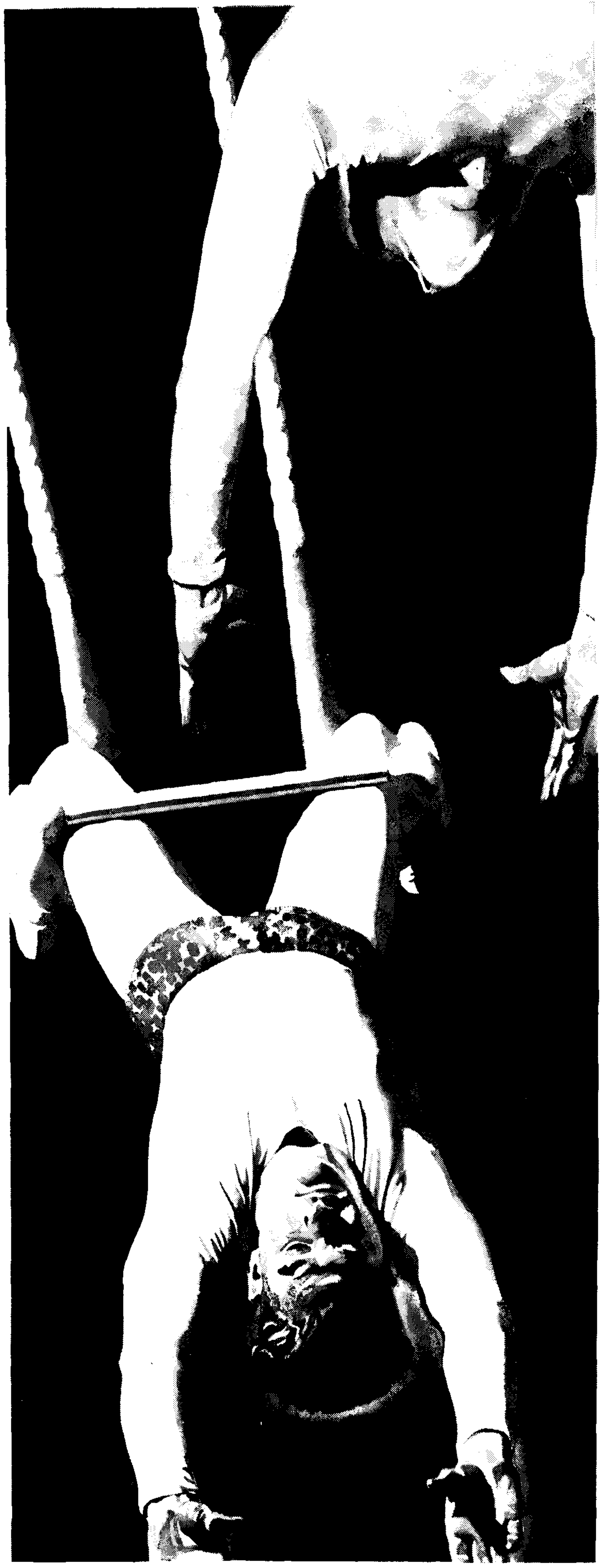
(Continued on page 52)

Center Ring

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Courtney Ryley Cooper

Illustrated by Ronald McLeod



Big Hugo was timed to the exact spot to await him

LARRY DAY did his swan dive from his high-swinging trapeze to the safety net, then, to the roar of the circus tent, swung over the side to join the other members of his troupe for a final salute to the audience. Now he stood smiling between Beth, his diminutive sister, and Big Hugo, their giant, hairy-armed catcher. As the grandstand thundered, Hugo turned his thick-necked head toward the much smaller flyer beside him.

"Boy, did I have to scramble to catch you in that triple!" he exclaimed without rancor.

Larry still eyed the audience. "I know—I was terrible."

They turned then and started for the back door. Horses and chariots were massed there for the races, the last event of the program. Hugo pushed his bulky way through. Larry Day paused momentarily. Joe Bogardi of the Aërial Bogardis came beside him.

"Sure lost your timing, ain't you?" he asked with a cold grin. "What were you aiming at in that triple somersault—the hospital?"

Larry's eyes snapped. The Bogardi act was a big one, but colorless; Joe, their best leaper, could do no more than a two-and-a-half.

"Wishing me into an accident?" Larry growled.

"Sure," confessed Joe. "Pray for it every night. Then we'll get the center ring."

He went on, his muscular troupe following him. Beth caught her brother's arm. "Please, Larry," she begged. "Don't let him make you so nervous!"

"Who's nervous?" the flyer asked belligerently, and strode away to the dressing tent. Nevertheless, it was true; Joe Bogardi was getting him. It had been a joke at first, the Bogardi ambition to steal the star spot from the world's greatest flying act. Now it was funny no longer. Gibes, hints of danger, elaboration upon every false move, a frank desire for an accident—all these things hurt. One mental hazard often is enough to throw a flyer off his timing for weeks.

"QUIT trying so hard," begged Big Hugo, in the dressing tent. A catcher is the bulwark, the mainstay—and often the brains of a flying act.

"But I tell you I can't help it," Larry insisted. "Anyway," he added weakly, "you manage to catch me."

Big Hugo nodded.

"Sure. But it's getting harder every day. You go for that triple like a wild man."

"I know, Hugo. I fight against it—try to hold back—try to slow up—but I can't help overshooting; putting too much strength into it."

"Sure—sure—" said Hugo gently. "Just take it easy—don't leave the bar so hard."

That night, as he climbed the rope ladder, Larry was worried. He had become too strong on the bar; muscles insisted on exerting themselves in spite of his every mental command. The routine progressed; then came the announcement of the triple somersault.

The two other aërial acts in the end rings became immobile. Larry Day moved from the pedestal to the riser, grasped the heavy trapeze bar and, to Big Hugo's signal, took off.

Again he felt that pull—that urge to swing higher, higher—he fought it with all his strength. But higher he went. Across the smoke-dusty space he saw the hulking form of Big Hugo, swinging by his hocks. Larry Day left the bar, vaguely aware that again he had given himself that dangerous extra lunge. A second and a half of dizzy revolutions followed; less than that; he knew that his turns were faster, harder than they ever had been before. Out of the spinning haze, he saw Big Hugo, he felt the touch of one hand throwing him wildly off balance, the agony of effort as he tried to straighten for his fall to the net, an instant of horrible realization—and then a crashing impact which brought unconsciousness.

BIG HUGO came to see him in the hospital.

"Why'd you try to catch me?" Larry asked. "I could have made the net all right."

"You reached for me," Big Hugo answered. "One hand hit mine—threw you off. Bounced clear out of the net to the ground." He grinned. "But pretty soon we'll be up in the rigging again."

"Where's the Bogardi troupe?"

"Center ring."

The aërialist stared at the ceiling. "I guess they'll stay there," he said at last. "I'm licked, Hugo—my timing's gone. My brain gets muddled when I try to think of the triple."

"Yeh?" asked Big Hugo. "You forget that. Big Hugo's found a way. I'll catch you."

"You can't catch me, coming strong that way—"

"Come as strong as you want. Put your riser up another three notches. Big Hugo doesn't care."

Larry was silent a moment. "I'll try," he said at last. Then suddenly: "Maybe it'd help if the announcer wouldn't promise a triple. Then I wouldn't have so much to lose."

Three weeks later the tent was again silent. The Bogardis, back in their old position, waited immobile on their rigging. Joe grinned. This time when they returned to the center ring, it would be for the season. For Joe knew that Big Hugo had not found some new way of catching him in an overshot triple.

The announcer's voice roared through the amplifiers:

"Above the center ring, the world's greatest aërialist, Larry Day. Wa-a-a-t-ch him!"

Beth, pale under her make-up, stood at one side on the pedestal. Across the net, Big Hugo slid to his hocks and began to swing, grimacing to Larry to forget everything, to go as strong as he pleased. The flyer put the riser board higher, still higher. Big Hugo's signals caused some strange force within him to call suddenly, madly, for release.

Larry shot out on his trapeze, toes pointed, arms straight, hands secure to the bar. He did not realize how high he was forcing himself, how much swifter he was traveling: suddenly, the tent-lacings seemed to rush down to meet him. And far away, head down, hands outstretched, eyes gleaming strangely, Big Hugo swung in waiting—

The aërialist cut away from the bar, into his first somersault, then higher into the beginning of the second; vaguely he saw that the top of the tent was almost against his face. Then realization slapped him like cold water; he could never make the triple now, nor could he pull out of this spinning motion for a safe fall to the net. Over he went, and in a hundredth of a second caught sight of Big Hugo—signaling—

Larry caught the message. An involuntary cry came from his throat. Then he forgot it all as he threw every atom of his strength into muscles which long had been crying for just this, without recompense. Big Hugo had pointed the way— Big Hugo was timed to the exact spot to await him—those big hands were rushing towards him, closer, closer—they caught his wrists in a smacking grip, and swung him safely. Then they tossed him easily and gently back to the bar.

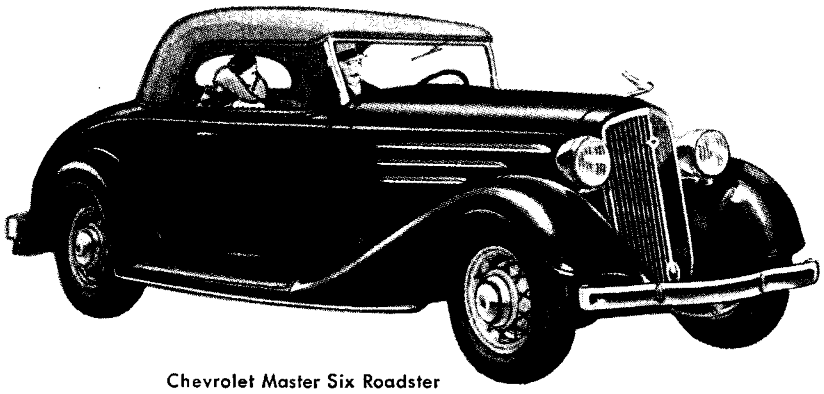
THE great tent was thundering. The almost awed voice of the announcer came through the amplifiers.

"It has been your privilege to witness, for the first time in history, a quadruple somersault, four complete revolutions from the trapeze to the hands of a catcher—"

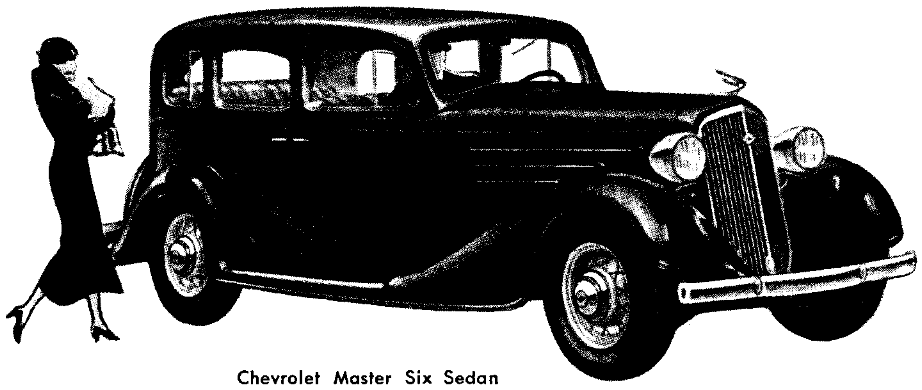
Four complete revolutions! Holding back for a triple, when muscles had been calling for a quadruple! Back on the pedestal, one arm around his sister, Larry waved to the swinging giant across the net.

Big Hugo chuckled and bulged his chest. He tapped a biceps to show its hugeness. Finally, with a great grin, he tapped his forehead.

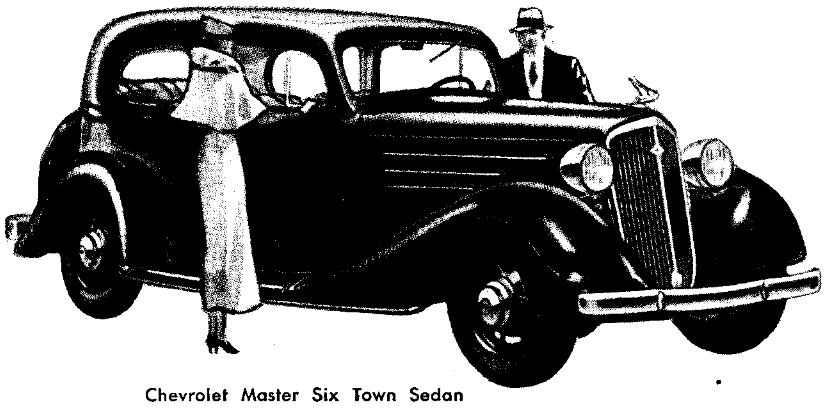
"Yeh, and plenty here too!" he shouted across the smoky arena.



Chevrolet Master Six Roadster

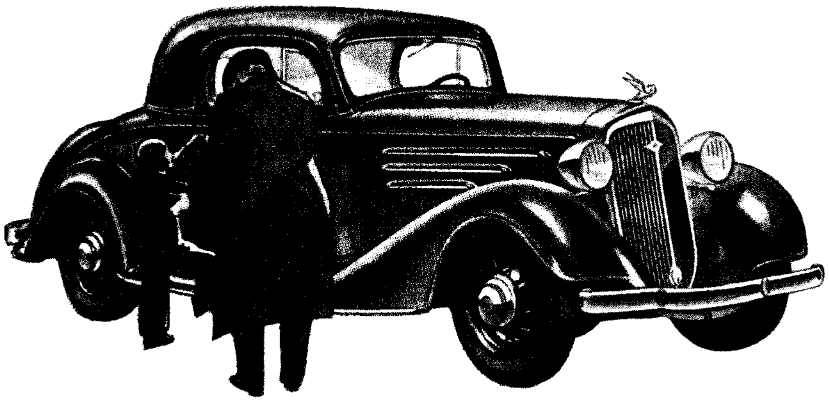


Chevrolet Master Six Sedan

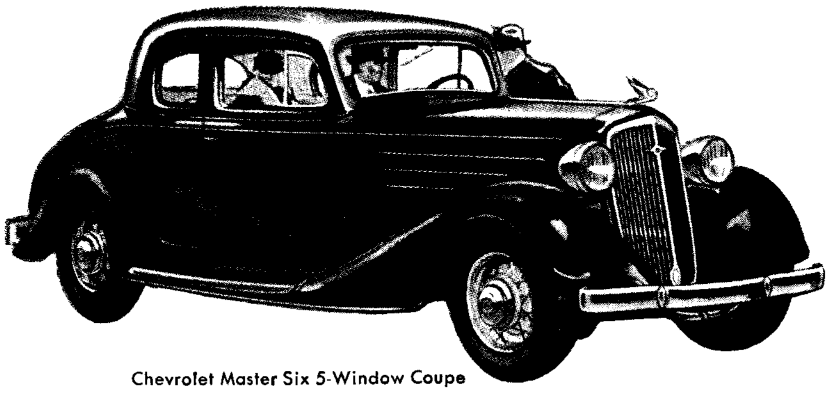


Chevrolet Master Six Town Sedan

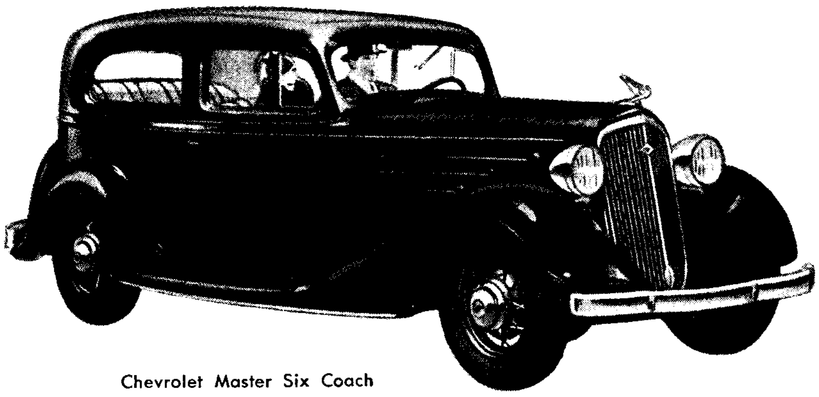
"*Now you choose the model* they all look good to me!"



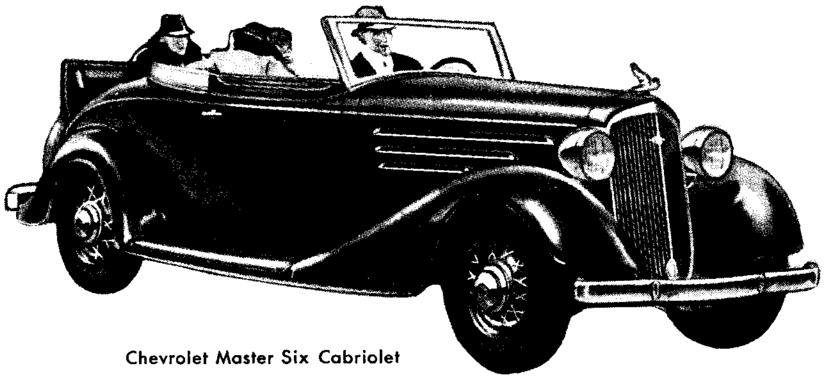
Chevrolet Master Six 3-Window Coupe



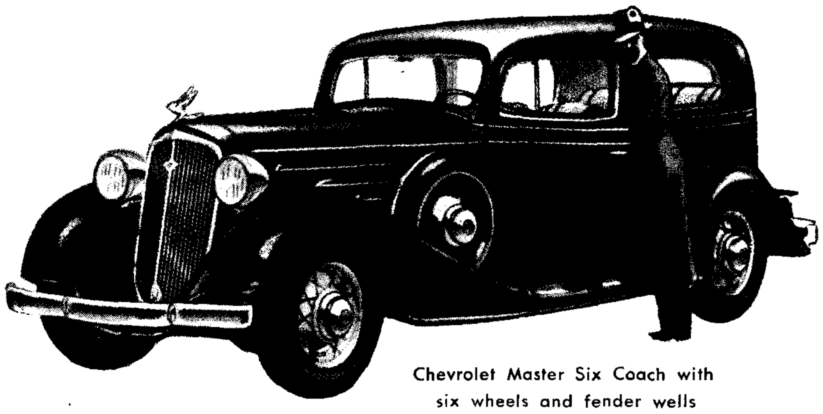
Chevrolet Master Six 5-Window Coupe



Chevrolet Master Six Coach



Chevrolet Master Six Cabriolet



Chevrolet Master Six Coach with six wheels and fender wells

CHEVROLET

Here they are, America—for your approval! The fourteen big, brilliant, new models that Chevrolet is depending on to lead the parade again in 1934. Cars so true to every Chevrolet tradition of dependability—cars packed so full of the latest, most exciting *new things* of motoring—that the big question, for thousands of buyers, is not *whether* to choose a Chevrolet, but *which* Chevrolet model to choose. Each of these cars is built with the already-famous "*Knee-Action Wheels.*" In fact, Chevrolet is the lowest-priced car with that newest sensation in riding and driving. Chevrolet is also the only car *anywhere* to combine: An 80-h.p. Blue Streak Engine that delivers 80 smooth miles an hour with 12% greater economy at touring speeds. Larger, roomier Fisher bodies with genuine Fisher Ventilation. New all-weather, cable-controlled brakes. A new Y-K frame that's 15 times stiffer than last year's. Big-car weight, big-car solidity and stability. And many other evidences of up-to-date engineering and up-to-date *thinking.* Once more this year, Chevrolet follows the policy which has given it five years of sales leadership out of the past seven: To add quality to quality. To pioneer the newest, *proven* advancements. To utilize every advantage of building the *most* motor cars—so as to build the *best* low-priced cars.

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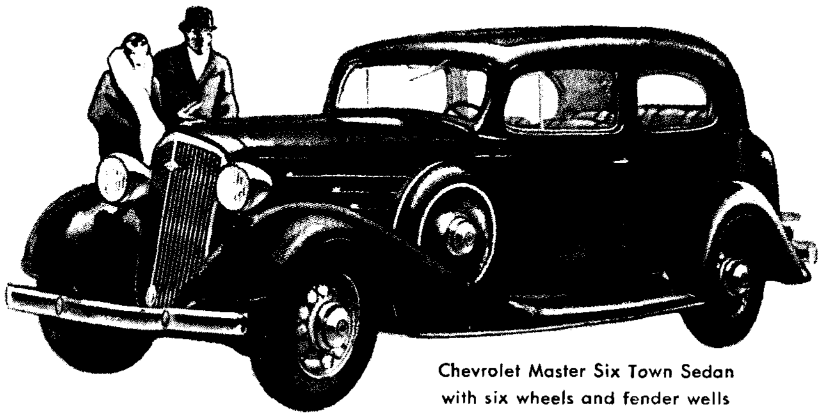
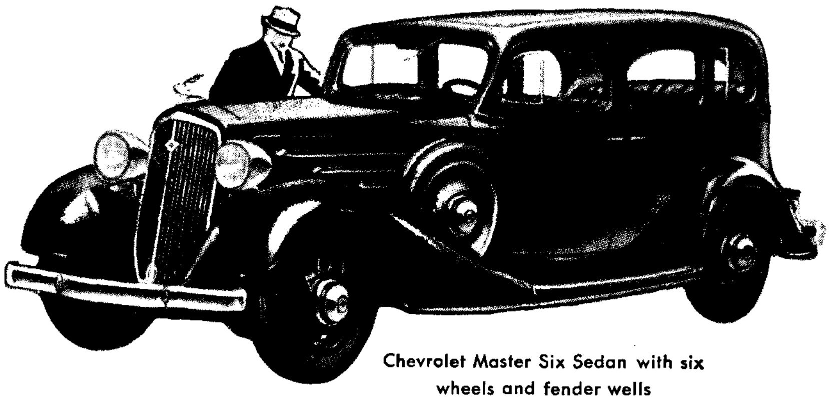
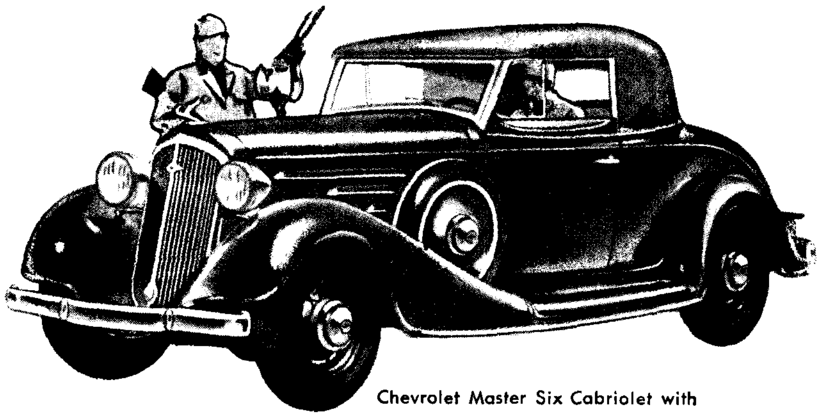


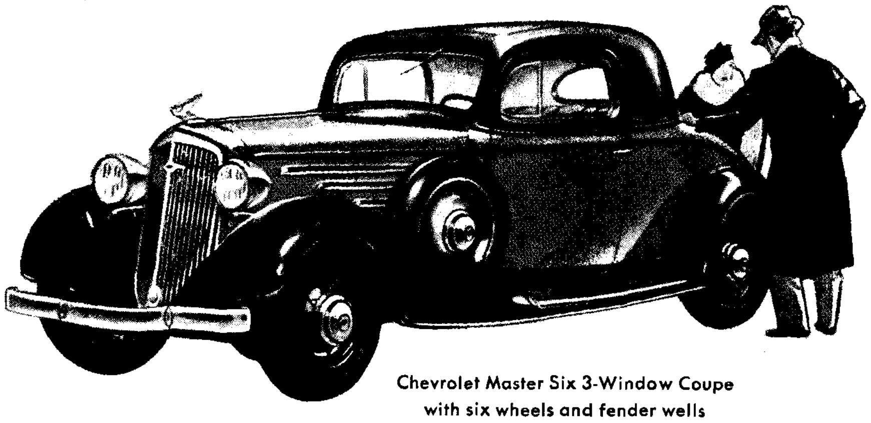
Chevrolet Master Six Town Sedan with six wheels and fender wells



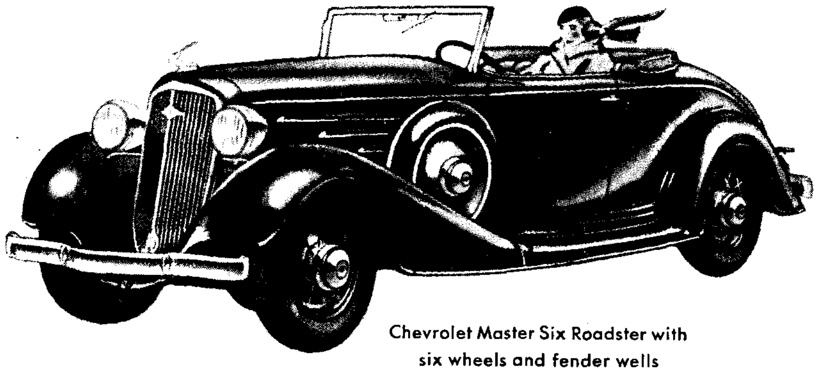
Chevrolet Master Six Sedan with six wheels and fender wells



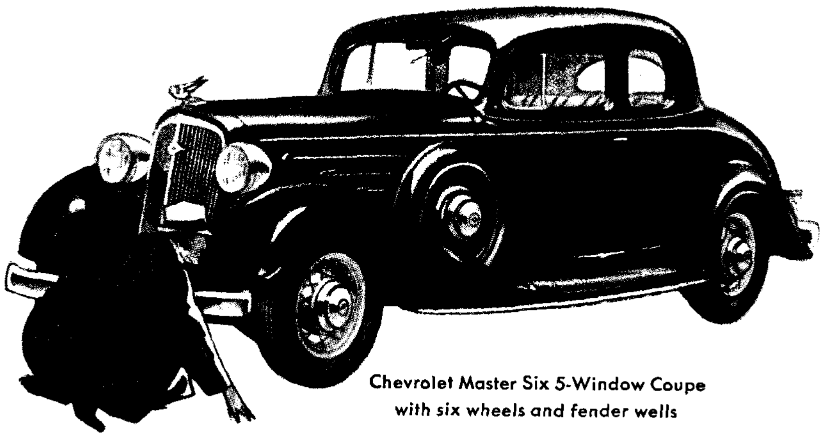
Chevrolet Master Six Cabriolet with six wheels and fender wells



Chevrolet Master Six 3-Window Coupe with six wheels and fender wells

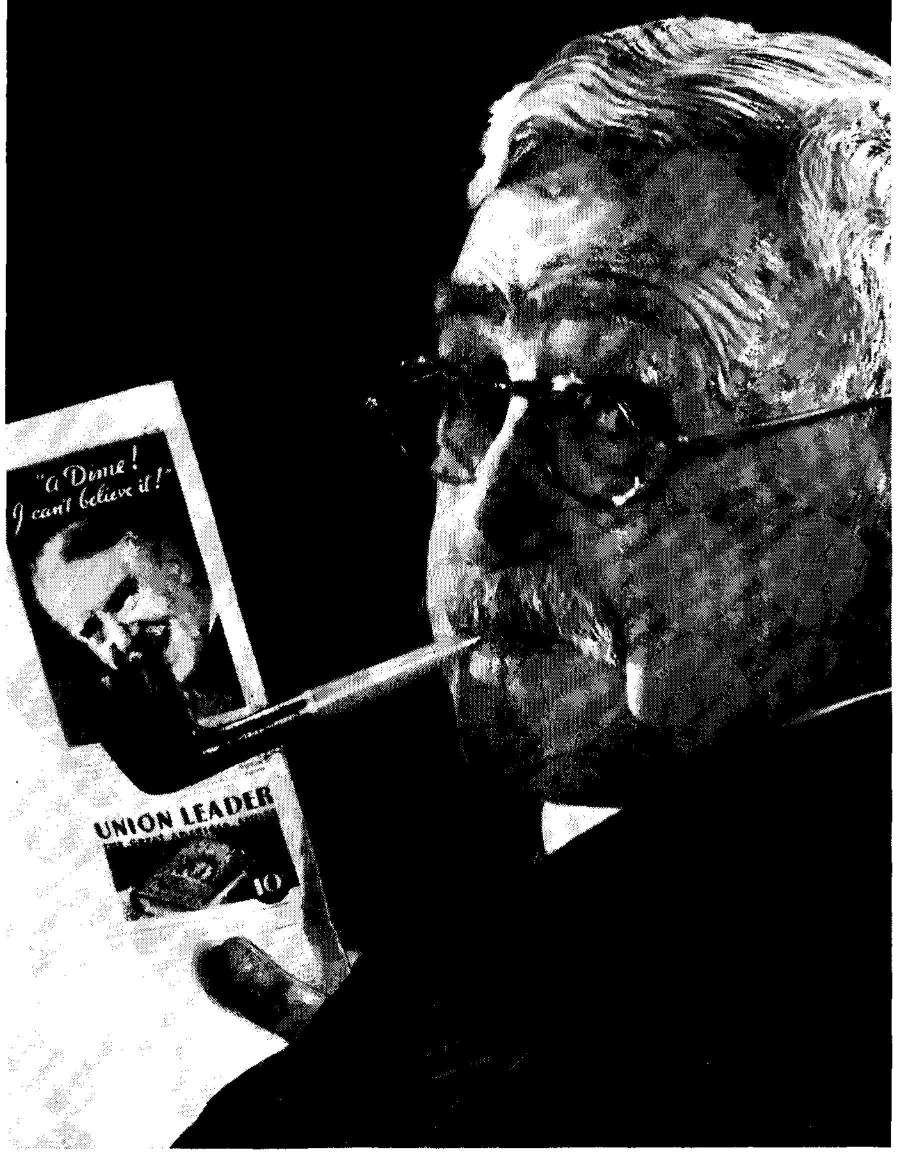


Chevrolet Master Six Roadster with six wheels and fender wells



Chevrolet Master Six 5-Window Coupe with six wheels and fender wells

"When 10¢ buys the best THAT'S NEWS!"


"A Dime! I can't believe it!"
UNION LEADER
10

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UNION LEADER
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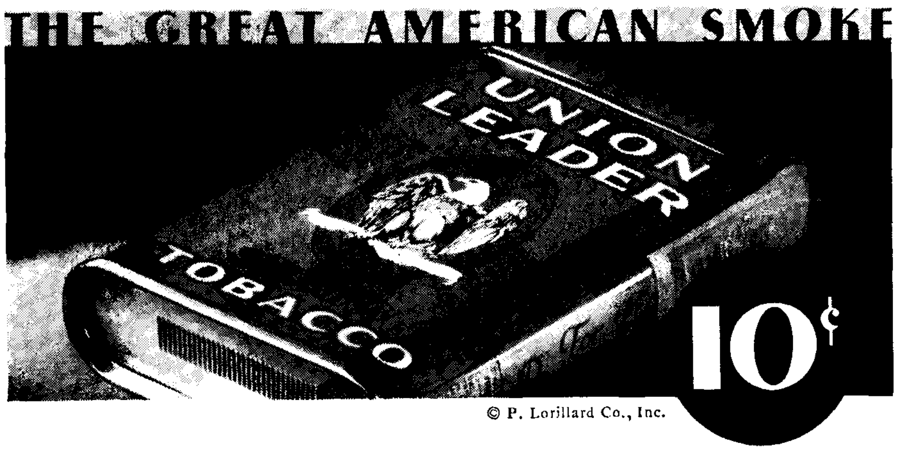

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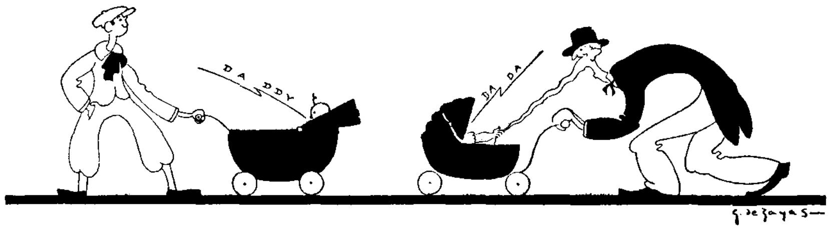

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The youngest paternity case known to medical science is that of a boy who was only 13 years of age, while the oldest is that of a man who was more than 100.—*By Dr. C. F. Schweigat, Detroit, Michigan.*

The handling of freight car hobos has become one of the major railroad problems. This roving army now comprises 500,000 men, women and children. The majority are "amateurs" who, unlike the professional tramps, resent being put off and often retaliate by damaging railroad property. Sometimes 150 of them have been found on one train.

Not so many years ago, many of the small circuses that traveled about the United States not only made each ticket seller pay up to $35 a week for his job—because short-changing was so profitable—but they even sold the pocket-picking privilege for the season to the highest-bidding gang.

Those highly nervous persons who suffer from dermographism, a peculiar skin disorder, can actually write on their skin. Letters lightly traced on it with a pointed instrument not only turn white or red but rise like welts and stay that way for several hours.—*By Dr. J. P. Edmundson, Kansas City, Missouri.*

In Japan, where sword-making has been a highly developed art since 700 A. D., more than 13,000 swordmakers are recorded in history for the quality of their product. During the fighting in Shanghai in 1932 a Japanese officer, armed with one of these famous swords, cut through the water jacket and barrel of a Chinese machine gun with a single stroke.

Of the billions of dollars' worth of harvested crops grown in the United States each year, at least 70 per cent of the total quantity is fed to live stock.—*By Fred Rayes, Trenton, New Jersey.*

A recent study of the tightness of caps on 500 different jars and bottles of food products revealed that 96 of them could not be unscrewed by the hand of the average housewife. Of the 96, 56 were removed with a wrench but the other 40 defied all efforts. One was found to require nearly six times as much twisting force as can be exerted by the average woman.

New inventions: A radio set that automatically turns on and off preselected programs of local stations during a 12-hour period; a radio typewriter that transcribes messages as they are written; and a photo-identification system for banks that automatically takes a series of photographs of a holdup with motor-operated cameras concealed in the walls.

Believing that Buddha frequently preached from the back of his horse, many Buddhist priests in the monastery schools of Cambodia often teach their classes of neophytes while sitting astride little stone horses about three feet high.—*By John O'Halloran, New York City.*

The world's largest cemetery lies on a vast plain outside of Nedjef, Iraq, the holy city of the Shiah Mohammedans. During the past 1,200 years, more than 25,000,000 members of this sect have made a pilgrimage to this town, a large number of them having brought along their mummified dead for burial in its sacred soil.

In Europe each of our eight war cemeteries has a memorial chapel, and eleven of our battlefields and bases are marked with monuments. The largest one, a beautiful 175-foot granite shaft at Montfaucon, France, overlooks the famous Meuse-Argonne battlefield where 123,000 Americans were wounded or killed during the last six weeks of the war.

New York probably has more shoplifters than any other city in the world. The Stores Mutual Protective Association has a card file of 55,000 of them, and adds an average of 300 a month. Their activity costs one big department store, including the salaries of its detectives, more than $17,000 a week.

Of all the hundreds of strange Chinese manners and customs, none is more amusing than the playing of a certain table game by two men. Every time one loses a game he is obliged to take a drink of rice liquor. When a man wins steadily all evening, he is quite elated over it because he has been allowed to remain sober.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

Rough Air

Continued from page 15

It was nine-thirty and then it was ten-thirty. "But there's no particular reason for us to stay dry while we wait for this party to jell," said Barry Trent, and got up to mix the drinks.

"Gottschalk's maybe shooting night stuff," Sam Wein suggested.

"Yeah," said Bill Gaynor, "I hear all flyers have a lot of home work," and lighted a new cigarette from his old one. The three men stood in a loose group; there was a covert passage of glances between them.

"Think nothing of it," adjured Sam Wein. "This is Hollywood, ain't it?" A square-cut diamond on his gesturing hand caught the light and fractured it into brilliant splinters. He was short, and eating had done him no harm; a bald head ran into a brow like Mussolini's and his cheeks, shaved twice each day, were the shade of rouge. He looked cheap in the violently checkered suit, but he wasn't at all cheap. He was, Anne knew, the shrewdest publicity man in town. He could not escape his manners, but neither could he escape his wits and his heart. Anne knew a great deal about this tireless, amiable man, though she didn't yet know what his interest in Jim Breed was.

BARRY TRENT distributed the drinks. They all sat down and suddenly the silence seemed to need filling in. Bill Gaynor stared at the wall, over Anne's head, and she understood that beneath the skeptical veneer of this man an acute sensitivity registered the embarrassment the situation held for her. You couldn't fool Bill Gaynor. Sam Wein looked at his glass and waited. Barry Trent said: "Well, to sin in its more genteel forms."

"A good line," Gaynor observed. "Where'd you steal it?"

They drank reflectively. "Yes," said Sam, "the day's been warm. Who asked?"

Anne turned on him. "What should I know about Sunshine Smith?"

"That guy? He's lived a long life and I guess it ain't all been swell. He married, but she died. There's a kink in him and he doesn't give a damn. A lot of guys around this town like that. Him and this Slim McKay—"

"Now there's a guy I could vote for," interposed Bill Gaynor.

"Why not? And don't let that grin fool you. In the air, he's got no nerves."

"Sam," said Anne, "where do you tie into this?"

"You're askin'? I'm Jim's business agent."

It struck her as being curious. Apparently she showed it, for he went on: "Sure. I sell him to the market. Anything you want done in the flying line by one of the greatest pilots in America."

"To furnish a thrill for the public," said Anne.

Barry Trent watched Anne over the rim of his glass. A shading occurred on his face. He spoke in faint disgust. "Show people are a dumb lot."

"You're saying it," grunted Sam Wein.

But Trent brushed that aside: "It's just registered. This is an announcement party. You and Breed—"

Sam Wein pulled up his head. "So?" he said, and deliberately stared. He might, Anne thought, have met her for the first time; it was that kind of an inspection. Again being measured by one of Jim's friends, she reflected that all the people surrounding him seemed to react to the news in the same way, as though they considered some factor unknown to her. "I like his taste," murmured Sam.

It was eleven. Anne rose and went into the kitchenette and let the door swing shut. She stood a moment at the sink, looking at the mounded structure of sandwiches waiting on her blue platter—Grandmother Carson's spode platter with the nick in it; she considered the row of ginger ale bottles and the two imperial quarts of whisky Bill Gaynor had gotten at her behest. She put both hands on the sink's edge and watched the dollar clock on the window sill. Night work, perhaps. Then why hadn't he phoned? The three men were talking beyond the door, voices pitched rather low. Men, she thought gently, were meant to be candid animals; when they tried evasion or concealment they became as transparent as glass. The phone rang and she turned rapidly, and then recovered herself; it was the phone in the next apartment. But her apparent eagerness oddly depressed her. "So I'm that way?" she murmured, and snapped on one of the stove plates and slid the waiting percolator over it. She returned to the living-room.

"Bridge?" suggested Barry Trent.

"Rummy," said Anne, "is my game." She found two decks of cards.

They settled down to rummy. It was half past eleven when Sam Wein filled his hand; it was a little short of midnight when Bill Gaynor filled another. Barry Trent rose and walked around his chair, and took off his coat. "The conversational content of this room is less than one half of one per cent."

Anne looked up from her hand. She made it as casual as she could. "Sam, do you suppose an accident—"

"Jim Breed? Now why would he be havin' an accident?"

"Barry, the gentlemen are thirsty again."

"You mind-reader, you," purred Bill Gaynor. But he looked at her with a covert sharpness. She got up and went to the kitchen and brought out the sandwiches. She brought out the cream and sugar and cups; and poured the coffee. They sat around idly, alternately eating and playing. But it was no go; and at half past twelve Anne piled her cards on top of the deck.

"There being no further business before the house, the meeting stands adjourned, sine die. My stalwart fellows, you shall all have medals struck off for this night's bravery."

"AIN'T that them?" asked Sam. They were all instantly silent and Anne looked down at her hands and listened to the upward-traveling sound of voices. It had been a strain, she knew it had been from the relief that sailed through her. And then the after-effect was worse, for the party passed the door and straggled up the next flight. The Three Brocks were coming home, with assistance. Sam Wein's face was a study; Anne let her lips smile.

She said: "This is an announcement party. Consider the announcement made."

Bill Gaynor got his hat and went out the door, and stopped in the hall. Anne came on. He said: "Look. I'd let a man put me behind the eight ball just once." He was angry clear through. "Come on back to the white folks, Anne. Hollywood's not your dish. A bunch of fake people in a fake racket."

"Bill."

He took off his glasses and scrubbed them on the end of his necktie; he readjusted them. "Well, I suppose some-

(Continued on page 36)

the Neatest Trick of the Season

If you would learn the secret of shining, luxurious hair—of how to accomplish that flattering, sculptured, right-from-the-hairdresser look, practice the 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic habit. It's the trick of many a smart head. Once a week massage the Tonic well into the scalp with a gentle, rotary motion. Apply it to the ends of the hair, too, that are apt to be dry from too frequent curling. If possible, tie a towel around the head for protection and let the Tonic remain on overnight. The next-morning shampoo will leave your hair free of dandruff, soft, lustrous and pliable. Worth trying, isn't it? 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is sold at all good drug and department stores. Two sizes of shaker-top bottles.

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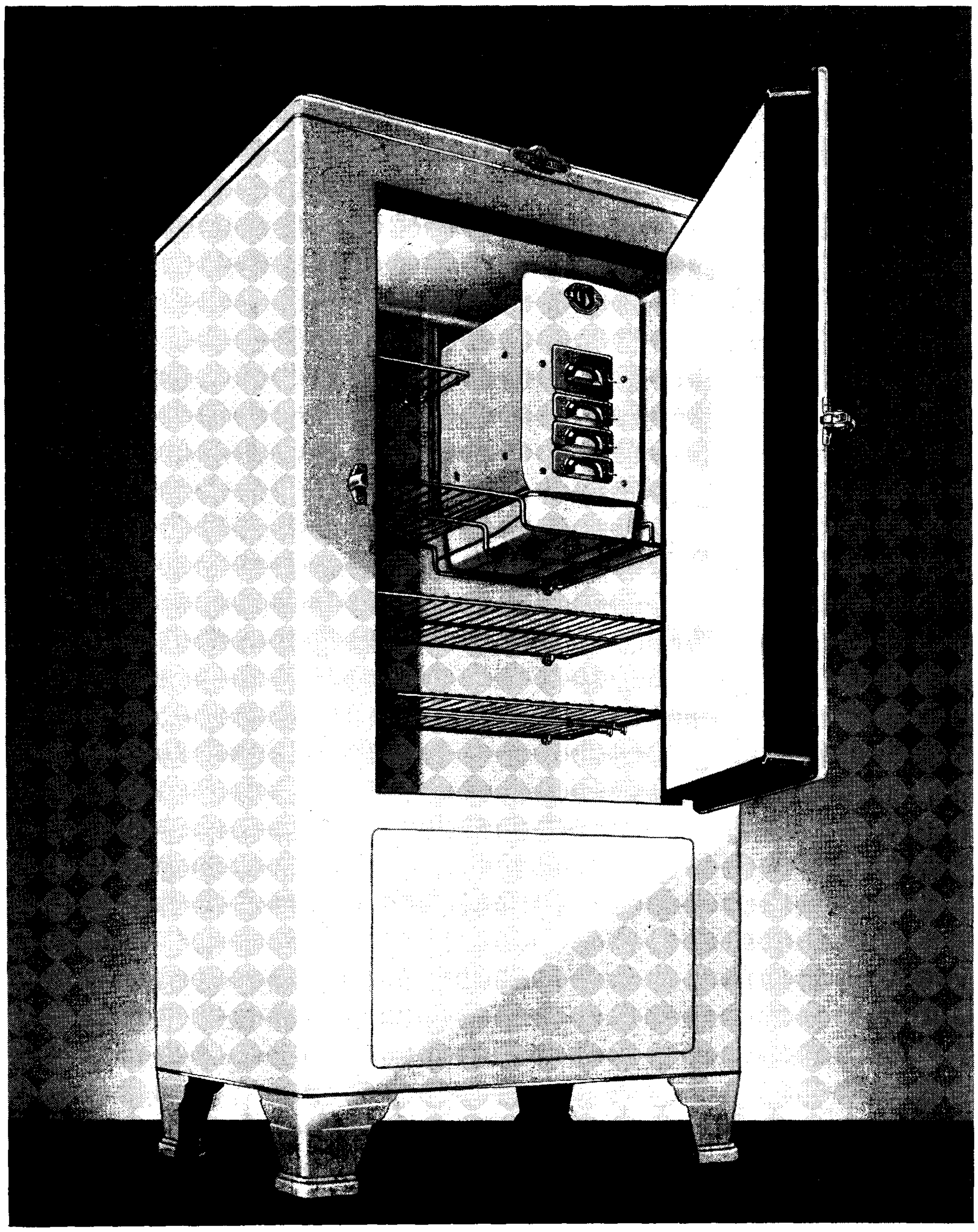

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A long-wearing sole means a long-wearing shoe—*and no sole ever built can beat Wingfoots for wear.*

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GOODYEAR

Wingfoot

SOLES and HEELS

Quality products of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Inc., Akron, Ohio

Rough Air

Continued from page 33

body's got to play the constant flame part. But it's tough you got to be the goat. You're too square a kid."

Sam Wein, coming out of the apartment, took Anne's extended hand between his damp, stubby palms. The man meant nothing; there was that excess of sentiment in him. "It's Hollywood, ain't it? You got a good boy. Can I give you a lift, Gaynor?"

Anne turned into the room and found Barry Trent standing by the table. He was clever, she thought. He knew what angles of light made him look well; he stood with his back to the stand lamp.

"The hat, Barry. And the door."

"Lunch tomorrow? I'll be free."

"Sometime."

"You mean never at any time." He walked up to her, and so made her lift her head. He left his hands behind his back. "But you're dead wrong. I am going to wait my turn."

"Barry, is there anything inside you?"

"Why don't you give a man a chance?"

"Maybe."

He could not help improving the scene; for that was in his blood. Show people were show people and they couldn't change. But she faintly admired him then for the restraint he showed, for the touch of mental honesty she thought she saw. He went out quickly, not saying good night.

She closed and bolted the door and pressed her hands idly against it. She had had too much to drink, for her thinking was a little loose and disordered—something she despised. But she wondered if there might not have been the one unavoidable thing—an accident. The idea carried her to the telephone; and there was smothered out by anger that astonished her.

"Here I am, acting like the shrewish wife in a custard-pie comedy! Cheap." She drew a long breath, and her face was heavily shadowed. "I must never sink to that. To possessiveness—to this silly business of maintaining a hurt silence, which is the worst of all female nagging. And I shall never phone for explanations. Not now or any other time."

She recalled a phrase Breed had dropped the night before. He had said: "Flyers' wives take too much punishment. Most of them hate to hear the telephone ring." She understood it now. This was going to happen to her, as it happened to other women.

THE club's editor pushed the extension over. "For you, Carson."

It was Jim on the wire. "Lunch?" he suggested cheerfully.

"Hadn't you heard?" Anne said. "I work."

"Shucks," he grumbled, and she caught his real disappointment. She said, "Wait a second," and looked at the copy piled on the desk. "Well, twenty minutes. Not a penny less, even was it my poor old grandmother."

"In front of the Ambassador. In case you don't recognize me I'll be the fellow looking like a fellow waiting for a girl."

It was really twenty minutes, and when he came forward from the hotel entrance to meet her she felt the swift upward strike of happiness, as though a hidden hope had been waiting for this point in the day. There was for her an actual delight in watching him swing through the crowd, his skin the color of bronze against the gray suit, his slow grin breaking frankly across those broad and bold features. He could not, she told herself then, be an inconspicuous man anywhere; he was an arresting man, with the flavor of bitterness and unruliness in him, and a power to hurt. In that solitary moment of lucid introspection she wondered if such pleasure as they were to have would not be like this, brief and full of contrast and suggestion. His eyes approved of her. They went into the hotel, into the dining-room.

"Sorry about last night."

SHE thought, "I've got to be casual about this," and then said: "Night work?"

He looked up from the menu. "Didn't Sunshine tell you?"

"Was he supposed to?"

"Yes," he said, "I sent him." Temper shifted in him, like the faint darkness running before storm. "So that's another item I've got to settle," he added quietly. "The benevolent intrigue of friends."

"You're about to learn something, Jim."

"Anne, somebody ought to tell you you've got darned fine eyes—"

"You're about to learn it's one thing to leave your women where you find them, and another thing to possess a particular woman. Your bachelor's philosophy won't help you."

"Wisdom."

"Elementary, my dear Watson."

"Do I possess you, Anne? In any particular respect at all?"

She looked down at her salad; the brim of a powder gray hat concealed then the expression of her eyes. Where was her sureness gone, her detachment? "I think I had better see my lawyer before answering that."

His chuckle stirred the silence between. They ate idly, isolated in the gay, smart crowd. The orchestra music was an undertone coloring her thoughts. Lightness, an interlude of actual happiness. Well, there was this to remember when the music was gone.

He said: "You're a thoughtful kid. You look ahead. You look too far ahead. Don't break your heart hunting answers. So now what?"

"The approved strategy of a desired maiden is to run away. But—I guess I'm in your hands until three o'clock."

"Swell." He bent forward, deeply pleased, and the top of his coat rose behind his solid neck as though his shoulders needed more room. "Swell."

They went out and down to a garage; and got in his car. He skimmed through the traffic with a precise recklessness, traveling north. They fell into Hollywood Boulevard and out of it, and whipped around the rising turns of a canyon road. When he stopped they were on the crown of a lesser hill at once remote from travel and from houses. Breed slung an auto robe over his shoulder and they walked on out to a point freckled with the shade of an old, twisted oak. He spread the robe here and Anne settled on it, tucking her knees beneath. The town lay below, running far off into the plain, under the glittering brightness of a California sun.

"Either you want to be among a lot of people," she reflected, "or you want to be away from all of them, as here."

HE SAT facing her, and then she saw how much graver he had become; how soon he had reverted to that characteristic, repressed calm. He said: "I doubt if you've ever done an indecent thing in your life. Bared your shoulders for a man—or put your body against him in kissing, so that he might take flame. That's a part of the world I'm in. I expose you to it. I don't like that."

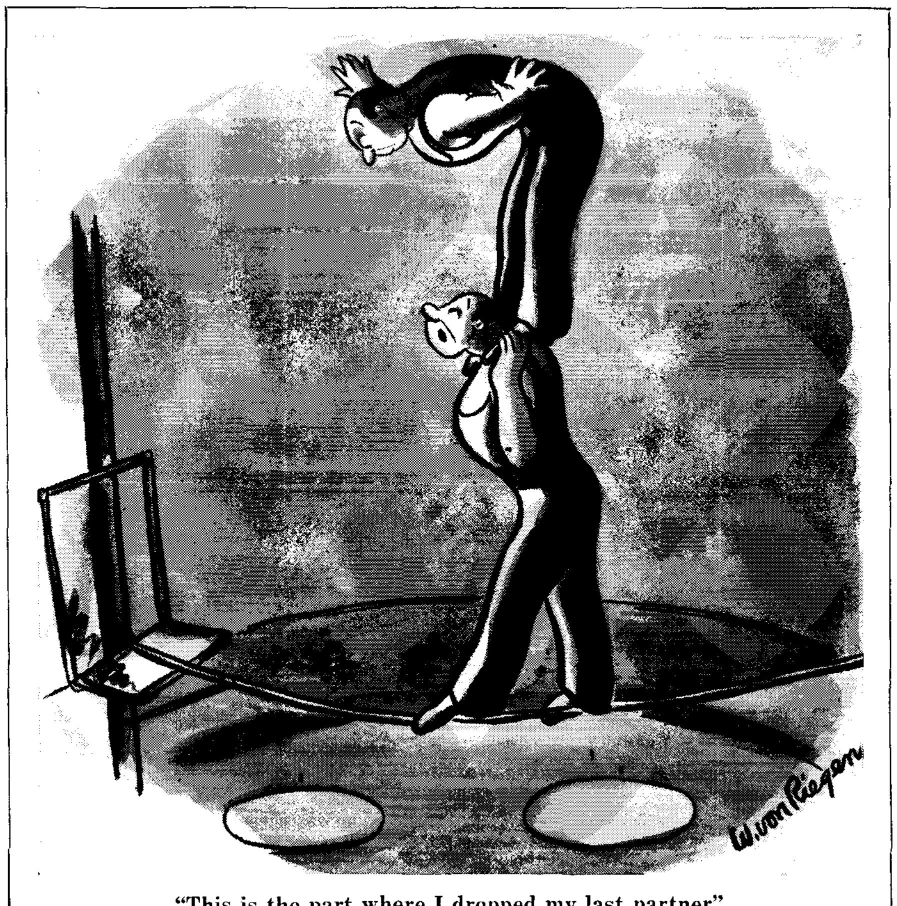
"Let me take my chances."

"You want to take them?"

She said quietly: "Yes, as long as I'm with you."

"So far I've been able to watch women make holy shows of themselves

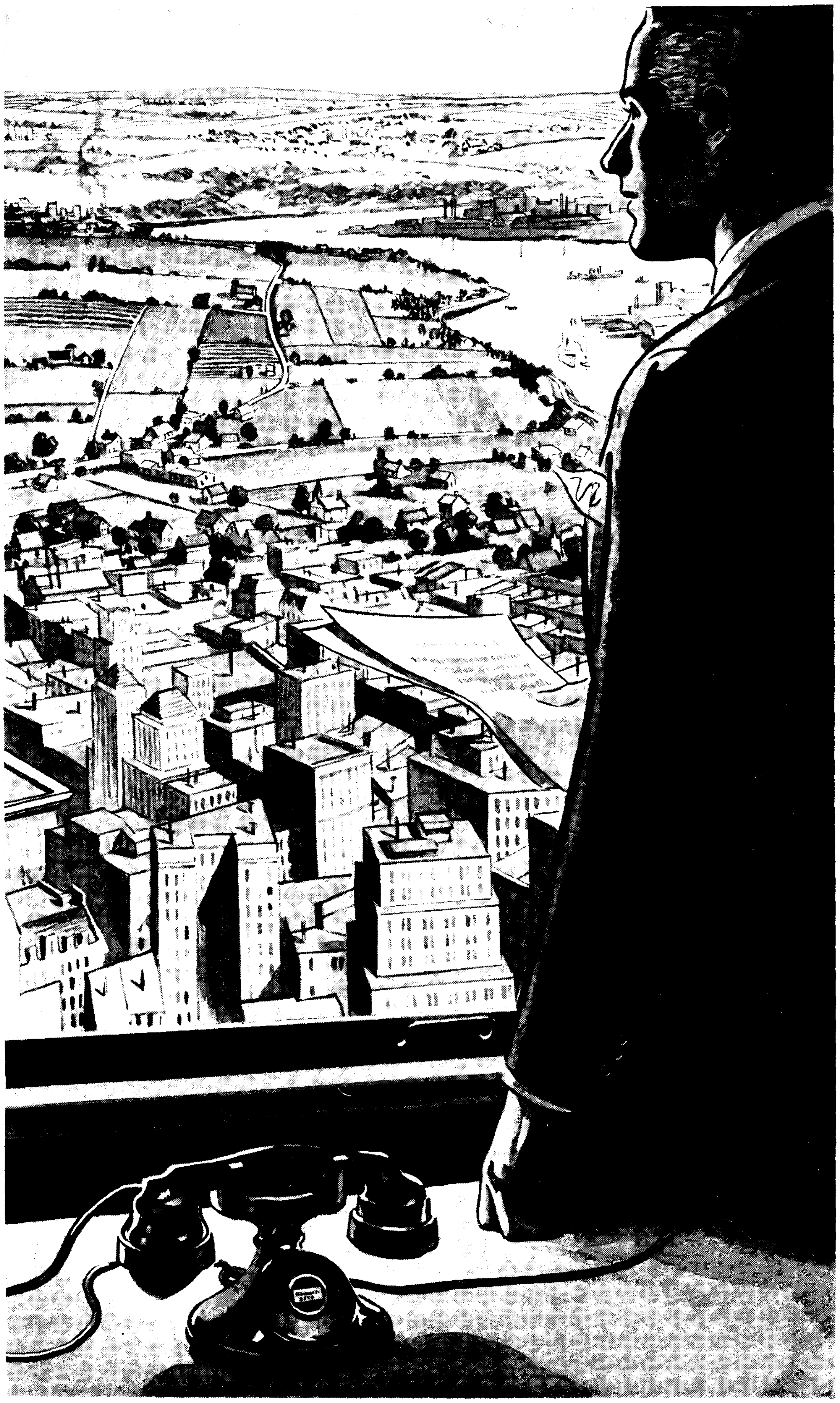
(*Continued on page* 39)



"This is the part where I dropped my last partner"

William von Riegen

BROADER HORIZONS



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From	*To*	*Day-time*	7 *P.M.*	8:30 *P.M.*
New Haven	Boston	$ .70	$ .60	$ .40
Chicago	Grand Rapids	.75	.65	.45
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San Francisco	Washington, D.C.	8.50	6.75	5.00

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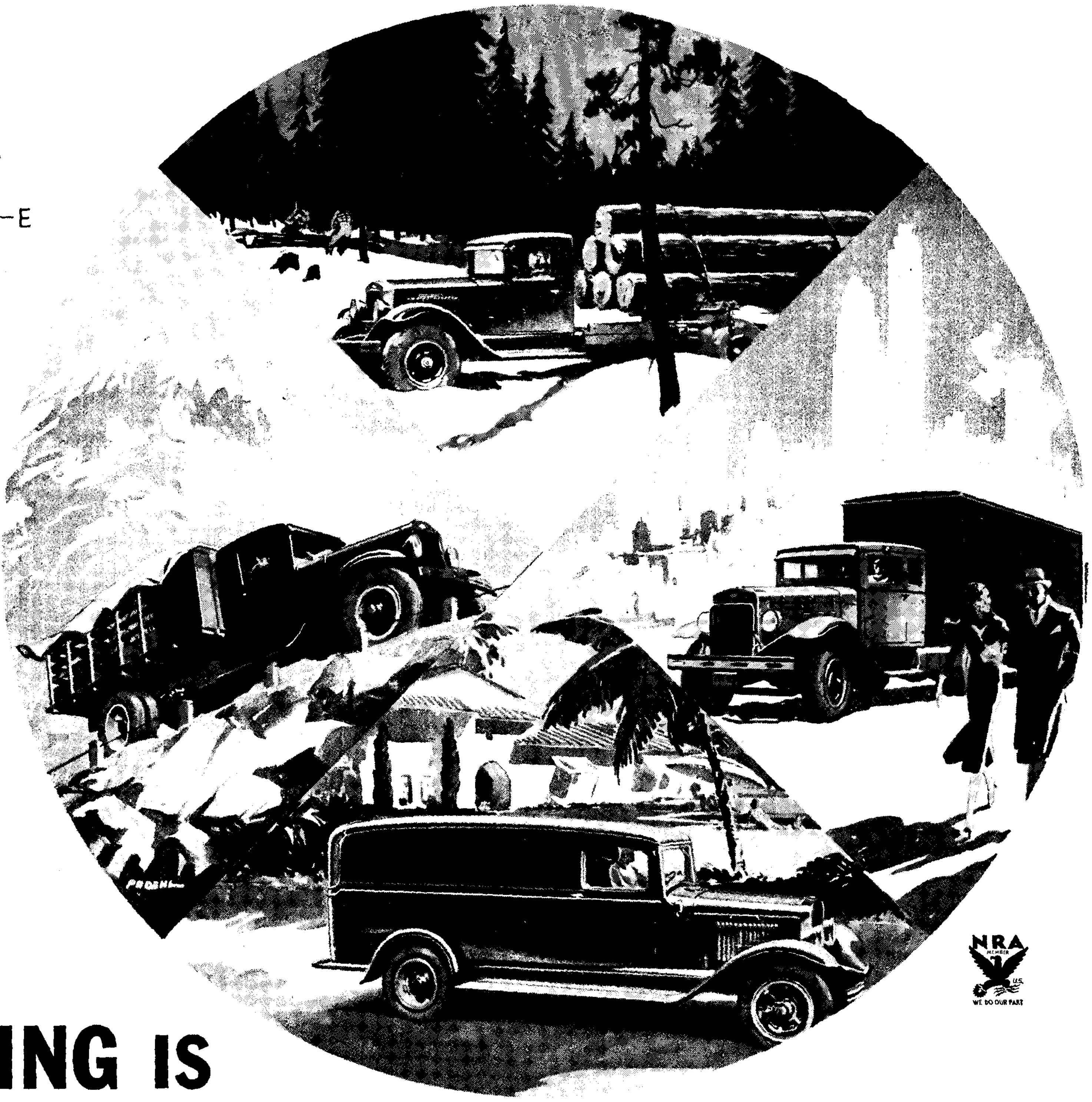

TRUCKING IS ONE OF THE NATION'S GREAT INDUSTRIES

EVERY town and city in the United States has responsible firms engaged in the business of Trucking and Hauling. With their fleets and drivers available for any kind of hauling—by the job, the day, week, month or year—they perform a vital public service.

What these men think about International Trucks and Service should interest all buyers and operators of motor trucks, for trucking contractors are seeking one end—*the lowest cost per ton-mile.* Hauling is all they have to sell—and their profits go up only as their costs go down.

Without the confidence of this great trucking industry International Harvester could not have become an outstanding truck manufacturer. Go where you please—in small or large cities—and you will find Internationals hauling their large share of the Trucking Industry's own loads.

Close figuring men who make a business of trucking know trucks as the stove man knows stoves—as the shoe man knows shoes. All makes of trucks are known to them in terms of black or red ink. They can go back in their books for many years and show you which makes of trucks pay an operating profit—and which trucks do not. That is why they standardize so largely on Internationals. They don't guess. *They know!*

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Whatever your business may be, do not buy any truck *of any size or for any purpose* until you know all that International offers you. Visit the International Branch or Dealer near you. Ask for demonstration. Sizes range from ½-ton to 7½-ton. Chassis prices from $360 up, f. o. b. factory.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
606 S. Michigan Ave.
OF AMERICA
(INCORPORATED)
Chicago, Illinois

Rough Air

Continued from page 36

and not be bothered. If they've wanted to play the game a man's way, all right. Fifty-fifty, and no crying. There are no pedestals for women any more. They just got tired of having men set them apart. I suppose they thought a man's world was better fun, or less complicated. Anyhow, they stepped down and kicked the pedestals aside, and so now it's 'Hello, sailor, where you going?'" He put his thick, square hands together and the irony dissolved out of his tone. "I must be getting scruples. You're not that way, and I hate to see you mix into the mob."

Her face was suddenly full of light. "You're in love with me, I think."

"I told you once, Anne, you were real. Outside of flying there wasn't anything I couldn't poke my finger through and see plain white space beyond. Until I found you sitting at the hotel table in Bend." He pulled his heavy shoulders up and stared at her; and then moved forward and reached out as though he were taking something fragile in his arms. He was that slow and deliberate. But when he kissed her—and when she surrendered without a sound—the rush of his feelings was swift and hungry, and even a little cruel. He pulled himself back, seeing the solid richness of the yellow head cradled on his palm, the wide, still eyes in which he could make out no depth. Her lips moved faintly; her tone was uneven:

"What's to become of us, Jim?"

HE GOT up and searched his pocket; he lighted a cigarette and drew in long gusts of smoke. He wasn't steady any longer—all the innate recklessness of this man, all the fire and energy of his broad fibers rushed up and mastered him. It was that explosive quality, she thought, which lay behind his quietest word and governed his final actions. He said: "Why do we wait, Anne? Why shouldn't we be married tomorrow?"

"If it's that, better no marriage at all."

"Part of it," he admitted. "I wouldn't try to fool you."

"I'm not running away from that, Jim," she said, quietly. "But it isn't enough. Marriage has to bring something else along."

He threw away his cigarette, watched it die in the powdery soil. "I wish I could make you see this. Time is full of treachery. I have always been afraid of the future. The things I waited for I almost always lost. I don't want to lose you."

"Why should we be so afraid? Somebody's going to be happy. Why won't we be? I hate jumping into the dark."

"Will it be all dark?"

She let her eyes fall away. She let the sandy soil trickle through her fingers; color spread slowly across her cheeks. But she remained grave, gently insistent. "Certain hours would be ours, of course. And then what? There has to be more to it. I want to be able to see the picture in my head—and know there's some chance of it being true. It isn't money, Jim. It isn't what we are or where we are five years from now. It's—it's just you and I five years from now. Maybe nothing will work out, maybe we'll have bad luck all the way. But I won't cry about that, as long as I feel that our own affair will last. That it will last, no matter what happens."

He said: "What is sure—what lasts?"

She shook her head. Her lips were straight, her face firm on all its lines. "When you say that, I feel cold all over."

He showed the trouble within him. "Well, in seventeen years I have seen almost everything I thought permanent turn to dust. I can say I love you. I can say I always will. That much I know won't ever change. But I'd lie to you if I said I knew the future was all ours. It may not be."

She stood suddenly up, she was thrust up by the quick protest in her. She walked over and put her hands on his shoulders and lifted herself until the slim body was arched and taut. All the serenity had gone, all the cool detachment. She was almost angrily positive.

"It's got to be!"

He said: "You're a better scrapper than I am, kid. You're a fresher one. You haven't been hit in the face as many times—and you're not afraid to ask for what you want. Listen, I do one thing as well as any man living—flying. But it's all I've got left I'm certain about. I look back and see the faces of men that are mostly dead and places I passed over that are away behind. Images. They fade out pretty fast, Anne. All that's left is today. What I can see and touch." He cut off his talk swiftly; and she watched flame and hunger color his eyes. "Anne, you're a damned beautiful woman!"

"Right in front of you—to see and touch."

He pulled her in and kissed her again; and when he let her go she was smiling. "You do that very well, Jim. Flying's not your only accomplishment. But it's time to run along."

They returned to the car, rolled back to Hollywood; and followed that boulevard of the proud and sophisticated and ambitious to a cross-town street. Breed drove without a word and Anne, sitting idly beside him, thought again of his personality. It was like deep water, still but never at rest; it could be dark or bright, according to the day. Flying had done so much to him. Flying had led him to the very edge of life so many times that in his eyes there was a touch of calm deeper than any calm ought to be. Fatalism, perhaps. A seared-in knowledge of how sudden were the chances of existence, how brief life could be, how swift was the fact of death.

THEY were far down into the long canyons of Los Angeles and the dead heat of the day closed more suffocatingly in. Yet the shadow of her thinking covered Anne Carson with its faint coldness and she wondered if the glory they were to share was not to be compressed in these brief moments of courtship. The crush of his recent kiss, the heavy timbre of his voice when he was stirred at the sight of her, the reckless streak of his smile when he had taken her from Castaine's house. All that he did had a significance to her. Everything he touched took on color; even his unspoken thoughts had the power of lifting and depressing her by turns.

He skimmed across an intersection and pulled in at the Express curb. "We shoot a stunt tonight," he said. "Slim and me in a raid. But I'll ring you afterward."

She opened the door. She turned and laid a hand on his arm, and her features then were sharp with excitement. "I'm not playing the game with you, Jim. I know it. I don't want you ever to think I can't take the jumps. What comes must come. We belong, and I guess that's all there's to be said. If you want to be married tomorrow, yes."

His grin was great to see. It turned him into a boy. "Swell! So we'll do it. Slim and Sunshine will be the witnesses."

Traffic behind them was squalling; a traffic officer's whistle began to shriek. But Breed said, more gently: "God only knows where I get this luck. How do you feel about it?"

"Like going over Niagara in a barrel," she retorted, and slipped from the car. "But I'm in love—you mug, you."

She slammed the door and Breed grinned and the car howled away, fenders imperceptibly missing the machine parked ahead; the traffic officer's whistle screamed behind. She went up to the local room and marched past Bill Gaynor's desk with her small military shoulders faintly swaggering.

"The heiress of the Gotrocks millions, in person," muttered Gaynor. "There ought to be a law against looking like that, this time of day, Carson."

"The state of California is a large state, Mr. Gaynor. Did you ever think of that?"

SHE went on to her desk, but only to close the typewriter and clear up the débris of publicity left by the office boy. She passed Bill Gaynor again, accentuating the swagger for his benefit.

He said: "Look, I just work here. Would it be too much to ask where's the five-alarm fire?"

"I'll send you a piece of the cake, Bill."

She could not be still; she had to respond to the odd and deep rhythm of feeling in her. All the remembered jokes about brides went through her quick mind and she thought then that behind the world's amusement at people about to be married was a real gentleness. It happened once; it never happened again. Nor did it seem to matter how uncertain the future. There was this short hour of dreaming in which all that the eye saw was fair, and all that the ear heard was melody; in which life held an unforgettable vividness for the hungry senses.

She cashed a check at the bank and turned into a department store, and let herself go on a buying spree. She bought things she needed, she bought things she didn't need but which had suddenly a desirability she had not before seen in them; and everywhere she turned people were smiling. It was six o'clock when she taxied home with her plunder, but she didn't want to stay in her apartment. She wanted to be moving, and so she freshened up and went out to a near-by inn for her dinner and listened to the radio's dance music, this secret happiness in her putting a glow on the room.

Past seven she returned home. It was turning from dusk to dark, and beyond her windows all the northern hills were a-flow with the deep lavender shadows. She had watched that transformation of the earth before; she had always loved the coming of night—which was an inheritance from her childhood on that Oregon high desert where dark arrived with the trumpets and banners of the universe to announce it. Yet here was greater beauty than she remembered. Existence held its surprises; there were vistas to be seen you had never seen, like sudden short melodies breaking through the long, sober passages of a symphony.

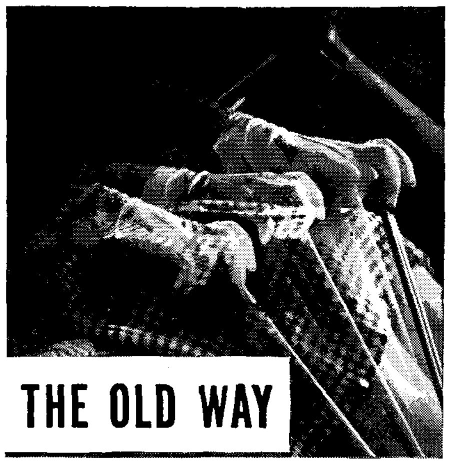
The phone rang and she crossed the room swiftly, conscious of the pride and the eagerness rushing along her body. It was Jim.

"Steady," he said. "We've just had a crash. *Slim McKay's dead.*"

(To be continued next week)

SHIFT GEARS!
SHIFT GEARS!

HOW LONG ARE YOU GOING TO PUT UP WITH IT?



● Shift! Accelerate. Pause. Stop! Now shift. Now pause—now shift—*shift*—SHIFT!

Ritual of the gear shifter! One remaining relic of the nineties that still makes driving a *task.* The foreboding routine that has literally *scared* thousands upon thousands of people from ever attempting to drive!

Hard tires are gone, the hand crank is gone, yet the gearshift lever stays on—

But NOT IN THE NEW REO!

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NO GEARSHIFT LEVER

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The *work* required of other drivers is done for them *automatically!* They accelerate and go *automatically* into high—slow down and change back *automatically* to the proper ratio.

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Standard Reo passenger car prices are now as low as **$795** at factory, plus tax.

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WRITE today for copy of our interesting booklet, PROOF, containing enthusiastic comments of Reo owners. Also detailed explanation of Self-Shifter operation.

SEE THE REO SELF-SHIFTER AT THE SHOWS

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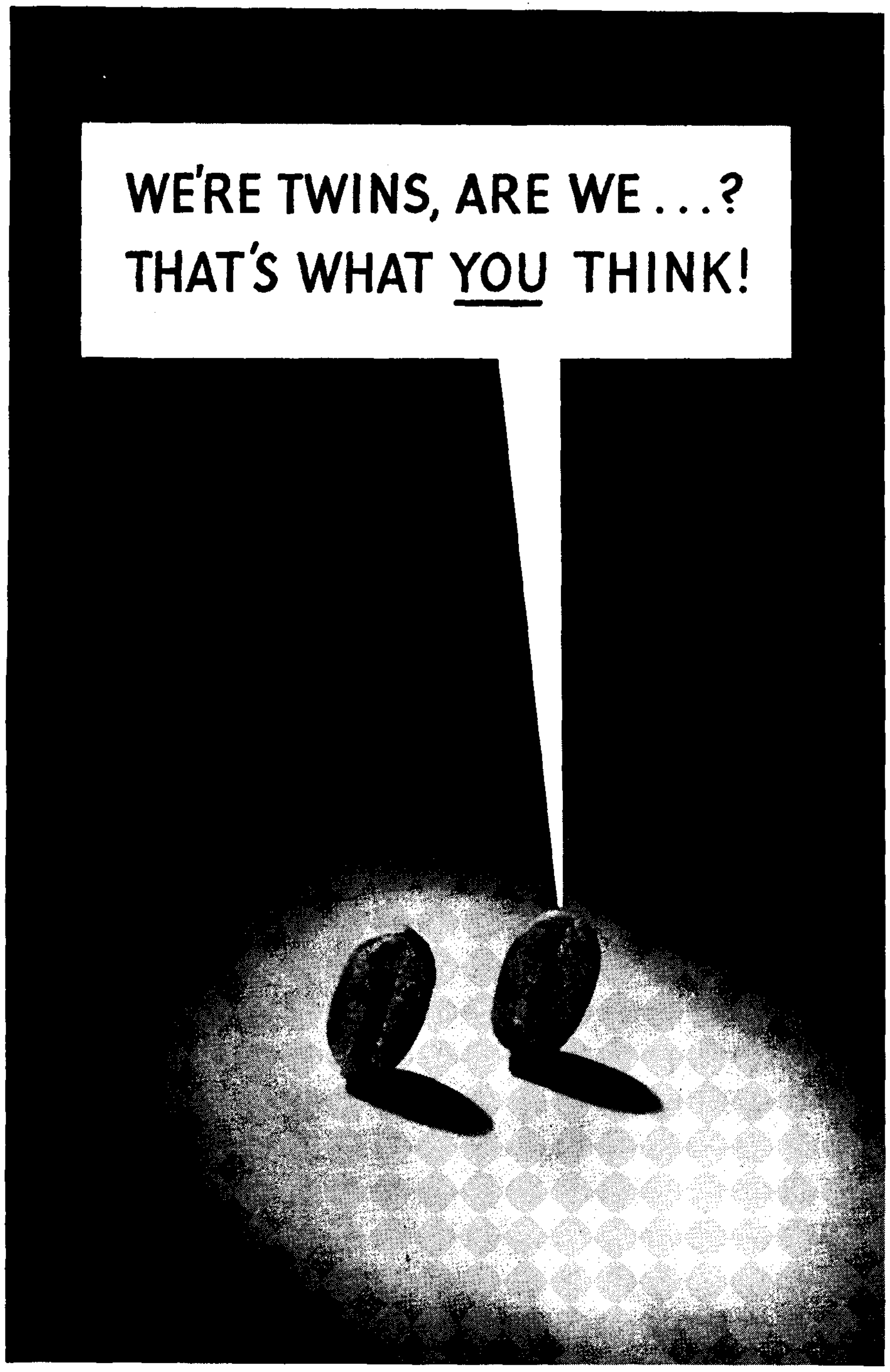


"YES, I'M a coffee bean and that over there on my right is another coffee bean.

"We're both members of coffee's nobility, both from one of the world's best-known and most highly respected coffee plantations.

"We look alike, I know. We taste alike, too. But there the resemblance ends.

"For, you see, I've been chosen for Sanka Coffee. As a result, I've had 97% of my caffein removed.

"So I'm destined to bring a lot of sunshine into the lives of those people who are affected by caffein. I'll never be guilty of keeping them awake. I'll never cause static in their nervous systems, or disturb their digestions. I'll see to it that they get both the coffee they love, and the sleep they need!"

● ● ●

Why not get a pound of Sanka Coffee today? Make some tonight—make it good and strong the way connoisseurs do. Lift up the steaming cup and inhale deeply. What an aroma! What pungency! Take a sip. What flavor! What a blend! Then drink the cup down. Yes, two cups if you like—never mind the clock. Sanka Coffee won't keep you awake. Your grocer will give you your money back if you're not satisfied . . . Sanka Coffee is a product of General Foods.

SANKA COFFEE

REAL COFFEE • 97% CAFFEIN-FREE • *DRINK IT AND SLEEP!*

Flash and Fury

Continued from page 22

battle of Austerlitz. He had taken up the pleasant pastime of bumping his opponents into the rear balcony seats and was developing the late scoring rush which was soon to be such an important feature of the Boston offense.

To give the new star his proper social standing, Ross and Shore had worked out the ceremonial for his entrance before a game. The rest of the Boston team would be out practicing when suddenly the band would strike up Hail, the Chief and Mr. Shore would skate slowly out on the ice wearing a toreador's cape about his shoulders. To the rear of him would come his manservant, who for the rest of the evening acted as usher among the end arena seats. When Mr. Shore halted, the manservant lifted the cloak gently from his shoulders and the crowd rose and shouted Huzza!

This became one of the city's finest moments until the New York Americans came to town with Rabbit McVeigh. Mr. McVeigh is a gentleman of pocket-size and a magician of some competence. Hence the name. The Americans were slow in dressing. Boston went out to practice and shortly thereafter Mr. Shore appeared and doffed his cloak in the honored manner. It was then that the Americans skated forth bearing what appeared to be a large rug. They proceeded to the center of the rink and paused. Then, amid silence, they rolled the rug forth and disclosed Mr. McVeigh reclining gracefully in its folds much like Cleopatra in Cæsar's tent. He leaped to his feet, pirouetted daintily on the tips of his skates and tossed kisses to the galleries. Mr. Shore in the future came out and practiced with the others.

But all the time Shore was playing the best hockey in the league. Skating with his abnormally long stride, it was almost impossible to upset him, and he made devastating invasions into the enemy's territory. With it all he never conducted his raids aimlessly. He picked his spots and started his solo flights only when he saw a good chance of scoring. The Boston play which did most damage was the assault led by Shore and followed up by the two fastest forwards. Taking the puck in his own territory, he would launch full tilt down the ice. When he neared the enemy defense, he'd lift the puck and bang it not at the net but against the backboard. His momentum by this time would be so great that he could break through the defense line like a tank going through a picket fence, retrieve the puck and pass it back to his forwards, just coming in. If anything could win in the eleventh hour, that would do it.

A Lone Wolf

As a consequence of his effectiveness, he had the world in league against him. They came at him in solid phalanxes. And still he wasn't stopped. He bumped and they bumped and it was all very jolly. More than that, it was great for the medical profession. Between periods the boys skated off to the dressing-room and had a few bones set. The most painful wounds were accepted as a matter of course and after they were sewed up and roped up, they would be back for the next period with their spirit undaunted. During his career Mr. Shore has had 486 stitches taken in his anatomy, all without ether. At the latest official count, he bore nineteen scars on his head and twelve on his body. If he has any of his original teeth left, it will be a surprise to the closer followers of the sport.

Shore has always been a lone wolf. Off the rink, he is mild-spoken and kindly but he stays by himself. He neither smokes nor drinks and he is careful about his physical condition, going to the extreme of carrying his own water with him when he travels. On the ice he is known as the Human Gyroscope for the whirlwind way in which he covers his territory. In his earlier prima donna days he was a great actor and had the art of the spectacular fall down to a science. He landed in every position known to mortal man and the shrieks of delight from hostile audiences were testimony both to the excellence of his acting and to the fervent hope that when he arose again it would be with a broken neck. They came to see Shore and he never disappointed them. He was booed from the time he skated on until he skated away, generally on the long end of the score.

He Likes Pigs Too

In the off season, he lives on his farm at Duagh, Alberta, Canada, and raises pigs. This may be a part of his showmanship, but again it may be only that he likes pigs. In recent years he has made a bit of easy money playing baseball with the All-Hockey Stars. He plays the outfield and is said to be fairly good.

At the beginning of the present season he was carrying on a battle with the Boston club over his contract, insisting that he was worth more than the $7,500 which had been set as a maximum for the league and threatening to go back to his pigs if he didn't get it. On the theory that hockey would look like a Christian Endeavor picnic without the old dynamiter and that no pig in the history of the world ever looked as beautiful to Eddie Shore as the chance to wrap a stick around the neck of an obnoxious forward, it was inevitable that the management and Mr. Shore would get together.

If he had happened to go back to the pigs (and his wheat farm on which he is said to have made $20,000 last summer), there would have been a lot of players saying publicly: "A great guy, Eddie, and a credit to the game. It's a shame he isn't going to be up there this year."

What they might have said privately would have been more like, "A great guy, Eddie, but thank heavens he isn't going to be up there again this year. The last time we played them he hit me so hard the bones inside me that hadn't been anything better than neighborhood acquaintances for years suddenly became bosom chums. They congregated in one spot and began to moan like a high wind sneaking through a forest."

But the real tragedy would have been in the ranks of the fans who had all summer long been saving up every little jeer, every hoot, every snort for the great moment when Boston skated out on the ice and they could rise from their seats and cry joyously, "You great big bum . . . Zooie!"

Pigs is pigs and all that, but Mr. Shore among the pigs would have been too much. It's just as well that he has given up his porcine companions for the winter months and that Boston has come across with the money. Life is distressing enough without taking away our zooies. One long-drawn Boo, properly placed, is worth more in soul-content than three hundred cheers. As a public duty, the Boston Bruins and Eddie Shore simply had to get together.

Out of the Whirlpool

Continued from page 9

of years Freeman had increased his drinking a lot.

"Kid," he said now, "get out of here while you can! You're young, and you can go back to the mainland and start again. It's too late for me. But if I had it to do over—if I were in your shoes—"

"I like the islands, Bill."

Freeman slapped down his glass so hard that the ice in the bottom jumped; and he went stamping out, his broad, thick shoulders swaying.

In half a minute he was back again. "Forgot what I came to tell you." Already he was himself again, taciturn and a little surly. "You're wanted at the Randalls' again tonight. A habit with you, of course. Norma promised Lucia a *luau*, and she's raked a bunch of natives out of the hill gorges to put it on. Get the soot out of your ears, and be there at half past eight."

He was gone again, stumping off through the hibiscus.

Bob Holmes was glad to have him go.

LATER, at the Randalls', he tried to keep his eyes away from Lucia, in preparation for tomorrow night, and the night after, and every night of the world, when she would not be there. It was hard to do. He had never seen her, or anything else, so radiant as she was tonight. Presently she sought him out, and sat beside him on a bench that circled an immense banyan tree.

"I want to know about this fire you've been fighting all day," she said. He saw that there was in her eyes no regret at leaving Wailua.

He explained what had needed to be done about the cane fire, and how they had done it.

"Tom liked the way you handled it," Lucia said. Then somebody came and took her away, and Norma Randall fluttered up. "Isn't she looking wonderful tonight? Of course she's perfectly thrilled about her wireless from Dale Hammond."

"Yes?"

Mrs. Randall perceived that he didn't know what she was talking about. "Oh, didn't she tell you? Dale Hammond is landing in Honolulu day after tomorrow. She's crazy to see him, of course—that's why she's leaving so suddenly. Isn't that romantic?"

"Extremely so," Holmes said.

"What a match!" Mrs. Randall press-agented. "At first I was terribly put out that she was leaving, but—"

So this, Holmes reflected, was the cause of all Lucia's sudden radiance. A shadowy figure named Dale Hammond, whom Holmes had never seen, had landed in Honolulu. A man who could offer her everything. A man who could bring a light into Lucia's eyes as unbelievable as sunlight in the tropic sea. For some reason the knowledge that she was going to another man closed down on him like darkness in the rain. He didn't know why this should add anything to his sense that the islands, and the world, were going empty for him with her departure; but it managed to carry a finality like nothing he had ever known.

Norma Randall babbled on and went away, and he was glad. He would have left there then, except for a stubborn instinct to stand his ground. But for that instinct he would have quit Wailua in his first year. He knew now that it would have been better if he had.

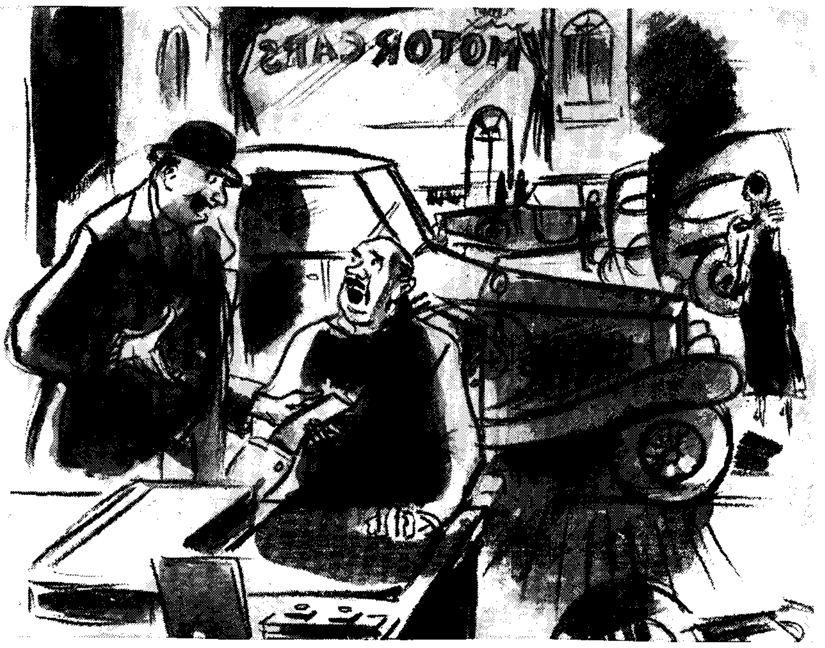
Three or four of the Hawaiian women Norma had brought from the hills were singing, led by an old crone with a deep-wrinkled face and a voice gone wire-edged and wailing with the years. Some girls were dancing. After a time, Lucia came to him again and slipped her hand through his arm. "Do you know what they're singing? I can't find anyone who can tell me."

He shook his head. "It's full of old words I don't know. They're telling some kind of story about the old days, but that's all I can make out."

They stood silent, and Holmes could no longer think about the dancers because of the pressure of Lucia's hand upon his arm. But now the song changed; strings came into the music of the rattles and the drums, so that it deepened and swelled. The dancers ceased dancing, and instead a young girl, slim, round-breasted, came barefoot into the open space before the drums. She had the grace of an animal from the fern jungles.

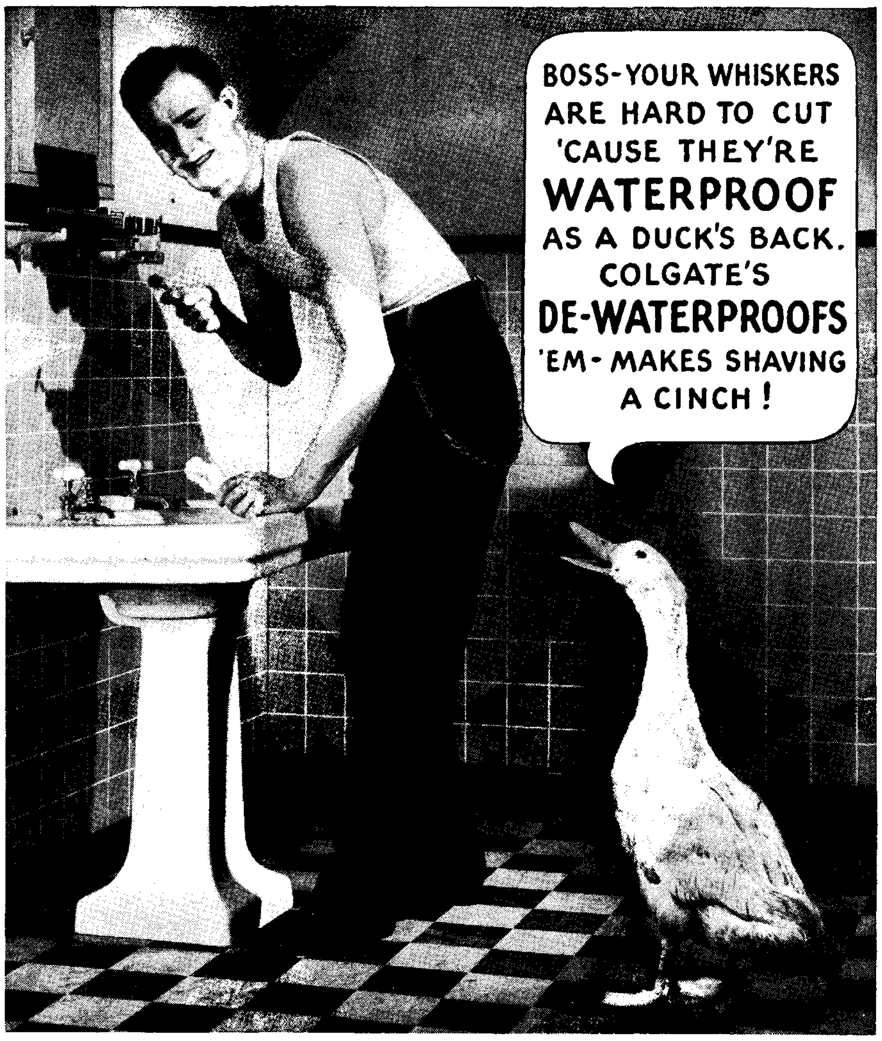
"I can understand this song," Holmes told Lucia. "It's a newer song, and it's about Wailua. It says that the waterfalls are beautiful and that flow-

(Continued on page 42)



"Two thousand, five hundred, right! Now, can I have that electric cigarette lighter?"

Howard Bearden, Jr.


BOSS-YOUR WHISKERS ARE HARD TO CUT 'CAUSE THEY'RE WATERPROOF AS A DUCK'S BACK. COLGATE'S DE-WATERPROOFS 'EM-MAKES SHAVING A CINCH!

LOOK!

You haven't one single whisker that isn't encased in a tough, waterproof jacket of oil—and that tough, oily jacket is what makes whiskers so hard to cut.

OUCH!

But—if you strip that waterproof coating *completely* off each and every whisker, you won't have a single reason for saying "ouch" when you shave.

CAN'T TOUCH ME!

Most shaving creams *don't* remove that waterproof coating completely—that's what makes shaving hard. For most shaving creams work up into a frothy, *big bubble* lather—bubbles that are too big to get *close* to every whisker.

HELP! - I'M SUNK!

Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream works differently. It doesn't froth into big bubbles. It whips up into myriads of tiny, *little* bubbles—so small that they crowd *close* around every whisker you own.

COME ON RAZOR!

Thousands of these tiny bubbles go to work on each and every whisker that you possess. They completely surround it—and strip every trace of waterproof coating from it. They *emulsify* that oily, waterproof coating, *dissolve* it—and wash it *all* away, every bit of it!

Then—these tiny bubbles *soak* each whisker soft. Wilt it. And your razor cuts it slick, clean and without pull. See if it doesn't! Just try Colgate's. Notice how much easier it makes your daily shave—and how much better it makes your face feel. The large 35¢ tube is now only 25¢—that means less than one quarter of a cent per shave.

P. S.—For the nth degree of shaving comfort, follow a Colgate shave with a dash of Colgate's After-Shave Lotion, and Colgate's Talc for Men.

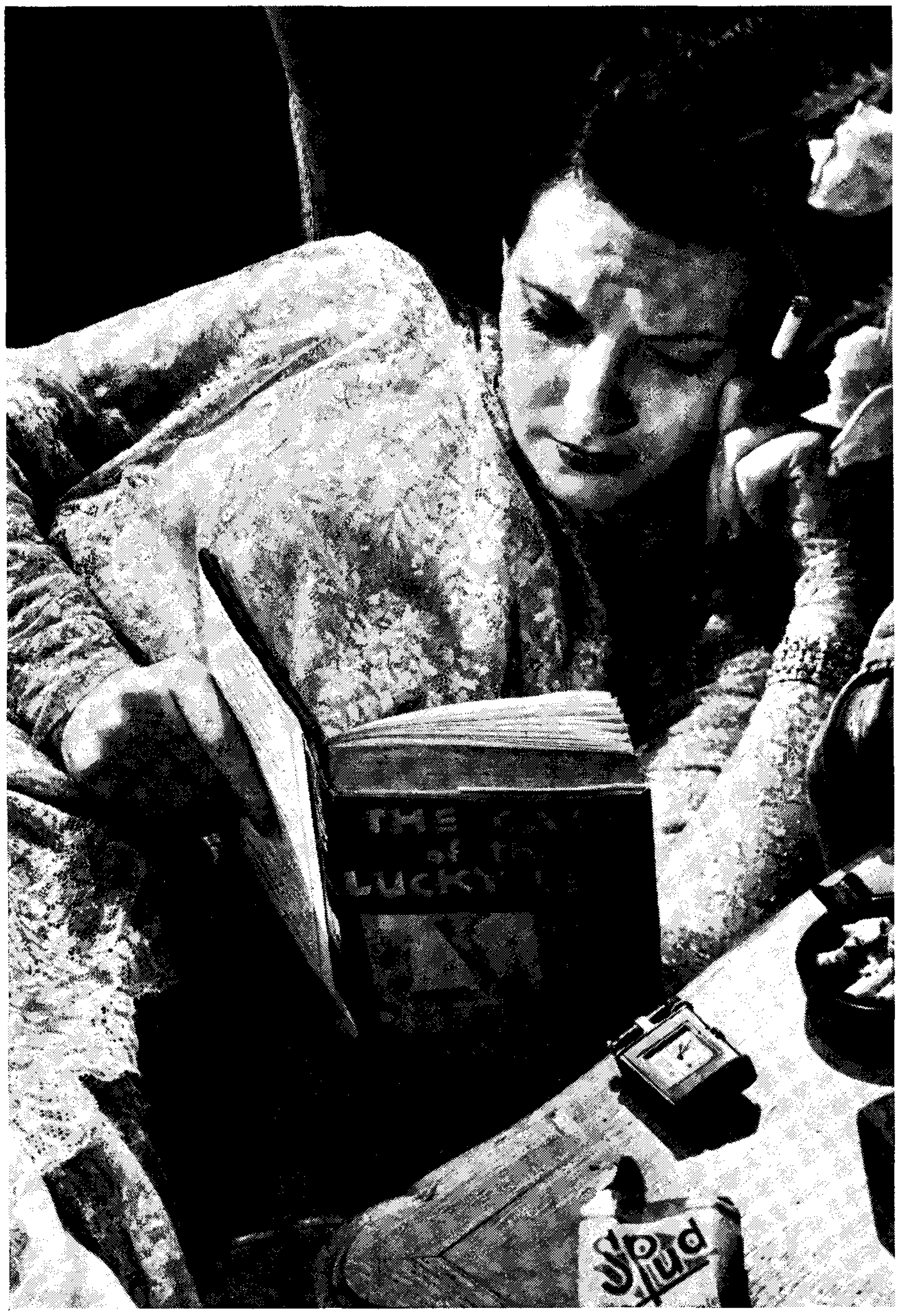
LARGE SIZE TUBE NOW ONLY 25¢

COLGATE'S RAPID-SHAVE CREAM

DE-WATERPROOF your whiskers—and make shaving easier

Smoke 'til the last chapter

. . . and still keep a fresh, cool mouth



Often cap the day with late reading and smoking? That's a grand time to know Spuds!

What does the menthol do? Does menthol *in the smoke* make Spuds taste cooler? Not at all. The menthol does its work *in the cigarette* . . . by lowering the temperature of the smoke. So what you get from Spud is pure tobacco flavor . . . *with the heat taken out.* And what a difference that makes . . . in keeping your mouth cool and fresh!

Spud
Menthol Cooled
CIGARETTES
CHOICE TOBACCO

SPUD
MENTHOL-COOLED
CIGARETTES
20 FOR 15c • (25c IN CANADA)

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

(Continued from page 41)

ers are brighter than anywhere else.”

The song rose in steady, marching chords, rich and full; with the dance it painted a land of bounty that never withheld any kindness from its people. The drums beat more deeply, seeming to throb from the earth, as if they brought the soul of the deep soil itself up into the song. The girl became the upwelling spirit of that lavishly rich earth, joyous and forever yielding, forever productive. Her swaying body and caressing hands spoke of flowers and vines and cane, and streams that had cascaded under the near stars through century after age-long century. The swish of her skirt had the sound of the warm rains that hid the mountains in shifting veils, until the song, as it trailed away, seemed to come from huts set in taro patches behind the mists, far up back of beyond. . . .

Only the drums carried on as the dance dropped into lazy improvisations. The dancer and the singers called back and forth to each other in the Hawaiian tongue. Then the girl laughed, and the music rose up in a new swelling chorus, men adding their voices to a swifter, more joyous song.

AT FIRST the new dance seemed an extension of the first, and Holmes was silent as it seemed to picture the long lift and fall of outrigger canoes upon the island sea, and new phases, harvest phases, of the productive earth. But a new wild abandon of desire, of satisfaction, of release, had come into this song. The story the dancer told was of herself, and of all women; not now of earth and plants but of human flesh and flame.

When the dance ended, and the drums and voices died away, they could hear again the whisper of the surf on the beach below.

“I think,” Lucia said, “I understand something better now. Something,” she added, “about you.”

He saw that her eyes were glowing, and her lips lovely.

“You've always seemed to me,” she said, “to be the most quiet, poised person I've ever seen. Impassive, almost. Like an island idol. I think now that you found that here. At first I wanted to get you out of here; it seemed a stranded sort of place for you to be. But I didn't know then that this soil could be so deep. And your roots are deep. To take you out of the islands would be like pulling up a tree.”

He didn't have any answer to that. He didn't need any, because somebody came now and took her away, as they were always doing. He stood around a little while more.

Then abruptly he angered, as he had not angered since he could remember. Almost immediately he swung on his heel and sought out Tom Randall.

“I'm going to take a vacation,” he stated. “I've got to get off this island for a while.”

“You were out on your regular leave last month. If you think it's going to get you anything to chase Lucia Morrison to Honolulu—”

“It isn't that. I don't know where I'm going.”

“Then what the devil's got into you? You know what a jam that fire run has put us in. You can't do it, that's all.”

“Oh, yes, I can. I'm pulling out on next Friday's boat.”

“In that case,” Tom Randall said, “you don't need to bother to come back.”

“All right. I'm sorry. Good night, sir.”

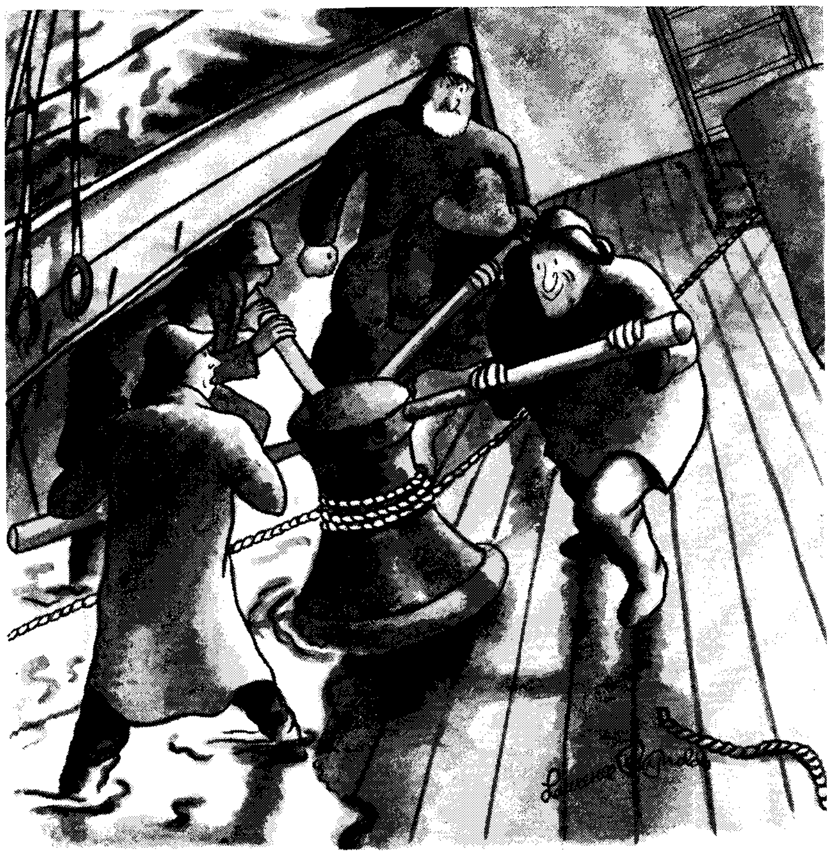
Randall had not taken Bob's pronouncement seriously until then. “You really mean this?”

“Of course.”

“Well, if you do, I'm sorry to lose you. You're a good sugar man, Holmes. Think it over between now and Friday. I'd be glad to have you reconsider. Better stick around here for another hour—no need to have it look as if you're walking out in a huff.”

So for a little while Holmes stuck around; not for an hour, but for a sufficiently unsatisfactory interval. He wanted to get out of there and be by himself; and when he thought he had made enough of a concession to Tom Randall's wish, he detached himself inconspicuously and started off through the palms into the more quiet dark.

Behind him the taro-patch people



“You better lay off that ‘Farmer in the Dell.’ The captain's very serious about his storms”

Laurence Reynolds

were singing in long, wailing rhythms that fell and rose to the strong throb of their strings. They were singing now a song of sorrow and of memory, mourning for lost things:

"Haina ia mai
Ana ka puana—"

He drew the back of his hand across his smoke-weary eyes, and wondered if he would ever hear singing like that again without having it mean to him this night.

Someone was running after him, and he quickened his step, but stopped when, hardly over a whisper, she called his name. He turned, and Lucia came and stood in front of him, her face touched by the moon-shadows of the palms.

"Bob! What on earth are you doing? I just heard of it from Norma."

"You heard—"

"That you're quitting Wailua. Bob, is it true?"

"Oh, yes, I guess so, Lucia."

"But this is sheer madness!"

"Perhaps."

"YOU mustn't do this, Bob—you *can't!* There's everything for you here. There are things here that can pull a man down, but they can't touch you; they only strengthen you. Tonight I was watching Bill Freeman's face, and yours. Bill is a beaten man. But you—some day you'll rule half of—"

He said harshly, "You don't know what you're talking about. I tell you, I never want to see anything on Wailua again. When tomorrow's boat pulls out I'm going to hate these islands, and everything in them, and the sea they stand in."

"Tomorrow's boat—?"

"I love you," he said. "I love you, and I want you, as I've never wanted anything in my life. You must know that. You must have known that for a good many days."

She surprised him then. "Yes—I knew that."

"Then," he said after a pause, "you ought to be able to understand a little bit."

"But—"

Suddenly the words rushed out of him again. "I know how things stand. I know you're rushing out of here because Dale Hammond has landed in Honolulu. Tonight I've seen such a light in your face as I never saw before. And I've had to swallow the fact that it's because tomorrow night you'll be with him. All that's all right. But I tell you this: When you tell me what I ought to do, what I'm able to do—you don't know what you say."

"Yes, I do."

He tossed his hands in a gesture of futility.

"Good night, Lucia."

"You've left something out," she said, not moving. "You don't understand about everything, Bob—not yet. Though you see some things. When you told me I looked different tonight—I didn't know that."

"I guess I know what a woman looks like when she's in love."

"You seem to be right," she admitted. "It seems to me I've been in love for a long time. But I didn't know how much until today, when—"

"Do you need to say all this to me?"

"I'm afraid so. It's a little irregular, but you seem to be most uncommonly thick tonight. What I started to say was—I didn't realize how things really were, until I got Dale's cable today; and suddenly knew that I didn't want to see him at all."

"But—you're suddenly rushing to Honolulu—"

"To tell him that it's off, after all. That we're not going to be married, ever at all. I have to tell him that. But when that's done—I'm coming back to Wailua, Bob."

He stood and looked at her while the island music wailed and cried through the moon-striped dark. He was thinking of a slim mother-of-pearl figure beside a whirlpool, and wondering why he had ever imagined that she was less destined to these islands than he.

"I've been a fool," he said.

"I think so too."

The drums and strings and voices were singing a marching, swelling song; a song of productiveness and bounty, of fertile fruition, and the union of the earth and the warm rain.

Whisky Sour

Continued from page 13

grave of that ancient paradise of bourbon open and out will come all the Old Zippys, Six Plumes, Grand Old Signature, Old Woodchopper, Old Delirium, Royal Jitters and countless other ghosts. What was in those once-cherished whiskies will make no difference. You will be getting rubbing alcohol, caramel, water, beading oil and the three weird sisters of the still—Fusel, Ethyl, and Butyl. You will pay three and four dollars a quart for whisky guaranteed to relieve you of the terrors and pains of old age by killing you off young.

All the big distillers have made their arrangements for cutting whisky with alcohol. The National Distillers, through one subsidiary, will market only quality goods. But it has, along with the United States Industrial Alcohol Company, formed the Penn-Maryland Company, Inc. This has taken over the big alcohol distillery of the United States Company and will sell whisky cut with alcohol and new whisky as "blends."

Schenley's have made their arrangements to do the same thing. And the American Commercial Alcohol Corp. has something else again. It has a new invention, it claims, by which it can give to new whisky the age of seventeen years in seventeen hours. You can buy from them, when they get under way, grand old rye and bourbon and rum and gin any Tuesday guaranteed not a day older than twenty-four hours.

I suppose this is all right. But I can't help but believe that we ought to be able to have some inkling of what we are buying. It's not whisky and it ought not to be called whisky.

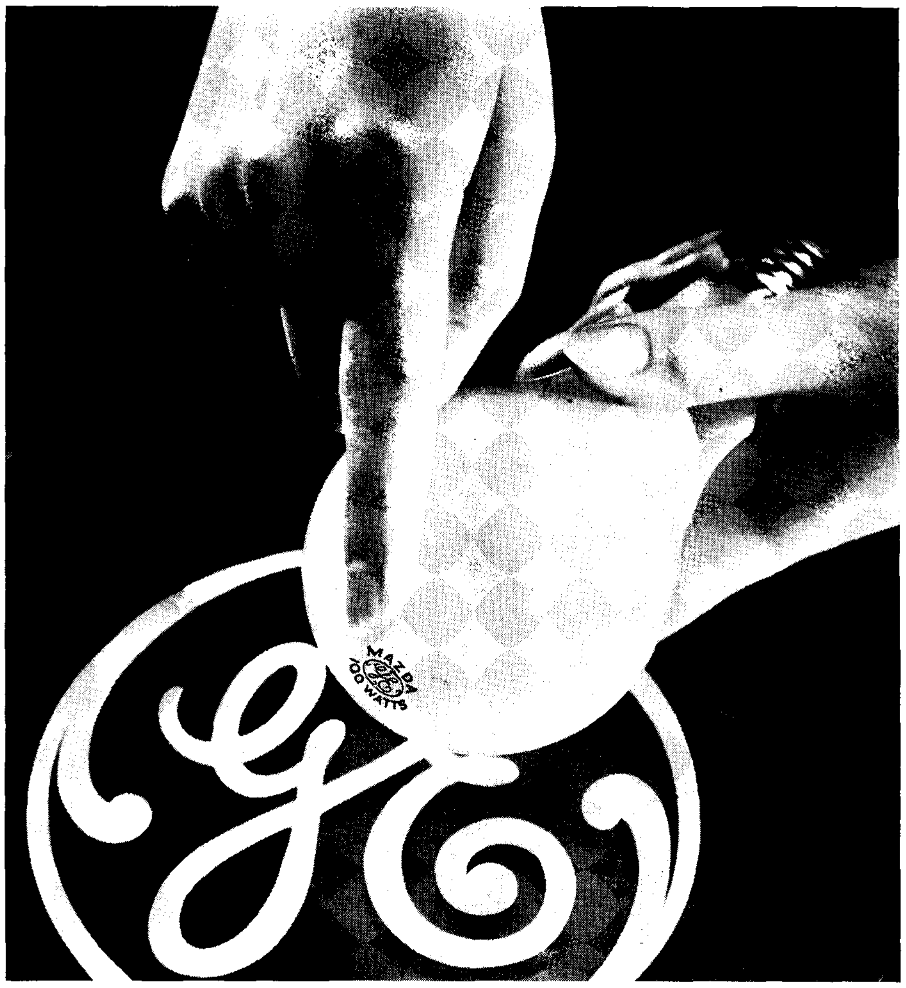
What is Whisky?

And here's a piece of gossip on that point. About two months before repeal a large distillery asked for a ruling from a high official in the government's liquor administration on "what is whisky?" He gave it. "Alcohol," he said, "may be cut to 110 proof with pure water and be called whisky." Well, not being a chemist or scientist, but just a plain whisky drinker, I take issue with him. That, by all that is eternal, is not whisky and I will submit the issue to the jury without further argument, save to say that the official who gave that ruling is now working for the distillers. And that doesn't give me any more confidence in his ruling.

And so the whisky business hasn't gotten off to any too sweet a start either on the Exchange or "over the counter." As to the "trust" charges,

(Continued on page 44)

This GE *is the*
MARK
OF A GOOD LAMP



. . . and good lamps are the only kind you can *afford* to use

YOU can judge most merchandise by its appearance on the counter. But there is only one sure way to pick a good lamp. You must know the name and reputation of its maker.

A poor lamp may look exactly like a good one . . . but it gives less light for the current consumed, or burns out too soon. Look carefully at the trade-mark on every lamp you buy. If you find the famous mark GE on the bulb, you will be *sure* of getting all the light you pay for.

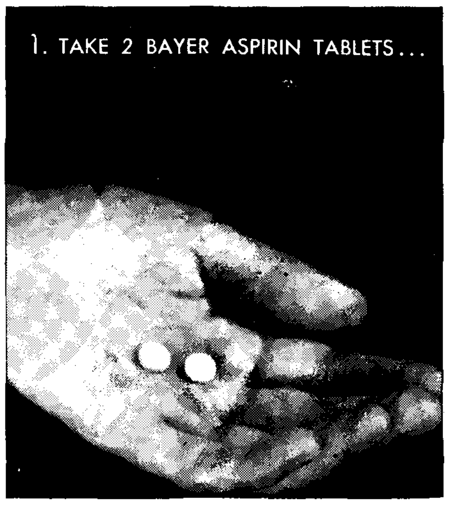
General Electric manufactures lamps for all lighting purposes . . . lamps for home lighting and decoration, automobiles, flashlights, photography, stores, offices and factories, street lighting, signs and many other uses. Sunlight lamps, too. GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

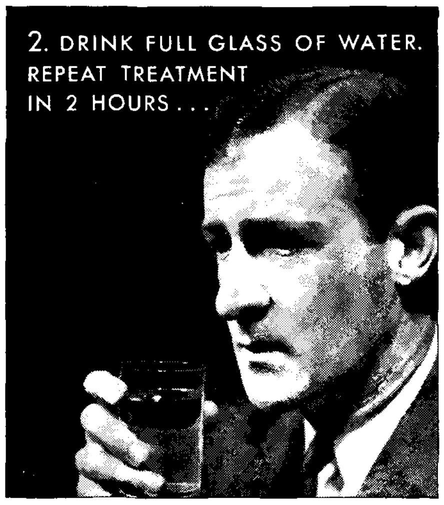
EDISON MAZDA LAMPS
Product of
GENERAL GE ELECTRIC

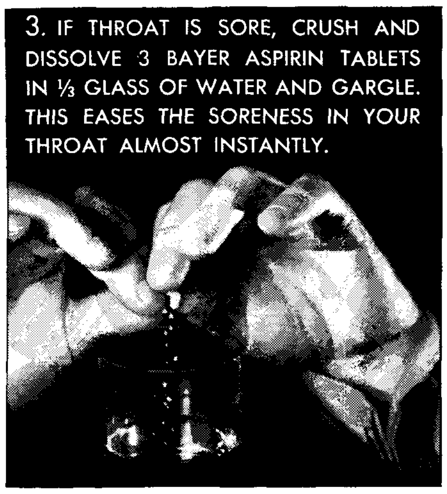
HERE'S that Quick Way to Relieve a Cold

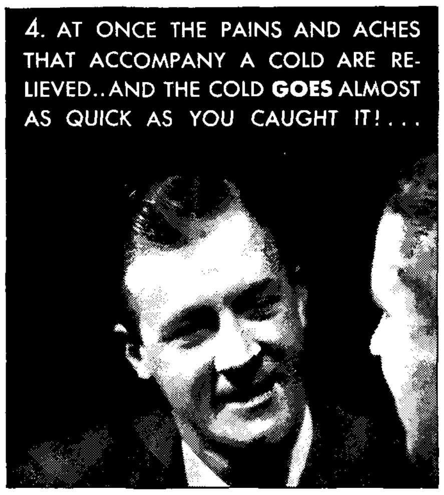
That Doctors Advise as the Fastest Surest Way

[FOLLOW DIRECTIONS IN THESE PICTURES]


1. TAKE 2 BAYER ASPIRIN TABLETS...


2. DRINK FULL GLASS OF WATER. REPEAT TREATMENT IN 2 HOURS...


3. IF THROAT IS SORE, CRUSH AND DISSOLVE 3 BAYER ASPIRIN TABLETS IN ⅓ GLASS OF WATER AND GARGLE. THIS EASES THE SORENESS IN YOUR THROAT ALMOST INSTANTLY.


4. AT ONCE THE PAINS AND ACHES THAT ACCOMPANY A COLD ARE RELIEVED..AND THE COLD **GOES** ALMOST AS QUICK AS YOU CAUGHT IT!...

Pains and Aches Relieved Almost Instantly!

If you catch a cold—don't take chances with "cold killers" and nostrums. A cold may be dangerous to take chances on.

The simple method pictured above is the way doctors throughout the world now treat colds and the aches and pains that they bring with them.

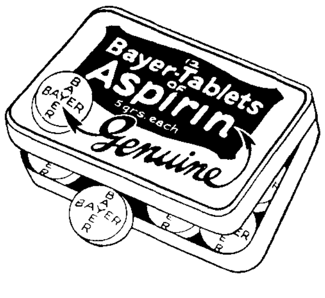
It is recognized as the QUICKEST, safest, surest way to treat a cold. It eases at once the pains of neuritis or sciatica that often follow a cold and are especially common this winter. *An ordinary cold is often checked almost as quick as you caught it!*

That is because the real BAYER Aspirin Tablets are so made that they start working almost instantly.

You can combat nearly any cold you get simply by taking BAYER Aspirin, drinking plenty of water and gargling with 3 BAYER Aspirin Tablets crushed and dissolved in a third of a glass of water. Sore throat eases this way in two or three minutes, incredible as this may seem.

Ask your doctor about this. And when you buy, see that you get the real BAYER Aspirin. It dissolves almost instantly. And thus works almost instantly you take it internally. And for a gargle, it dissolves completely enough for this purpose. Get a box of 12 tablets or bottle of 24 or 100 at any drug store.

DOES NOT HARM THE HEART



NRA
WE DO OUR PART

(Continued from page 43)

these will probably be pretty well probed. Mr. William Goldstein, president of the Associated Wine and Liquor Dealers of America, has denounced the "trust" and so has the head of the New York Wholesalers and so, for that matter, have a number of distillers and manufacturers interested in the business, including the Du Ponts and Mr. Publicker. About eight of the largest distilleries producing about twenty-five per cent of all American alcohol inform me that there has been plenty of backstage work in Washington by the "trust"; that as the price of corn went down from 55 cents to 40 cents, the price of grain alcohol rose from 40 cents a wine gallon to $1.14.

The charges of "trust" domination result from the operations of the two large companies—National Distillers and Schenley—in attempting to forge into every branch of the business. Thus National Distillers will make whisky—rye and bourbon—and, in collaboration with U. S. Industrial, make grain alcohol. What is more, they will rectify and cut (formerly forbidden to distillers) and sell directly to retailers, and through ownership of Alex D. Shaw and Company control imports of such things as ale, stout, sherry and fine wines, also fruit flavors, maraschino cherries, olives and nuts, to say nothing of gin and ginger ale. And along comes Mr. Harvey Smith of the Kentucky distilleries and declares that he can't get barrels for his product as the "trust" has cornered the market on white oak staves.

I do not undertake to plumb or appraise the soundness of all these bitter controversies. Perhaps some of the difficulties will iron themselves out when in the fullness of time the stills all over the country get to producing sufficient whisky for us all.

Out in Peoria, for instance, where they used to make whisky, not till the cows came home but till the cows got potted on the discarded mash and refused to come home, Hiram Walker is spending $3,000,000 putting up a distillery which will make 100,000 gallons of whisky a day. And down in Washington where, under the new Securities Act, new incorporations must be registered, one tenth of all the new flotations of stock are seen to be for breweries and distilleries.

Competition on the Way

There have been to date thirty-five hard liquor issues which contemplate an investment of nearly $50,000,000 in distilleries. If you will read the circulars of these promoters you will be convinced that there is going to be a liquor flood which will not come to rest until its crest touches the top of Mount Ararat. Of course all of these millions are not going into distilleries. Some of them are never going to get farther than the pockets of the gentlemen who are promoting the schemes.

For instance, here is one such flotation: The promoters will put out 232,000 shares of stock. Of this number 97,000 shares will be kept outright by the promoters as their share and for their services in "rarin' back and passin' a miracle" and creating a new company. The remaining 135,000 shares are to be sold at $5.50 a share and of this the bankers are pocketing $1.50 for themselves. There are plenty more like this one. But out of the lot certainly the vast new market will bring forth some additions to the business to challenge the trust as time works in behalf of the consumer.

Meantime, Mr. Deets Picket, of the Methodist Church Board of Temperance, etc., sits in Washington watching the gaudy show. The devil, he says, is the trade czar of the new liquor business. Maybe he knows. But some astonishing statements he makes along with this throw suspicion upon the authenticity of his other revelations. For instance, he declares solemnly that under prohibition America had quit drinking. Perhaps it had, though I didn't notice it. He assures me also that the country will now have to reacquire the taste for liquor and that only a limited number will do this; that before prohibition there were only seven million people who did the drinking, which is pretty good, since they made away, at that rate, with twenty gallons of hard liquor a year each, which is eighty quarts each, which, if we include the wine and beer consumed, makes pretty steady drinking. Under prohibition, he insists, fines and sales of seized liquor paid for enforcement, but now this is all gone, which, as I see it, is pretty well overlooking a trifle of more than $600,000,000 in taxes the government is going to collect.

The Persistent Bootlegger

If America is to reacquire the taste for liquor, it is doing a fairly good job, as, according to Mr. Picket, drunkenness is increasing by leaps and staggers. In Washington, he says, it has increased 63 per cent and in San Bernardino by 400 per cent. All of which I would credit if I had not been assured by dry gentlemen that during thirteen years of prohibition they had never seen a single drunken man.

On one point, however, we may agree with the disappointed brother. That is on the present state of the bootlegger. Over in the office of the new czar of the liquor business one hears that the battle against the bootlegger is by no means won. This czar is Joseph H. Choate, Jr., the long, red-haired, esthetic son of the famous one-time Ambassador to Britain. He is a close friend of the President and Mr. Roosevelt chose him because in this post he felt he could take no chances on an administrator who might develop acquisitive tendencies.

He confirms the report that rum running is still active and that it will probably continue to be as long as high prices for poor liquor give the bootlegger an edge on the legal dealer. He outlined for me one of the great difficulties which he found in the service. Of course, there is nothing a rum runner needs as much as a boat. When the enforcement department seizes a rum runner's boat, the runner is permitted, pending trial, to release the boat on bond. It takes about two years to reach these cases on trial, and in the meantime the boat, out on bail, goes bounding merrily over the waves back into the bootleg service as soon as the ink is dry on the bond. Choate is now working to sink the rum navy.

Being a sensible man, he has no illusions about getting rid of the bootlegger completely. We have always had bootleggers, even before prohibition, and we have the smuggler in every line. But Mr. Choate thinks we can cut the bootlegger down to unimportant proportions, until, at least, he ceases to be a social problem. The most efficient weapons against him, Mr. Choate thinks, are three: The first is to keep the supply of legal whisky adequate. The second is to insure its quality. The third is to keep its price down. These weapons are within the reach of the existing legal liquor industry. That industry is *entitled to profits. But it will be just too bad for the country, for the drinkers and finally for the distillers themselves if they continue to be infected with the dangerous virus of too-quick and too-easy profits.*

The liquor industry had better be warned in time.

White House Shadows

Continued from page 21

handsome and youngish-looking fellow who heads the White House detail under the general charge of Chief W. H. Moran, has grooves along his high brow and crow's-feet around his baby-blue eyes. Mr. Jervis has been shadowing Presidents ever since the last year of Teddy Roosevelt, who selected Dick as his church-going companion, so it is said, because the newcomer to the detail looked so much like a cherubic choir boy.

He still looks like that, but don't try to get tough with him or Ed, or with any of the snappy, stocky boys who guard our Chief Magistrates. They may also resemble statues or cigar-store Indians as they loiter outside the President's offices, or prowl around the lobby of the executive offices, for they habitually stand with folded arms. That is protection rather than a pose; they carry their guns in armpit holsters.

White House guards must have many qualities besides strength and technical knowledge of their job. They must be good judges of human nature. It would not do to mistake a mayor for One-eyed Connolly, and even in clearing a path from trainshed to automobile they must not be unnecessarily brusque—it might lose votes. They must be adaptable enough to scale cliffs and swim in the raw with Teddy, eat three dinners a night with Taft, discuss world politics with Wilson, play golf or poker with Harding, run errands for Coolidge and keep a sharp eye on his belongings when they were checked, prevent White House gossip from leaking out under Hoover, and enjoy swimming and sailing with Mr. Roosevelt. On top of that, they must own and look well in all kinds of clothes, for they must be dressed properly for all occasions.

The Human Side of Presidents

Although arduous and sometimes humdrum, the life of a man on White House detail ought to be a fascinating one. He sees Presidents as nobody, not excepting the White House family, does. Sleeping or waking, bent over his desk or bounding over the ocean, the President of the United States is in his hands. Nobody, in a sense, is closer to the heart—or heartbeat—of the government.

When Woodrow Wilson went a-wooing, a Secret Service man stood guard at a discreet distance, and Dick sometimes sat in on Big Four meetings at the Quai d'Orsay that witnessed the birth of the peace treaty and the League of Nations.

They have looked on when President Roosevelt, greeting a crippled boy carried to his train on the shoulders of Gus Gennerich, dropped governmental worries to discuss "our legs," and when the same President talked over policies which might determine whether the United States—and the world—would ever walk again.

The Secret Service men attend the President even in church, noting his relationship with the Divinity in so far as it is reflected in his form in the pew. Teddy strode to church with the same swing he had on the battlefield, and he moved restlessly in his pew as if waiting to hear the grandiloquent words of the "prayer for the President," which is always delivered at a service attended by the Chief Executive; worship seemed to be a joint affair with him. Mr. Harding appeared to fall under the religious spell humbly and completely, whereas Mr. Coolidge sat up in a brisk way, like a soldier at attention.

Mr. Wilson listened attentively to the sermons, displaying great intellectual interest. Mr. Taft often dozed, but he perfected a device for waking himself up every so often. Placing a large Bible on his knee, he held it there by gently inserting one finger in its pages. As he relaxed in slumber, his fingers slipped, the Bible fell to the floor with a bang and the alarm brought him back to consciousness and church.

The Playful Mr. Coolidge

Of recent Presidents, Mr. Coolidge was a shadow even to his shadows. Unused to so much attention before he entered the White House, he gave the impression that he wanted to make the most of it. He played pranks on them, ringing bells supposed to be used only in an emergency, making them wear rubbers on the walks even when the ground was dry, sending them for papers and magazines and forgetting to pay them back for days.

He often grew irritable over little things, this man who never permitted world crises to disturb his sleep or digestion. He was always in fear of losing his fine top hat or overcoat or rubbers. Once, when attending the wedding of Bucky Harris, then manager of the championship Washington baseball team, he entrusted his high silk hat to Dick with the injunction: "You hold onto it." Having many other things to do, Mr. Jervis gave it to the butler. Mr. Coolidge scowled as he watched the transfer, but could utter no protest because the ceremony was about to begin.

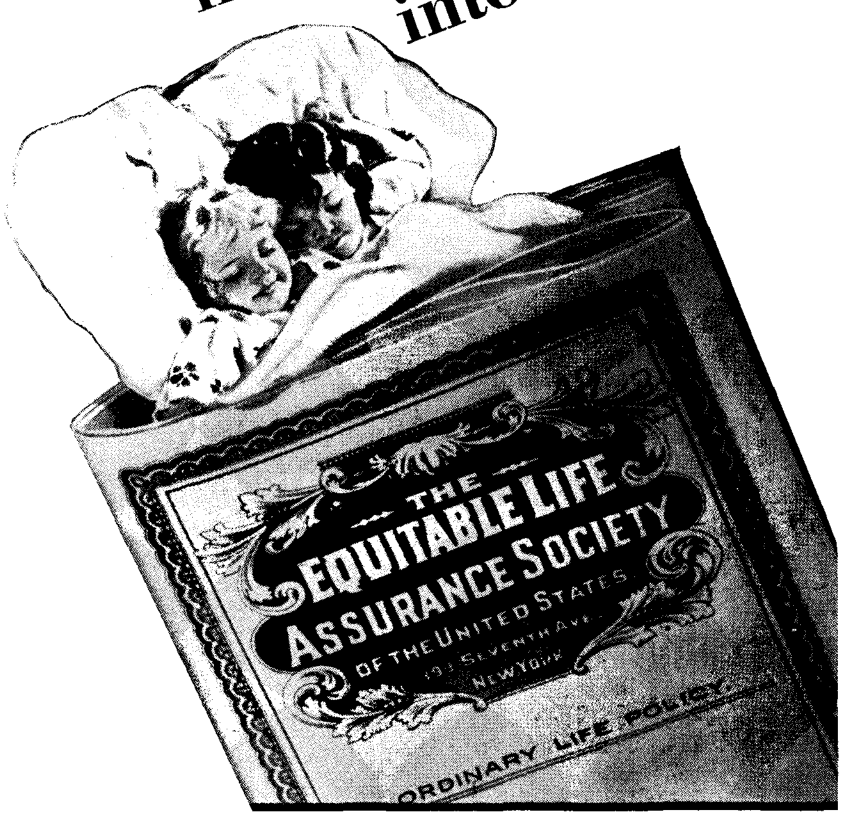
When the hat was returned to him at the close, it was slightly mussed. Staring at it in chagrin, he rasped out to Mr. Jervis: "Have you had it all the time?" Explaining the circumstances, Dick reached for it and said it would be easy for him to smooth down the fuzz. But the President pulled it away. "No, sirree," he snapped. "You had it once, and now look at the thing."

Even when lounging around the White House, the Secret Service men cannot relax. They must bar the door to cranks who insist that their business can be transacted only with the President.

In disposing of them, the one essential is that they shall not go away with ill feeling toward the occupant of the White House. It is quite all right for them to leave in resentment toward the Secretary of War, if necessary, or the Attorney-General, but the President must be held immune from personal pique. So, no matter what the complaint may be, the unwanted visitor is usually informed that some other department has charge of his problem and it is from there that he is shooed away or sent to a hospital for observation, should that be thought necessary.

There are some cases which must be handled on the spot, however. One old lady wanted to tell the President about a sinister figure who followed her wherever she went, and cast spells over her. She was sure the Chief Executive could fix it up—pass a law or something. Dick, after listening to her twisted tale, explained that a machine for breaking such spells had just been perfected and sent to the White House. He left her, smoked a cigarette in another room and returned to ask if she had felt anything. They compared notes as to her reaction, including the moment she felt it, and she left happy in the thought that she was again a free woman. She rained tears of thanks on the solemn Mr. Jervis, and she never came back.

He even tucked his grandchildren into the policy



John Burdett wanted to take care of the financial security of his wife, his daughters and his grandchildren.

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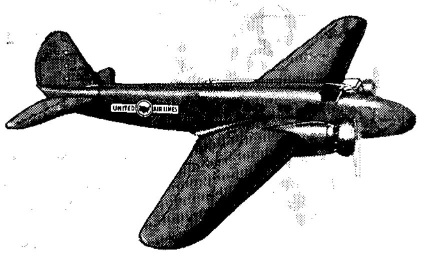

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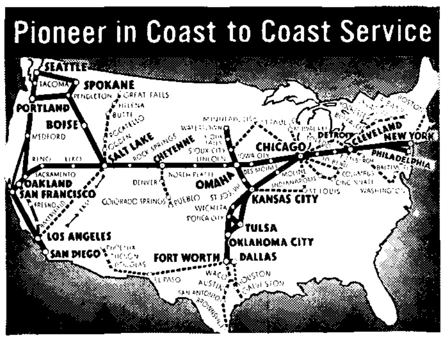

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Revolt in Hollywood

Continued from page 11

The next morning he was on the set promptly at nine. An elaborate affair it was, with a winding stairway that would have put the builders of Babylon to shame. In one side wall was a huge fireplace, so constructed that it offered a rich photographic set-up when shot between the spindles of the stair's balustrade. Stamborn always did that. Eye-straining angles of the camera that made the set more important than the people. German technique, they called it. Digby had another name for it but he found it much wiser to keep his expressions to himself. After all, he was only an actor.

All day long the cameras ground on scenes of the principals, but Digby wasn't called. The heat from the floor lamps played havoc with his make-up and his crêpe beard itched him constantly. Now and then he sought the aid of his make-up kit, powdering down the streaks of perspiration and occasionally adjusting the putty in his left nostril.

THE hand mirror reflected a face deep in study. He hadn't aged much; a few moused wrinkles here and there but the face was firm and certainly not unpleasant to look at. True, those were store teeth that grinned back at him but it was not sheer necessity that put them there. Alice had listened to that empty-headed dentist—warnings of pyorrhea and all that sort of rot.

Hm-m!—Alice. He was worried about her. Last night she came home late; said she had been at the Gower Street Bridge Club. He didn't disbelieve her but he wished she would stay away from that particular club. It was too close to Poverty Row and people seeing her there might get the impression that he was working for the Independent companies. He didn't want that. Digby Carroll would never play in an Independent picture—never! Too many of his friends had gone in for the quick money only to find that the finger was on them and they couldn't get back into the big studios.

The thought made him a little sick. Suppose the big companies failed to cast him for several months? What would he do? He'd have to go to the quickie outfits if he wanted to eat. Then they'd squeeze the life out of him and toss him aside. No, they wouldn't toss *him* aside! Not Digby Carroll. He wouldn't give them the chance. He had Old Billik, didn't he? Bad as it was, it was much better than that. From now on he intended to play the part so perfectly that there wouldn't be a possible chance of his being let down. Yes, sir! He'd play the socks off the old boy.

A satisfied smile settled on his contemplative features. He pulled himself up in his chair and turned his attention to the set. Stamborn was in there, pulling his hair and cursing the troupe. Evidently the actor playing the boy's father had slipped up on his lines. Digby watched the old fellow as he nervously rubbed his hands together. Stamborn had him buffaloed; anybody could see that. Besides, the fellow was pretty much of a ham: no finesse, no fluidity of action. Digby smiled. Give him that part and he'd eat it up. Aw, but what the heck! This repression thing. A fellow couldn't be expected to—

"All right, Mr. Carroll—ready for you!"

The assistant director was motioning him to join Stamborn on the set. A last glance into the hand mirror, then he hurried into the bright glare of flooded lights. The huge "ice box" that housed the camera was being dollied down to the archway, while the men on high were getting their spots trained on the lead's double.

"It's a follow shot," said Stamborn. "I start you from the archway and carry you into a two-shot with Kendall at the fireplace."

As if Digby didn't know. That's the way he was always introduced—from the archway to the fireplace. Why did they always insist on a fireplace? Why did he always have to come pouring into a set like a wild man on his night out? Was Stamborn so stupid that he couldn't recall having shot this same scene so many times before? Why didn't he make it different? "Steady, boy, steady—" Ugh! How he hated those lines. But keep a stiff upper lip, Digby. Jobs were scarce and Poverty Row was just around the corner.

"Places!" Digby found his place just back on the set, awaiting the cry of "Camera." "Remember, folks," said Stamborn, "I want excitement but it must be the kind that is registered in the tension of your voices. Don't forget. All right—turn 'em over!"

A moment of silence, then Digby heard the assistant camera man say, "They're rolling." He made a quick adjustment of his tie as the scene number was tolled off, then came Stamborn's shrill bark of "Camera!" He threw himself into his best manners and strode through the archway into the set. Halfway across there came a disgusted "Cut!" from the director.

"That was awful, Digby," growled Stamborn, emerging from the shadows. "Look, my dear fellow, you're not going to a fire. You've just heard that Rodney has had a fight with the girl and you've come over here to square matters. Now, let's try it again."

They took the scene again—and again—and again. Nothing suited Stamborn. The edge of Digby's collar was growing pinker every second as his make-up melted under the concentrated light and dripped down his neck. His clothes stuck to him like flies on a rainy day. His crêpe beard itched beyond human endurance, but he couldn't afford to scratch it. He was even afraid that the microphone would pick up the throbbing in his temples. "Steady, boy, steady." Hour after hour he repeated those lines.

THERE came a lull between scenes. Digby was about to leave the set for a breath of fresh air when he heard angry voices emanating from the shadows. One was Stamborn's and the other he recognized as B. B. Roswald's, the producer. Maybe B. B. had gotten wise to Stamborn's repeats and had come out on the set to tell him something. He hoped so. He hoped that—and then he heard his own name mentioned. He sought a vantage point and peered into the darkness. The first thing he saw was the whites of Roswald's eyes, unhealthily reflecting the back-splash of light from the floor lamps. They seemed to look like two U's upside down.

"Shut up, you fool!" hissed Stamborn to his boss. "This is no time to crack about collecting damages, when the man is in the middle of a scene. Grab him off after I'm done with him."

"I'll do more than that," growled Roswald; "I'll squeeze down on every pay check he gets until I'm paid for the damage to those antiques."

So that was it? They were going to make him pay for those antiques. Twenty-five bucks a day and they intended to hold back part of his check. How much was the damage anyway? Maybe a thousand dollars. Maybe it was

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more than that. Why, if that was the case he'd be knocking around for a year or more, with only skin money. An outrage! Digby found himself growing faint. What would he tell Alice when he got home? Tomorrow was her birthday and he had intended buying her a small fur. She had talked so often about needing a fur and he had found a pip in a store on Vine Street. But now there wasn't a chance. The rats!

"We'll try the scene once more, Digby, old boy." The purring note in Stamborn's voice sickened him. His feet moved heavily into the set. "The same as you did it last time—but don't soften quite as much when you place your hand on Rodney's shoulder."

"With more repression, you mean?" Digby recognized the voice as his own. One cocked eye told him that Roswald was still standing on the side-lines.

"That's the ticket," replied Stamborn. "More repression. All right, let's have it."

DIGBY glanced at his hand mirror. The reflected face startled him. It was set in cold, hard lines and had an ugly glint in the eyes. He wondered if it could really be himself and yet, when the cry of "Camera!" came he knew that the mirror spoke the truth.

He never felt so good in his life as he did when he strode through the archway. Rodney, Jr., was standing by the fireplace with bowed head. He walked up to him and placed a steady hand on his shoulder.

"Steady, boy, steady. No sense in flaring up now. If Alice feels that way about it—"

Rodney's hand swept his aside.

"Keep away from me! I'm sick and tired of taking advice from an old fool!"

To the young man's astonishment, he was slammed back against the fireplace in a most unceremonious fashion. A pair of dilated eyes, whose pupils bore a faint milky rim, burned into his very own. He was held speechless, motionless by a voice discordant with wrath.

"You're the fool—not me. You're young and I'm old. You have life ahead of you. Mine is nothing but a retrospection of regrets. You have the power to conquer—the joy of being yourself. The glory of being human. But you stand there like a sniveling fool and let a monstrosity who calls himself a director mold you into a putty creature without a soul! Repression! Ha! Why are you standing there staring at me like a petrified bull ape? I'll tell you why. You've forgotten the rules of make-believe and now you're faced with facts.

"You think I'm crazy. Well, I am! And furthermore, I'll brain the first man that tries to stop me before I've had my say. Why don't you practice what you preach? Why don't they?"

Digby whirled and pointed an accusing finger at the dumfounded director and producer.

"Look at that fool over there—the one with the U-shaped eyes. He's a great producer, my boy. He finances pictures in which repression and lack of imagination run rampant. That's repression you see on his silly face. That was repression a few moments ago when he demanded damages from an actor who could have made him millions.

"Look at that palpitating chunk of sulphur rust sprawled out in his canvas chair, like a flabby corpse lying in a hammock. He's the director, my boy. He puts you through your repressive moments because he doesn't know how a real human being acts. Why hasn't the new school of art provided him ways and means of handling a situation like this? Why doesn't he wander over here in his most repressed manner and say, 'Digby, old thing, let's take a stroll in the summer breeze?' Why doesn't he do that? I'll tell you why! Because he's a fool—and you're a fool—you're all fools! You give the public what you think it wants. Now I'm giving you what I know you need. Gentlemen, Old Billik is washed up—through. He has ceased to be."

He closed his tirade with a downward sweep of his hand; then turned and walked off the set in a most profound manner. A deep silence followed him. The outside air fanned him back into complete sanity. Horrified at what he had done, his first impulse was to run back on to the stage and scream at the top of his lungs: "My God, gentlemen, I'm sorry! I'm terribly sorry."

But he didn't. How he reached the front gate he never knew. His head was bursting and a sort of numbness had settled in his legs. The traffic rattled and roared past him as he stumbled down the sidewalk. Exhaustion finally made him seek the support of a telephone pole. He clung to it for several minutes, trying desperately to piece together the details of his folly. He finally succeeded and, much to his astonishment, found himself laughing.

With laughter came a sense of peace and duty well done. It pervaded his entire being and lifted him into the clouds of self-righteousness. He turned and tripped lightly down the street, whistling as he went.

He was whistling when he entered his living-room. Dud Needles, his next-door neighbor, was seated at the telephone. He looked up with sorrowful eyes. Digby called to Alice but she did not answer. He wondered what Dud was doing there alone. Then a growing consciousness of the room's disorder. Drawers were pulled out of the cabinets and spare clothes were lying over the chairs.

"What are you doing here, you old mossback?" he sang out gayly.

"Your phone was ringing, so I came in and answered it," replied Dud, his eyes settling on Digby sympathetically. "The studio says it'll forget the damages if you'll come back and finish your part."

"Not in ten thousand years," roared Digby. "The-man-that-never-was is never going to be. The old friend of the family has given up the ghost and already posterity is rejoicing." He looked around the room. "Looks like an earthquake has hit this place. What's happened?"

"Alice has left you," said Dud, his eyes brimming with compassion. "Told me to tell you when you came in. She's gone back to Detroit to her folks."

DIGBY stared at his friend stupidly. Alice gone away? It was incomprehensible. She couldn't do that—they'd been married twenty-six years. Slowly anger began to surge within him. So that's the way it was, huh? Slave the best part of his life to give her everything and now that he was on the brink she gives him the go-by. Well, not him, she wouldn't. He'd take the first train East and hunt her up. He'd tell her something. He—

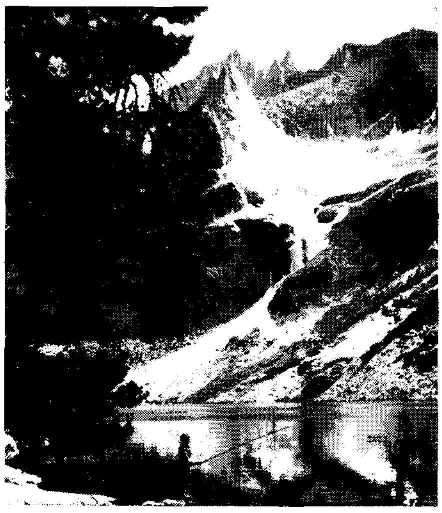
He became conscious of Dud's hand, patting him comfortingly on the shoulder. He looked down into the older man's eyes.

"Steady, boy, steady," said Dud. "No use in getting riled up now. If Alice—"

Digby's hands sought the wall for support. To his utter amazement he discovered he was standing in front of the fireplace. Dud's voice rumbled on but he heard nothing. A sudden shriek of laughter which gave way to hysteria! He collapsed into a chair. When he looked up he was crying.

"Call the studio, Dud," said Digby Carroll, brokenly, "and tell them I'll be back to work in the morning."

"*Think of it Tom,* SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA *in a 2-weeks vacation*"

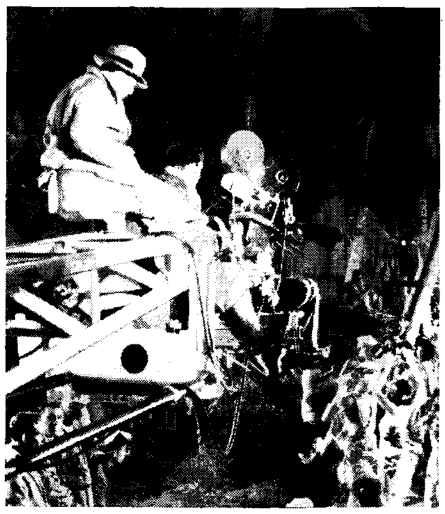


KAY: Look—I sent for one of these All-Year Club booklets—we could actually have 11 days there out of your 2-weeks vacation.

TOM: Sounds good if we can afford it.

KAY: They show exactly what everything costs. We spent more last year and didn't see half so much. Let's get *clear away* this year.

TOM: I do need a real change.



KAY: Well, just look at all these places—Hollywood, Los Angeles, Long Beach, Pasadena, Santa Monica, Glendale, Beverly Hills, Pomona, Malibu—they're all fascinating.

TOM: I'm weakening.

KAY: Everything from glaciers to South Sea islands. I don't think there's any question about it—Southern California is the best vacation "buy" we can find.

TOM: Sold! When do we start?

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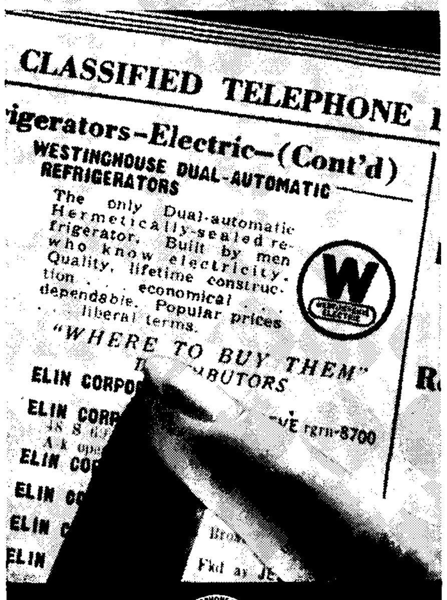

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A Butler and Everything

Continued from page 17

time Mr. Renton, president of the Saponaceous Sales Service Associates, had jumped (or fallen, if you want to be charitable) out of the window. Presently the directors met to elect his successor; and that night Whit Kenyon came home with a downcast face.

"What's the matter?" Gladys gasped. "Didn't you get the job?"

"Oh, yes, I got it. But I don't know whether I'm the president of the S. S. S. A., or only the funeral director. It seems that Mr. Renton took all the surplus and most of the current cash balances to try to hold on to some stocks of his own. He didn't succeed, so there's no chance of recovering much from his estate. And nobody's going to ease credit to an outfit that's been looted from inside."

"Whit, you could always borrow from your Uncle Arch in St. Louis."

"If I didn't need it. No, the only way out is to sell more soap and cut expenses to the bone—the company and the family too. I had an offer for the house today—ten thousand above the mortgage. I accepted it. Ten thousand in cash, right now, might save the S. S. S. A."

"And where are your children going to live while you're saving it? I could move into a furnished room, if we had to; but the children—"

"Now, Glad, there's no use getting sore. We could rent plenty of houses as good as this, right here in Crestlake Manor. The title companies have had to foreclose on them and they'd take almost anything rather than leave them empty. . . . Rock Ridge is even worse. A fellow in the rental department of the Titular Trust was telling me the other day that they had a house over there—fourteen rooms, six baths, three acres of ground—that they'd be glad to let go for a hundred a month."

Gladys gasped. Rock Ridge was three miles from Crestlake Manor across country, and about eight thousand miles up the social ladder.

"Why not take it?" she heard herself saying.

"Are you crazy? We couldn't have afforded to live in Rock Ridge, even before this happened. Now, when we've got to economize—"

"Now is precisely the time not to economize. You're trying to hush up this Renton affair; you don't want people to know you've been cleaned out. Well! You get the promotion you've been working for all your life, and instead of living better you live worse, cut expenses to the bone. Why, you might as well hang out a bankruptcy notice!"

"I never thought of that," he admitted. Then, after he had argued with her for an hour, and she was crying, he gathered her into his arms.

"Poor kid," he whispered.

It went against all his ingrained convictions; but she might be right, and after all these years she certainly deserved a break. . . .

"Well," he said, "we'll drive over there tomorrow and take a look at that house."

IT WAS the house Gladys had always dreamed of, only better; and they cheerfully assented when the rental agent asked them not to tell anybody how little they were paying for it. When the news got around in Crestlake Manor it was generally agreed that some people have all the luck, and eleven men asked Whit to lend them money. Failing to get it, they told their wives that the Kenyons were spoiled by prosperity.

Gladys had counted on George Habirshaw to help her in buying furniture and hiring servants; but when she called up the Shelmerdene she learned that he wasn't there any more. . . . No, they couldn't give her his address, but a letter to the Shelmerdene would reach him. . . . So she wrote to him; and a few days later he came to dinner, imperturbable as ever. But he came by train; and when they asked him what had happened—

"Oh, the Shelmerdene's in receivership. The new manager represents the bondholders, and he's a man of no vision. So I had to move out."

"But where are you living now?" Whit asked him. George shrugged.

"Does it matter where I sleep, if I still get my mail at the Shelmerdene? The Municipal Lodging House isn't as bad as you might think."

"What? See here, why didn't you tell me you needed money?"

"My dear boy, you couldn't possibly lend me enough to maintain my standard of living. As for my immediate needs, I won't starve; I sold some shirt studs. . . . But what's this about your moving to Rock Ridge?"

THEY told him the story, and he nodded approval.

"Glad's quite right, Whit; it's your only way out. . . . As for furniture," said George thoughtfully, "what's the matter with mine? You can have it as long as you need it, if you don't mind paying some slight charges at the storage warehouse. . . . You can't go on driving your old car in Rock Ridge; might as well dine in overalls. But I know where you can get a good one, not much used and in fine condition, for a couple of thousand in cash. . . . Now as to servants— This maid of yours—"

"She's getting married," said Gladys. "Luckily; she'd never live up to that house. I wanted a married couple, but I haven't found anybody I'd want who'll work for what we can pay. I can get plenty of cooks and maids, but— I suppose it's childish, George, but I've always wanted a butler." Again he nodded.

"You need one, in a house like this. . . . Well, I know where you can get a good butler-chauffeur who'd work for his keep and cigar-money."

"Not your old butler?" Gladys gasped. "He was wonderful."

"No, I found a place for him. I mean me. . . . Why not?" he asked as they laughed uncertainly. "Pending the return of better times, I've got to turn my hand to something. And I'd be a good butler-chauffeur."

"Don't be silly," said Whit irritably. "If you need money—"

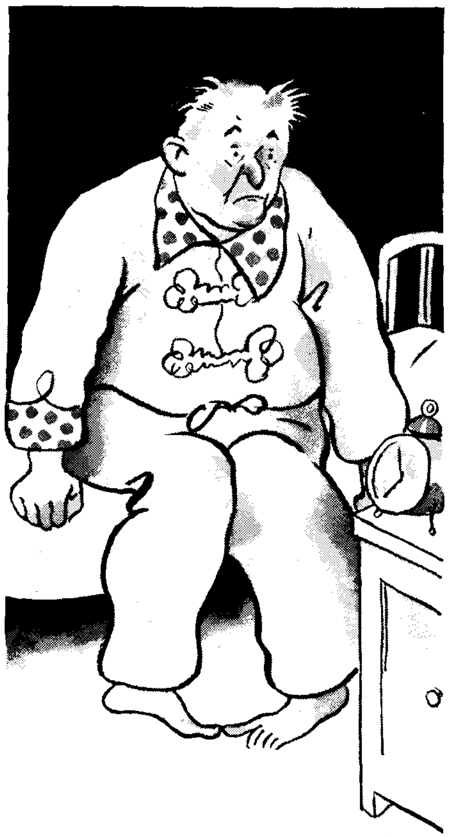
"It's uneconomic to borrow cash for personal expenses. And I must say that the prospect of earning my keep is more attractive than wondering what I'll do when I run out of salable shirt studs."

"But I couldn't have an old friend in my house as a servant!"

"I'd be only a servant; you and Gladys and I would simply forget the old friend, for the moment. You'd have to teach the children to call me Habirshaw *instead* of Uncle George; but tell them it's a game and they'll play it. And I don't know anybody in Rock Ridge any more, I know hardly any of your friends; so there's no great danger of any embarrassing encounters." Whit shook his head.

"George, you can surely get better jobs than that."

"Oh, I could support myself," George conceded, "living in a furnished room.



WHAT'S THE USE of getting up to the same old breakfast?

There isn't any use! Not when there's that deliciously different hot cereal—Pettijohn's. Flavory flakes of marvelous whole wheat. Cooks in 3 to 5 minutes.

ALL right. Keep on serving them the same cereal, morning after morning. And see what happens. Day by day, they'll get up more and more reluctantly. And then—some morning . . . they'll just refuse to get up at all. Then what'll you do?

And who'll be to blame? *You.* For not telling them about Pettijohn's. For not *buying* Pettijohn's . . . the only hot cereal that's truly different.

Pettijohn's is different because it's *made* differently. Whole kernels of golden wheat are *flaked*, not *ground*. The result? Pettijohn's is never mushy. It tastes like the cracked wheat of grandmother's day . . . crisp, firm, crunchy, zestful! Brings you bran as Nature intended you to have it. Entire bran. Bran that's not dry. Can't scratch the tenderest digestive tract. And *mind* you, *it cooks in 3 to 5 minutes*.

Families do get desperately tired of the same breakfast. Give them a thrill by serving Pettijohn's tomorrow morning. If you believe in happy breakfast tables, in morning pep and optimism, in the health that comes from right eating, get Pettijohn's.

Pettijohn's
Rolled Wheat with All the Bran
Product of The Quaker Oats Company

PETTIJOHN'S
ROLLED WHEAT WITH ALL THE BRAN
5 MINUTES

But I can still get credit when I see a chance to clean up, provided I can keep up the front. Living on the Bowery I couldn't get a nickel; and they won't let me get my mail at the Shelmerdene much longer. But if my address is Rock Ridge, who's to know what I'm doing in Rock Ridge?" He laid his hand on Whit's shoulder. "Look here, old-timer, we can help each other out. You need—for a few months—a competent butler who'd work for next to nothing. I need—for a few months—board and lodging and a smart address. What's the matter with my proposition? . . . How about it, Gladys? After all, you hire the servants."

. . . George as my servant, she mused. After all the years when he couldn't see me as a person because I not only was poor, but looked it. But I ought to be ashamed of myself for thinking about that. . . .

"It's worth considering," she said. "It would be like a play, and I don't know if we'd be good actors. And of course, George—"

"Call me Habirshaw," he advised her. "You had better start getting used to it."

A YEAR earlier their rise in the world might have been suicidal; for of course, at the outset, they had to spend money. The car, the storage bill on George's furniture—and you simply had to belong to the country club, in Rock Ridge. Luckily, the entrance fee had lately been reduced from three thousand to twelve hundred (it was seventy-five at Crestlake Manor); the Kenyons were elected with gratifying promptitude, and never dreamed that the treasurer capered with joy at the sight of cash money, in a season when nobody was paying dues or house charges.

But they managed it; business was improving, Whit was working furiously, and the S. S. S. A. managed to stall along, creditors who might have been insistent being persuaded that everything was all right if the president could spend so much money.

And George had become Habirshaw without the faintest embarrassment. On the first evening in their new home Whit rang for cocktails before dinner; but when Habirshaw brought them Whit suddenly realized that the drawing-room was fitted out with George's furniture—

"Only two glasses?" he said. "George, you've got to have a drink with us." Habirshaw raised his eyebrows, in the best tradition.

"I'd better not, sir. The other servants might misunderstand."

"Darn the other servants! I'm not going to let you tell me whom I can ask to have a drink with me in my own house."

"I think George—I mean Habirshaw—is right," Gladys interrupted. "We've all got to speak the lines that are written for us, while the play lasts. Of course we know it's only a play, but—"

She smiled at George; and didn't realize that it wasn't a smile for your butler, or for your husband's old friend—that it was the smile of a woman for a man, over an awkward situation they shared—till Habirshaw's faint frown reminded her that smiles like that weren't part of her stage business. . . . Well, he's probably right, she reflected as she and Whit drank alone. And we'll have to play up to him. . . .

But the Habirshawness of George had its disadvantages. She was looking and feeling better than ever in her life before, and she wanted the improvement to be appreciated. But Whit, worrying about his business, hardly saw her; and her new acquaintances hadn't known her in the old days. There remained only George, who never had noticed her as a person when she wasn't worth noticing—and couldn't notice her now because he was her servant. I never get a break at either end, she mused; and wondered if in her new clothes she really did look like the women George used to know before he lost his money.

Then the Kenyons were invited to their first big dinner in Rock Ridge. In the new gown she bought for it Gladys impressed even Whit; but Whit didn't know much about clothes, or about women either. She couldn't be really sure till she came downstairs and found George, in his chauffeur's uniform, waiting in the hall. He took one look at her, and she knew that he had never really seen her before.

"You look swell!—madam," he finished, belatedly remembering. . . . Once before he had told her she looked swell—when it was blatantly untrue, when he was only being kind to Whit's wife. Now he meant it. . . .

"Thank you, Habirshaw." she said. "My wrap, please."

And the memory of that all but spoiled her evening. So when they came home, and Whit went to bed—

"I'll be up presently," she said. "I want to speak to Habirshaw, after he's put up the car." And when he answered her summons—"George!" she said. "And I don't mean Habirshaw. I'm so ashamed! I never dreamed I had such a rotten streak in me. . . . You see, George, you always meant something to me—not just money, but ease, and freedom, and splendor. I always wanted you to notice me, and you never did—"

"I did! If the girl I married had been a sportsman like you—"

"You noticed me as a—a work horse's team-mate. Not as me."

"I used to wish I could dress you up—" George confessed.

"So I'd look like the women you played around with? Well, I'm trying to look like them now, but I couldn't be sure of it till you said I looked swell. And when you did— I don't know why I was so mean. Nerves, I suppose. But anyway, I'm terribly sorry and ashamed—"

"Take your hands off my shoulders," he said in a queer voice.

"I won't! This is George I'm talking to, not Habirshaw."

"George, eh? He's a friend of Whit Kenyon's—and this is Whit Kenyon's house." She dropped her hands, then, in utter amazement.

"But, George!" she gasped. "I didn't mean—" He grinned.

"I know you didn't. If I dreamed I was going to feel that way— But I never really appreciated you till I saw you in your proper setting. When I look at you now— Well, I guess I'd better quit being Habirshaw and look for another job."

"But, George, what would you do?" He shrugged. "And what would we do?" she wondered. "We couldn't live up to Rock Ridge by ourselves; we need you to maintain the illusion. I don't want to—to bother you, my dear; but unless you feel that you absolutely can't stay—"

He considered a while; then, with a grin—

"All right; I'll try being Habirshaw a while longer, and see how it works. . . . Will there be anything more, madam?"

"No," she said. "There won't be anything more, Habirshaw."

But she couldn't help wondering.

THEN business, after the headlong rise of early summer, began to slow down; and Whit Kenyon took to lying awake at night, in brocaded silk pajamas that hadn't been paid for, and worrying about his debts. One night Gladys heard him tossing for hours, in the other twin bed.

"What's the matter?" she asked at last; and he sat up jerkily.

(Continued on page 50)

"Jane, I'm desperately worried. If anything should happen to me, you and the children wouldn't have enough to live on. Of course, when times get better . . ."

"Why not look into that new Economic Adjustment Plan the Browns were talking about the other day?"

"Why does your company call this the Economic Adjustment Plan?"

"ECONOMIC—because it enables you, even on a reduced income, to buy right now the full protection you need. ADJUSTMENT—because you pay only about half the usual cost now and the rest as times improve."

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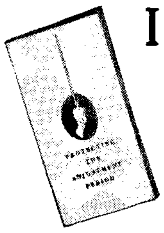

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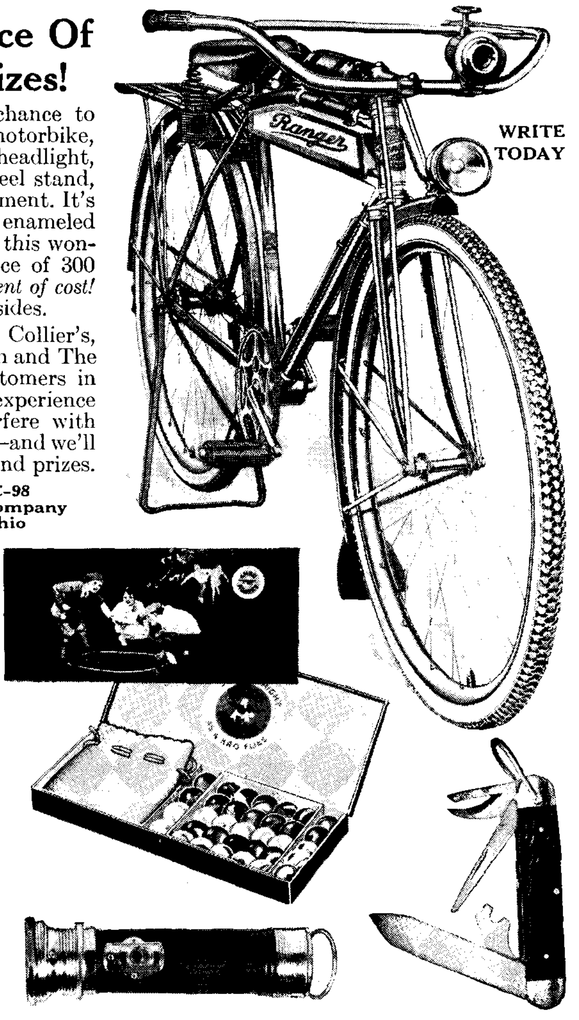

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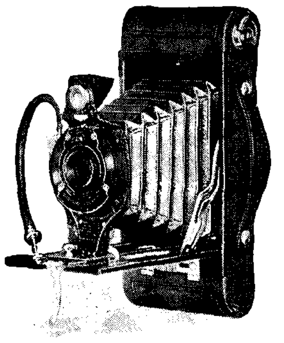

(Continued from page 49)

"Glad, have you sent out invitations for that dinner yet? . . . You have? Well, recall them. We can't afford it."

"What? We can't afford not to give it. People have been nice to us and it's time we did something. Besides, Uncle Arch is going to be here. We'll have some pretty big people at that dinner; he'll be impressed." Whit laughed harshly.

"He won't be impressed if we're pitched out of Rock Ridge next month—even owing the grocer. Till now, at least I've paid the grocer. The S. S. S. A. may fold up any day. Our salesmen aren't getting results, and I have to stay in the home office stalling off the creditors—"

"You know Uncle Arch will lend you money, if you have to have it."

"What would he say if I asked him for a loan when we live like this? And now you're planning a dinner that will cost hundreds of dollars—"

"That won't sink us, Whit. If you owe five dollars more than you can pay you're just as bankrupt as if you owed five million. If we start economizing now we'll bring all our creditors down on our necks. If we hang on, we've got a chance to pull through."

"So you keep saying. But—I *can't* stand it!" She sat up, intending to pet him back to sanity. "George ought to be living in this house instead of me," he said. "He can live up to it. I'd feel easier if I was the butler." She lay down again, talked out of her impulse.

"Whit, if you ever say a thing like that again I'll leave you! I don't care what you think about me, but you've got to respect yourself!"

She didn't really mean that she didn't care what he thought about her; but she was too tired and dejected to explain a remark that to him, unfortunately, seemed to need no explanation. So they were both on edge, frigidly aloof, for the next few days. She knew that outburst had come from tormented nerves, not from Whit himself; but she was beginning to wonder if Whit himself would ever come to the surface again.

Meanwhile she had to plan that dinner—with George. Outwardly he was only Habirshaw; but she knew it was George who was teaching her how to give such a dinner as she had never given before. Dinners like that were an old story to him; she began to feel that it was really George's dinner, that she was no more than his official hostess and Whit a reluctant guest. And it gave her an appalling sense of displacement to be planning something with George when she was used to planning everything with Whit. George's self-control was perfect; but she knew she was on his nerves and he—or the situation—was beginning to get on hers. In this house, among George's furniture, Whit really didn't belong. But George belonged; and she felt as if she belonged too. . . .

ON THE night of the dinner Whit came home late and Gladys, already dressed, told him sharply to hurry up and get ready.

"For what?" he said. "Oh, yes—that dinner. I'd forgotten. . . . Not that it matters much; we'll be kicked out of Rock Ridge the first of the month, anyway." She was staring. "The S. S. S. A. is sunk, Glad. I'd counted on a big contract with the Catenary Stores to pull us through; but our best salesman has been out in Chicago working on it, and he admits he's licked. There's only one hope left—Uncle Arch. I've got to hit him for a loan, now. If I get it, we can stall along a few weeks more and maybe pull out. If I don't—" She was deliberately cool.

"Of course you'll get it, Whit. You'll have plenty of chances to talk to him after dinner. Meanwhile, do hurry and get dressed."

But halfway through his dressing he groaned suddenly and rang a bell; and presently the most impeccable of butlers appeared.

"You rang, sir?" said Habirshaw.

"Come in, George. Shut the door. You're not Habirshaw tonight; you can't be Habirshaw. My Uncle Arch from St. Louis is going to be here—and he met you at the wedding!"

"Did he? I don't remember him and he probably won't remember me. I've lost some hair since then; and in these clothes— Don't worry, sir."

"Don't sir me! If he recognized you we'd have to tell him the whole story. I can't afford that; I've got to try to borrow money from him. No, George, you take the evening off; go to a movie, or something—"

"Who's going to run this dinner if I take the evening off?"

"Darn the dinner! Let it flop! I can't pay for it—"

THE old family retainer grabbed Whit's collar and shook him.

"Now listen!" said George. "You *snap out of it! For once in your life* give Glad a break! This is the biggest party she ever threw; it may be the last and it's got to be a good one. That old coot won't recognize me. Even if he does, I'm going to be right there helping her put it over—and so are you! She went around in old clothes for years so that you could save money to throw down the sink hole; and if you don't play up to her tonight, I personally will beat the tar out of you before I leave. Yes, I'm leaving tomorrow—never mind why. *But tonight* I'm going to be Habirshaw, and a darned good Habirshaw at that!"

And he was. But Gladys knew it was not only Habirshaw she had to thank for the smooth perfection of that dinner; Whit was playing up, a perfect host—so cheerful that she knew he must have spoken to Uncle Arch before dinner, and got that loan. With that worry lifted she could be cheerful too, inside as well as on the surface; and when the last guests had said good night she knew that her first party in Rock Ridge, even if it might be her last, had been a success. . . . And then she looked at Whit; he had slumped down in a chair, utterly dejected.

"What's the matter?" she gasped. "Did Uncle Arch turn you down?"

"We never got that far; the minute he could drag me off into a corner he asked me to lend him fifty thousand. It seems his business is about on the rocks, and he can't raise any money in Wall Street. He'd never thought of me as a life-saver, but when he saw our scale of living— He was pretty sore when I told him I couldn't let him have it."

"But didn't you tell him why you refused? . . . You didn't? Why not?"

"Well—he knows I'm not the kind to live beyond my means. I was afraid if I told him the whole story he'd think it reflected on you."

She was speechless. So he'd let Uncle Arch think that he was mean rather than that she was extravagant! She was just about to tell him that she'd only taken the advice Uncle Arch had given her at the wedding when Habirshaw appeared in the door. . . . No—not Habirshaw. George.

"I'm leaving tomorrow," he announced. "I told you I could get credit if I saw a chance to clean up on the market. Well, tonight as I was serving the cocktails I happened to hear what a couple of your millionaire friends were saying, so I know where I can clean up, now. . . . And you too, old-timer. You could make enough on a

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KLEENEX at 18 cents a package! And during the cold season, too. What news! Science finds that ordinary handkerchiefs aid colds to spread throughout a family. Germs pass through handkerchiefs to your fingers and are spread about the house. But these close-textured tissues catch germs and hold them where they do no harm.

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quick turnover to save the S. S. S. A." Whit laughed cheerlessly.

"Make it on what? I haven't any money."

"But I've got credit," George reminded him. "I'll carry you."

"No!" said Whit Kenyon. "If I can't pull myself out of the hole, I've got enough self-respect not to let anybody else do it for me!"

He stamped off upstairs and left them staring at each other.

"So that's that," said Gladys. "If he can't pull me out of the hole he won't let you do it either. Of course I dug the hole—"

"You did not! Nobody dug it! . . . Glad, let me pull you out."

"You know I can't," she said. "Because now we—we can't pretend that there's nothing personal about it."

"We?" he said, catching her hands. She drew them away. "You're right," he admitted. "This is Whit Kenyon's house. But I'm leaving tomorrow; you'll come to lunch with me in town—Glad, I want everything! And I can give you everything, now. You don't owe Whit anything more; let him sink, if he's made up his mind to it. Come to me, you and the children—"

"Wait!" she said desperately. "I don't know what I want. . . . It's this darned house! You fit it perfectly, even if you call yourself a butler; and it only makes Whit nervous. Sometimes I've thought that you and I— But I can't tell, apart from the setting. I wish each of you had enough money; then I might know what I really feel about you both. But now— I don't know. Don't talk about it. Wait, and let me see." She moved out to the entrance hall; he was beside her. "But I do know one thing," she said. "This was a lovely party—and I owe it to you; to George and Habirshaw both. It was your party. . . . Thank you."

She gave him her hand; he held it a moment—and that happened to be the moment when Whit looked down from the head of the stairs to see what was keeping her. He saw their clasped hands; he saw George's face—

Long after Gladys was asleep Whit sat up, thinking. . . . So that was why George had threatened to beat hell out of him if he didn't play up to her. Well, he deserved it—selfish, irritable, thinking only about his business, not about his wife. No wonder she'd said she didn't care what he thought about her any more. He'd given her a pretty hard life—and any woman would be attracted to George. . . . And now what? Gladys wouldn't cheat—he was sure of that; but if she wanted to go to George—It wouldn't be decent to stand in her way; yet he couldn't bear to think of giving her up. If he only had another chance—

He couldn't seem to get anywhere, thinking about Gladys; gradually his other worries came back. A business depended on him; men with families depended on him for their livelihood. What could he do now, to atone for all the things he had done wrong? . . . I'm too nervous for the life of luxury, he mused. And too dumb to get along with a woman. . . . But anyway, I can sell soap.

GLADYS woke late, to find a note pinned to her pillow.

Dear Glad:

Sorry I've messed everything up for you, but it isn't too late to straighten some of it out. Don't worry; you'll hear from me when there's anything to hear.

WHIT

She looked at his bed that hadn't been slept in; she rang for the maid, but the maid knew only that Mr. Kenyon had left the house early.

"Then send me Habirshaw," Gladys commanded, throwing on a negligee. And when he appeared— "Read that!" she said. "George, he'd never kill himself—in his right mind. But he was on the edge of a nervous breakdown; if he'd seen something, if he thought that we— Don't stand there staring! Do something! We've got to find him!"

But all they could find out was that he had gone into town, and telephoned to his secretary that he wasn't coming into the office.

"But, Glad," said George for the hundredth time, "he couldn't have found out anything because there hasn't been anything to find out."

"I know, I know. But if he got an idea, with his nerves in that state—Last night I didn't know how I felt; but I know now. If he's done anything dreadful on account of me— Please go away, George; I can't have you here now. Maybe we can be friends again—all three of us—if I find him and get things straightened out. But if I don't—"

HE DIDN'T like to leave her—she was pretty near a nervous breakdown herself; but he left her all the same. She spent that night pacing up and down, telephoning to the police every half hour. In the morning she was on her way to the dining-room for coffee when the front door opened and Whit walked in. She stared at him, stumbled toward him— His arms caught her, just in time; her arms went around him, clinging tight. And there they were, and George Habirshaw simply didn't exist. . . .

"Oh, darling," she sighed. "Darling. Don't ever leave me again. . . . Where have you been? I almost went crazy when I read that note—"

"I've forgotten what it said," he admitted, flushing. "I was in a state of mind when I wrote it; and I didn't want to tell anybody where I was going till I saw how it came out. . . . But never mind that. Glad, do you mean this? This?" She held him tighter.

"Of course I mean it. We've been on each other's nerves lately, but the little things don't matter now that I've got you back."

"But I thought," he began diffidently, "that you and George—"

"My dear! George didn't matter either, except as a—a symbol. If that was why you ran away— But where *have* you been?"

"Oh, I got to thinking, and I decided I'd better take a plane to Chicago and see if I couldn't do some business with the Catenary Stores, since the salesman had fallen down on it. Took the night plane back. . . . Oh, yes, I sold them. Had to cut the price a bit; the time comes when it doesn't pay to keep up the front. But I landed a big contract. I may be dumb about women, but I certainly can sell soap."

"You are rather dumb about women—sometimes," she admitted. "But that doesn't matter either, now. . . . So the S. S. S. A. will pull through?"

"I think so. And we can pay our bills. . . . But I'm afraid we'll have to move out of Rock Ridge as soon as we can. It comes too high."

"Why not? I don't want to go back to Crestlake Manor, but we can rent a perfectly good house in Beachcliff or Manorwood."

"It's a rotten break for you, Glad. A place like this is your proper setting."

"No place is my proper setting if it makes you stew and worry and overwork. And I admit," she said, "that even I feel easier when we pay our bills on the first of the month. George can run up bills—"

"But George is different," Whit sighed.

"Yes," she said. "Thank heaven."

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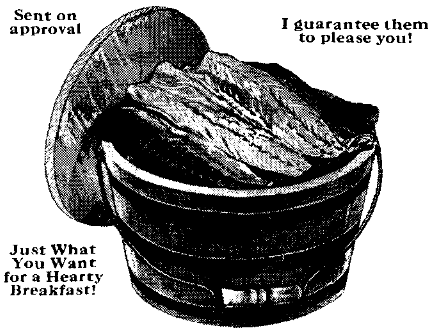
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Take one of my plump, meaty late-caught mackerel fillets. Freshen it. Broil it in its own juices to a tempting brown, until the rich, tender meat falls apart at the touch of your fork. Serve piping hot. Your mouth will water at its appetizing aroma. You'll smack your lips over its wonderful flavor.

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But you must get the right kind of mackerel fillets—the pick of the new late catch is what you want—to get this real food joy. That's the secret of the tempting goodness of my mackerel fillets. I send you the choicest fillets that are carefully sliced from the fat, tender sides of the new late-caught mackerel. Practically boneless, no waste parts whatever, these mackerel fillets are so plump and full bodied that they just flake into juicy mouthfuls.

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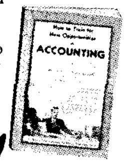

Iron Woman

Continued from page 28

It wasn't the grub-thief at all. It was Annie, in the grub-thief's wolfskin parka. She swung her feet to the floor and pushed back the hood so they could see her face. It was her poker face, smooth and without any expression.

The crowd split apart and she looked down the line at Joe.

"I'm sorry, Joe," she said.

"*Annie!*" said Joe. "You ran a whizzer like that on *me?* I thought there was something fishy about it—it seemed like your sled was heading east instead of west! You switched parkas with that four-flusher while I was getting the dogs ready? You let him take your team and your grub and blankets? You let him get clean away from us, down into the Porcupine, where all hell couldn't catch him? What the Sam Hill, Annie!"

"This beats me, Annie," said Atlin Bill. "You helped chase this pilgrim close to eighty miles, across the roughest country in the upper Yukon. You're an old-timer in the North. It was your grub he stole. Yes, sir, it beats me."

"Durn these women!" said Sanderson. "They go soft on you."

"Well, Annie?" said Joe.

"The rope's over the rafter," said Annie. "Hang me, if you want." She looked at Joe. It was a kind of wistful look. "You probably won't understand it, Joe. Maybe I don't myself. It wasn't on his account. Like you said last night, he stole from me twice. But I kept thinking about that boy of his, that's going on nine."

Everybody stood quiet for a minute. Atlin Bill's watch ticked audibly again. Then Sanderson shrugged his shoulders.

"Well," he said, "that's that. Put the coffee on, Joe."

"Never mind, Annie," said Joe. "To blazes with the pilgrim. He's gone now. As Bill says, it was your grub. . . . Who's hungry around here? Me, I could eat a mangy wolf."

Everybody relaxed, grinning. It was as if shadows had brightened in the cabin. There was no chore to do, after all, and it was time to eat. Atlin Bill dragged down the rope, coiled it up and handed it to Joe Bemis. Joe put it in his pocket with one hand while he slid the skillet on with the other. Some of the boys had lighted their pipes. Annie sat on the edge of the bunk, looking down at the glowing coals.

IT WAS just cold enough for good trail work. The dogs were rested and anxious to go. Everybody laughed and joked as they got the outfits together and lined them out. Even Sanderson's gloomy eyes held a twinkle when he said to Annie:

"You haven't any team now, Annie. You're in a heck of a shape. Who do you figure to ride with?"

"She rides with me," said Joe Bemis.

With Sanderson in the lead and the rest of the outfit strung out in a long line, they pulled down the canyon, heading for the Little Cultus. Whips cracked and sled runners sang. It was a fine, clear morning, with the sunlight crimson across the snow.

Marriage for Revenue

Continued from page 24

"None of that," said Raglan gently; "I'm sorry, but you're not through." He glanced at his watch. "Ten o'clock, five in the afternoon at New York. That's fine. The message will get there too late for him to do anything today, but it gives him all night to chew on it. The reason you're not through is that I don't want to be seen at the cable office now or on any future occasion. You notice there's no signature, and there mustn't be. They'll ask you for the name and address of the sender for their files. Give them your own." He rose. "Here's your hat and a thousand francs."

HALF an hour later Regis issued from the cable office, stood looking vaguely up and down the narrow bystreet in search of a taxi and finally started walking slowly toward the glare of the Boulevard des Italiens. As she reached the corner a hand was placed beneath her elbow. She drew back with a violent start, her frayed nerves at the breaking point. Raglan's voice saved her from collapse.

"Steady, now. I know you're starved, but can you walk three blocks?"

"No," said Regis.

He lifted her quickly into the nearest taxi and gave his directions to the disgruntled driver, who presently hurled his vehicle into the maelstrom of the Place de l'Opera. They fought their way through to arrive at the junction with the Rue Auber. Raglan paid the man triple fare, assisted Regis to the sidewalk and guided her to the discreet entrance to the upper regions of the garish Café de la Paix.

A major-domo received them, led the way down a narrow hallway and ushered them into one of its series of private rooms. Regis was too exhausted to question.

An hour later, replenished and completely restored as to mind as well as body, she rested comfortably while Raglan paced up and down, hands deep thrust into pockets, shoulders squared and head down. She was at ease and amused. Her eyes followed him lazily, almost caressingly. His youth had revived—that peculiar form of youth which some men never lose—and with its return, something had been restored to her. The thought startled her into caution. Where was she drifting? Exactly what had been restored? Did not the man she was watching so intimately still owe a triple allegiance to business and his two wives? Her brain turned cool, and as if he felt the change, Raglan halted abruptly and faced her.

"We're in the whirl again."

"Yes," she murmured.

"Did you get what I've been telling you?"

"No."

He stared at her. "What's the matter with you tonight? Sleepy?"

"No; I'm awake now."

"That means you've been napping. Haven't you heard anything? Do you realize, if this deal goes through, your fee will make you a rich girl and I'll have my million again?"

"You'll need it, won't you?"

His stare remained fixed but changed in quality. His eyes bored into her as if he strove to drag the thought behind her words out into the light. "How strange," he murmured, "that you should think of my money before your own! That's not normal. What did you mean?"

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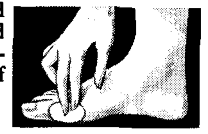

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"Your obligations," her lips answered before she could stop them.

He frowned, puzzled. "Obligations? I'm the freest man in the world."

"Only while you pay tribute."

"Oh."

The color flooded into his cheeks but immediately receded, leaving his face white. She sprang to her feet, a violent commotion in her own breast. What had she done?

"I'm sorry," she breathed. "I didn't mean that."

"You did mean it," answered Raglan evenly but with a force behind each word that seemed to drive it like a bullet, "and of course you're right. At this moment I'm a fugitive from my native state and it's only by paying tribute that I can return. But you meant even more than you said. You despise me, and I don't blame you."

"No!" cried Regis, the single word tearing through her throat.

"You're the holy one, the unsmirched," he continued, "virtue taking itself for strength and looking down on weakness. That's copy-book stuff; it has nothing to do with life. Life is a continual resurrection. When you've lost the power of rejuvenation, you're through, you're dead, but not before. I'm glad you reminded me of my chains; I had forgotten them, but I won't again."

"Oh!" cried Regis, coming toward him with one hand upthrown as if she were going to place it over his mouth.

HE SEIZED her wrist, and at his touch a flame swept through her, melting her body. Her free hand went around his neck, clinging to him; her face pressed hard against his shoulder. The next instant his arms were about her, lifting her off her feet in an embrace that made them one. For a moment there was stillness—a stillness so complete that it seemed all movement in the world had ceased, even the twirling of the world itself. Startled at length into movement by the persistence of his immobility, she raised her face to look at him, but her eyes were like swirling pools, blinded by their own light. Cheeks flushed, lips parted, her body—on another day so empty—throbbed with an overbrimming fullness. Its wine drugged her so that only gradually did she regain perception.

She perceived that Raglan was looking down at her from far away, holding her off though his arms were still around her. She stirred uneasily, poised between hurt and fright. Immediately he released her and stood back. He was self-possessed without being cool—so intent that his very gravity became a source of strength from which they both might drink.

"No," he said with an odd shake of his head as if to break away from the silence that had held them within its spell. "I'm still what I was. If I had nothing then, I've got less now. I'm at the beginning of all things. I'm a man in the making."

"I—I'm not what I was," breathed Regis, the soul within her eyes perplexed.

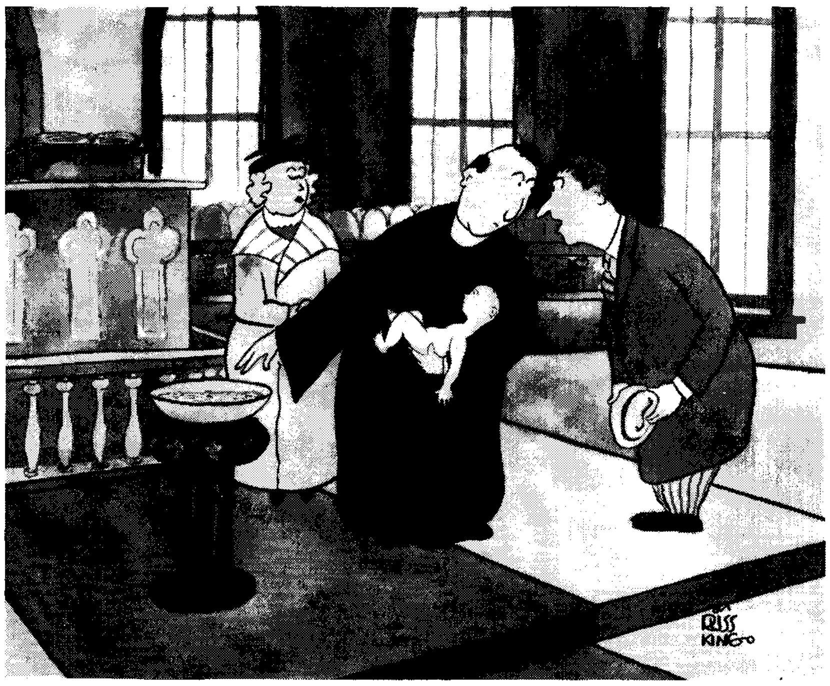
"You are," said Raglan with assurance. "All that you were and more—much more. Pick up your things. I'm going to take you home."

DOES man really control his destiny, or does destiny always wait upon event? Event, the springboard, leaving it up to man only whether he shall sink or swim after the plunge. Take Regis' emotional reversal. As an event it produced a far-reaching effect which neither she nor Raglan could have anticipated; it precluded any further evenings together after the day's work was done. Automatically they resumed their functions as master and helper, Regis calm within a sort of postponed suspension while Raglan benefited by a singleness of purpose which made of him more than ever the sure-cutting axe. His patience in small matters as well as in great was phenomenal; as a master of detail he took precautions which to a less thorough exponent of preparedness would have seemed absurd.

His training since his split with Abbott now stood him in good stead. He could not only guide Allerton as to probable sources and methods of procedure; he could apply the same system to nosing out specialists and their wares in London, Brussels and Berlin, to say nothing of Paris. Patiently he located the small lots of Savannah, Eastern and Western Preferred held in Europe, and without hurry, managed that they should seep in their entirety into his possession. The amount was not great but for reasons known only to himself he considered their acquisition of such importance that from the knowledge of these deals even Regis was excluded.

In the meantime Tony Allerton was attending well to his job on the other side of the ocean. His credit had been

(Continued on page 54)



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Russ King

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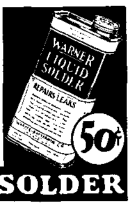

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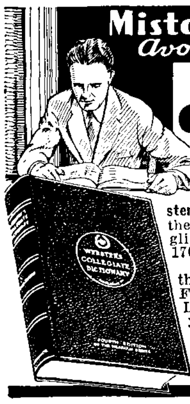

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(Continued from page 53)

doubled and then tripled. He might be tortured with curiosity as to why Raglan was gobbling up this particular issue of a little railway on the verge of bankruptcy, but whatever his doubts he continued to play the game along the lines so emphatically laid down for his guidance. Instead of paying higher prices as the days wore on, he actually paid less, owing to the fact that if a trick works well once it will probably work just as well for the next ten times. Whenever he succeeded in buying a fair-sized lot of the stock he promptly sold half of it at a lower figure to Kit or through some other devious channel and back to himself.

THIS system was succeeding beyond Raglan's most optimistic hopes; already it had depressed the market to such an extent that he was tempted to make a rush across the goal line irrespective of the cost. Success, hanging just over the line of vision, was beginning to send up beckoning fingers of light. But how terrible would be a false step so far along the road! He waited, and while waiting, his evenings hung heavy on his hands. He would have liked to be with Regis above all other women, but she herself had made that impossible. She had driven him into assigning himself a goal, and she lay beyond it. He couldn't mix the two things—he couldn't win her first and the game afterward—and keep his self-respect. Or hers, for that matter.

Inevitably he was thrown back on Irene, and with her, Bruce Wadding. That combination, on any night but Sunday, could be dined only at Ciro's. They sat at an alcove table with Irene placed where she could see and be seen. Bruce had the next best seat, while Raglan, as host, was located so that he would have to crane his neck to look at anything except his companions. He scarcely saw them. His thoughts were on Regis, dwelling on her, daring to wonder just what had been the motive behind her sudden reversal in the upstairs room at the Café de la Paix. Women were queer—he had been married twice and knew nothing about them. Regis had been moved either by pity or the maternal instinct or the urge to rush first aid to a dog with a broken leg. Of one thing only could he be sure—it hadn't been love. He wished it might have been, but he had given her no reason to love him, he doubted if he ever could. That thought brought him a sensation of helplessness, causing him to turn his back upon it.

But Regis remained. She was here, at his side, a living presence. She shamed all these people, made them tawdry, yet she would have been happy to be among them in the flesh, and instinctively he knew he would have been proud of her. She could match looks, clothes and poise with the best of them. Yet there remained the fundamental difference, elusive until he seized upon it, then startlingly evident. What set her apart was her sincerity. Lots of people are sincere in sections—in talk or appearance or in their casual contacts—but with Regis sincerity struck deep. It permeated what she did, looked and was; it identified itself with the very flow of her blood.

THE late dinner was well under way when something occurred so astonishing that it severed his thoughts from Regis with the violence of a falling guillotine. Out of the corner of his eye he had chanced to glimpse an entering group of four: Abbott with Eleanor, Dora with Reuter. The combination was incredible. He tried to work it out. Eleanor had known Dirck Reuter well enough to cut him when she felt like it—invariably if her husband was present. Conceivably she could have introduced him to Abbott, but how had Dora entered the picture? Unaware that Eleanor and Dora had come to Europe on the same boat, he could not untie that particular knot in the tangle and gave it up. What did it matter anyway? They were together—the four of them!

Leaning sideways and peering between the fronds of a palm, he spotted the table to which they were assigned. By changing the position of his chair only slightly he could keep them under surveillance, himself unseen, and yet appear to be giving his ear to Bruce. The dinner dragged on toward its close, Raglan prolonging it by every maneuver his ingenuity could devise. Bruce danced with Irene from time to time, but her host never invited her to the floor. Ordinarily such an omission would have found her indifferent, but tonight, perhaps only because she was beginning to feel bored, she went the length of turning resentful eyes upon him. He laid his long fingers on her wrist in a gesture which was placating rather than caressing and begged her to excuse him.

"Forgive me, Irene, but you don't know how I've been working these last few days. All the bones in my body are wet rags; I couldn't dance if I tried."

"It's all right," said Irene, promptly appeased, "but why not move on—go somewhere else?"

"I can't even do that," asserted Raglan; "I can't budge. I suppose I ought to be stood in the corner with a dunce cap for dragging the two of you out."

"Working?" interjected Bruce, his forehead drawn into a puzzled frown. "In Paris?"

Raglan smiled at him wanly. "In Paris," he declared. "As I've never worked before in my life."

"What's up?" asked Bruce sharply. "How can anybody work at anything anywhere nowadays and make it pay?"

"Nothing doing, Bruce. In a couple of weeks perhaps I can tell you all about it."

"Not a word now?"

"Not a word."

IT WAS characteristic of Wadding that he accepted the denial at its face value, definitely postponing curiosity for the two weeks stipulated. They continued to sit with Irene's lovely eyes casting longing glances toward the exit while Bruce cudgeled what brains he had for some subject which might seize the attention of his companions and at the same time alleviate his own despair. Out of resentment rather than because he wanted it, he drank more and more of the expensive wine and urged Irene to do likewise; if they were to continue to be bored, let the guilty pay. But presently a light shone through his clouded eyes; he had remembered a subject, rarely aired, but of unflagging interest. He, in turn, laid his hand on Irene's inert wrist—the other one.

"See this little woman, Larry?" he inquired feelingly. "You haven't bothered to notice it, but she's the unhappiest girl in Paris."

"In the world," murmured Irene, her wandering eyes becoming abruptly fixed in an unseeing stare.

At last, and to his own surprise, Raglan's attention was really caught and held. "Why?" he asked.

"Do you mind if I tell him, Irene?" pursued Wadding's moist voice.

"No," she breathed. "It doesn't matter. Nothing can make any difference."

"She's in love, Larry—in love with a handsome brute who treats her like dirt."

"He's the only man in the world," murmured Irene, without waking from her trance.

"He's eating her heart away," con-

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tinued Bruce. "He says he loves her, but he goes off on trips with other women, leaving her to you or me or any other man just to show he knows how safe he is. But when he wants her she's got to be there or take the consequences."

"I don't understand," said Raglan to Irene, his blood vaguely stirred. "If you love each other why don't you get married?"

"But we can't!" she cried with startling vehemence. "That's all the trouble—we can't marry."

"Why not?" asked Raglan, his eyes resting curiously on her lovely face.

"Because we'd lose my alimony."

The words struck at Raglan. He actually drew back and stared at her aghast, wondering if his ears had deceived him. No; she had meant exactly what she said. At any other time the irony would have made him laugh. He did start to laugh, but the sound stopped in his throat, cut short and driven back—a stake plunged into his breast. Bertran's cryptic phrase, now suddenly clarified, leaped to life: "Of her? You mean of them." To Bertran, Irene was one of a troop—a growing horde, a species grafted on the economic social stem—and Eleanor and Dora were two more of the same breed!

A FEELING of suffocation almost overcame him. He caught a breath, dragged at it as if he were wrenching out a tooth. It came, torn out by the roots, and then another. Gradually he was able to breathe normally though an actual sensation of soreness endured in his lungs. Now, less than ever, would he consent to leave this stifling room. He resumed his strategic position and his eyes became glued with a peculiar fixity on the group which included his two ex-wives.

"What's the matter with you, Larry?" asked Bruce anxiously, startled into sobriety. "What's come over you? Are you sick?"

"No," said Raglan hoarsely. "Leave me alone."

"Pay your check," urged Bruce, in the grip of premonition. "Let's get out of here."

"Do what you please," muttered Raglan, his gaze unwavering. "I stay."

Something in his strange demeanor roused Bruce and even Irene from their maudlin state, turning them cold sober. Now it was Larry who must be drunk—sitting-drunk, unable to move and in need of care. Immediately they abandoned all thought of deserting him. Bruce suggested a fresh pot of black coffee but Raglan refused shortly without turning his head. Irene fished a bit of ice out of her glass, cupped it in her hand and leaned over to hold it against his forehead. He knocked it away with a quick gesture as if he were brushing off a fly. The bit of ice struck a pilaster and fell to the floor, but his eyes never wavered.

Presently a burning light began to glow in them, slowly increasing to a blaze. A waiter had brought the check to the table Raglan was watching and he had seen Eleanor pass a folded banknote under the cloth to Abbott, who then produced it as if from his own pocket, laid it on the check and passed both across the table to Reuter. Reuter bothered with no subterfuge; without looking at Dora he pushed the check toward her. There ensued a whispered colloquy between them, Reuter staring straight ahead, Dora looking pleadingly up into his apathetic face, Abbott and Eleanor pretending not to notice. At last Dora opened the bag in her lap, sat looking sadly down into it, finally extracted a note and added it to that already supplied by Eleanor.

Raglan came out of his immobility so gradually, so smoothly, that neither Bruce nor Irene noticed he was in motion until he was on his feet. Bruce raised his head, surprised; but on catching sight of Raglan's face, surprise changed to consternation. He could not imagine what had happened but instantly the premonition he had felt of something terrific impending assumed the crushing weight of a certainty. Had Larry gone mad from overwork? He certainly wasn't drunk. No man, his reflexes blunted by alcohol, could move with that peculiar stealthiness.

"Larry, what are you doing? Where are you going?"

Raglan did not answer; he was busy moving a chair gently out of the way so that he could slip between a pillar and the table. As he half turned to do so Irene caught a full view of his face; it was as though she looked at a blank wall with eyes. She seized the edge of the table with both hands and began to tremble violently, her mouth open. Raglan passed out of her view, yet her eyes remained staring at him in the place where he had been. Bruce made a movement as if to follow him out on the dance floor, at the moment empty, but promptly sank back, frankly afraid.

As Raglan drew near to his goal his pace took on a sudden acceleration though without breaking into a run. More than ever he suggested a cat—no, a leopard—making the rush before its pounce. The reason for haste was obvious; the party of four was breaking up, the men already standing, the women casting that last glance over the table to make sure no trinket had been forgotten. Abbott was the first to see what was coming and to sense immediate danger. He paled but reassured himself with a quick look around the formal room. The next instant he was staring, fascinated, into Larry's eyes.

"Once you said I wasn't big enough, Abbott," whispered Raglan hoarsely, "but now you're going to find out—you and this dirty scum that calls itself Dirck Reuter."

Reuter, quick-witted for all his recent show of apathy, faced about to instant recognition.

"I won't stand for that, Mr. Raglan."

"Then take it lying down!" said Raglan, his fist shooting upward to the point of Reuter's jaw.

The man sagged at the knees and crumpled to the floor like an empty bag. Raimondi at one end of the room, Gaillard at the other, stood paralyzed.

"Larry, you're crazy!" cried Abbott. Instinctively he clutched the chair in which he had been sitting and moved it around between them. "In here!"

"Wherever you are is where you're going to take it," continued Raglan's hoarse whisper.

CONSCIOUS that waiters were closing in on him from every direction he realized he had no time to lose. Defensively Abbott raised the chair he held. Raglan picked up another, swung it and brought it down. Its weight crashed through splintering rungs and wooden legs, culminating in a sickening thud. Though blood streamed from Abbott's forehead and from a cut across his right cheek, he still stood. As if the shock had pressed some hidden spring, his doubled fists began to fly like pistons in the general direction of his assailant.

Larry still had a second at his disposal, but it was time enough. Employing the same blow he had used with such effect on Reuter, but putting into it the bitterness of months of waiting, he sent his enemy reeling backward to measure his full length on the floor. The next instant Larry was seized by six pairs of hands, rushed in a flying wedge through the pandemonium of the room, and hurled out into the street. It was

(Continued on page 56)

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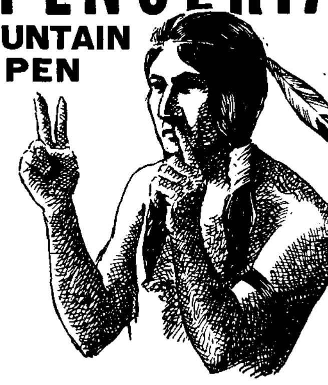

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BUY DIRECT AND SAVE

(Continued from page 55)

the Rue Daunou. Automatically he turned to the left and dodged into the door of his own hotel. Upon reaching his rooms, except for the extra time he spent bathing a swelling mouse over one eye, his procedure followed the uses of habit. He went to bed and was on the point of falling asleep when the insistent ringing of a bell dragged him back. He reached out for the extension telephone and gradually became aware of Tony Allerton's agonized voice.

"Larry, what's the matter with you? Are you awake? Can you hear me? I've been trying to get you for hours. I'm up against it. Somebody has twigged the game and I made a fool of myself. There isn't a share of that preferred to be had at any price. That's where I went wrong. I thought I could push it over and I offered the sky as the limit, but the sky isn't high enough. I had to tell you. You're in the open now—the fight is in the open."

"How many are you short?" asked Raglan drowsily.

"Three hundred and twenty-two shares. I've raked up every odd lot; there's no more to be had."

"Then there's nothing you can do about it," said Raglan. "Now don't worry your head off, Tony. You've done your best and it's been a mighty good best. Hand yourself a rest. I'll sail for your side as soon as I can get away."

RAGLAN awoke late to a pounding on his outside door. He thought it must be Regis and shouted to her to wait a minute and he would let her in. His small world looked strange, cut in half. Remembering, he went to the mirror and mournfully studied his closed eye with his good one; then he soused his head in cold water, rubbed his rumpled hair dry with a bath towel, slipped on a resplendent dressing gown and went to open the door. A plain-clothes man with sorrowful eyes and a mustache was standing there and two uniformed companions closed up behind him. At that moment Regis' horrified face appeared in the background. Raglan, smiling, invited all to enter, but only the inspector and Regis accepted, the two officers remaining outside the closed door.

"M'sieur?" said Raglan inquiringly.

"Dufrenet, *inspecteur de la sûreté*, at your service," replied the agent, handing over a morning paper folded in such a manner as to bring into prominence a peppery account of the fracas of the night before. "With regret, monsieur," he murmured.

Raglan looked up from the scandalous article, his lips twitching. "You mean I'm being arrested?"

"With regret, m'sieur."

"On what charge?"

"It is as yet indefinite. Should the man die—"

"Die!" exclaimed Raglan. "Nonsense. Nobody dies from a punch in the jaw."

"I assure you the matter is serious," persisted the agent in his sorrowful voice, "or I wouldn't be here. Unfortunately one of your assailants remains unconscious."

"Thanks for making it assailants," said Raglan with his quick smile. "But if he's unconscious then he can't be my accuser."

"No, m'sieur; the public prosecutor. He feels forced to demand your detention until it shall be established whether the man will recover."

"Important matters demand my attention," said Raglan with a gesture which embraced the paraphernalia of his improvised office. "Can't you detain me here?"

"Impossible, m'sieur. I am obliged to ask you to accompany me."

During the entire interview Raglan had been vaguely conscious of Regis' presence as a disturbing element. Now he raised his hand to cover his injured eye and peered directly at her through the other. He perceived that she was still staring at him with a startled expression of mingled wonder and dismay which was only now beginning to be tinged with disgust. Somehow the struggle of her features, betraying how violently she was torn between pity and contempt, struck him as funny. He laughed. Instantly she found her voice.

"I SEE nothing to laugh at!" she exclaimed in a tone of anger he had never before heard. "How could you get mixed up in a street brawl at a time like this? How could you do such a thing anyway? It's not like you. If it weren't for what's happened to your face I wouldn't believe it."

"My face," murmured Raglan, passing his fingers over his unshaven chin. He turned to the agent. "Have I your permission to prepare myself for the street? It will take about ten minutes and if you will accompany me to the bedroom I can reassure you by leaving open the door to the bath."

"Unnecessary, m'sieur; I shall await you here."

Almost as good as his word, Raglan emerged from the bedroom a quarter of an hour later, looking his brightest and best save for the darkening mouse on his forehead. He touched it gingerly.

"Do you know," he said to Regis, "I haven't the slightest idea how or when I got it."

"Then you were drunk," murmured Regis, accenting the penultimate word as if she had at last arrived at solution.

Raglan, puzzled himself, shook his head from side to side. "No; I hadn't been drinking," he stated with simplicity. "It's just possible Abbott hung it on me, but I doubt it. It must have been one of the waiters during the rush to the street."

"Abbott!" exclaimed Regis in a low tone, her eyes wider than ever.

"Evidently you haven't read the morning paper," said Raglan, engaged in stuffing his pockets with various forms of tobacco. "Whether you approve of me or not," he continued, "is beside the point for the present. What's important is that you take charge here until I come back. There's something else," he added, taking several bank-notes of large denomination from his wallet and laying them on the desk. "Is your passport in order?"

"I—I think so."

"Please make sure, then buy yourself a first-class passage on the quickest boat sailing for New York around the end of—"

He was interrupted by a commotion at the door; it opened and Bertran entered. His eyes, sweeping Raglan anxiously, came to an abrupt halt at the lump on his forehead.

"So it's true," he murmured.

"Hello," said Raglan cheerfully, advancing with extended hand.

Bertran drew back. "What's the use? I'm not here as your friend; I come merely as a messenger. I am requested to say that your recent connection is at an end. The person involved trusts to your honor to dissolve the partnership at once in such a manner as to preserve his dignity irrespective of the expense to you or to himself."

"Fine," said Raglan, his face hardening.

"What does that mean?" asked Bertran. "I was instructed to bring back a definite answer."

RAGLAN'S expression softened gradually into a smile. "Bertran," he said, "I have never disliked you except in your pompous moments. This is one of them, but I remind myself you're only a proxy. You may tell my associate he needn't worry either as to my discretion or our profits. As for the partnership, you may say it arrived at its natural conclusion at eleven o'clock last night. Now, if you don't mind—" Bertran left, coloring at the manner of his dismissal. Raglan turned to Regis. "What was I telling you?"

"About sailing for New York."

"Oh, yes. Take the fastest boat at the end of this week."

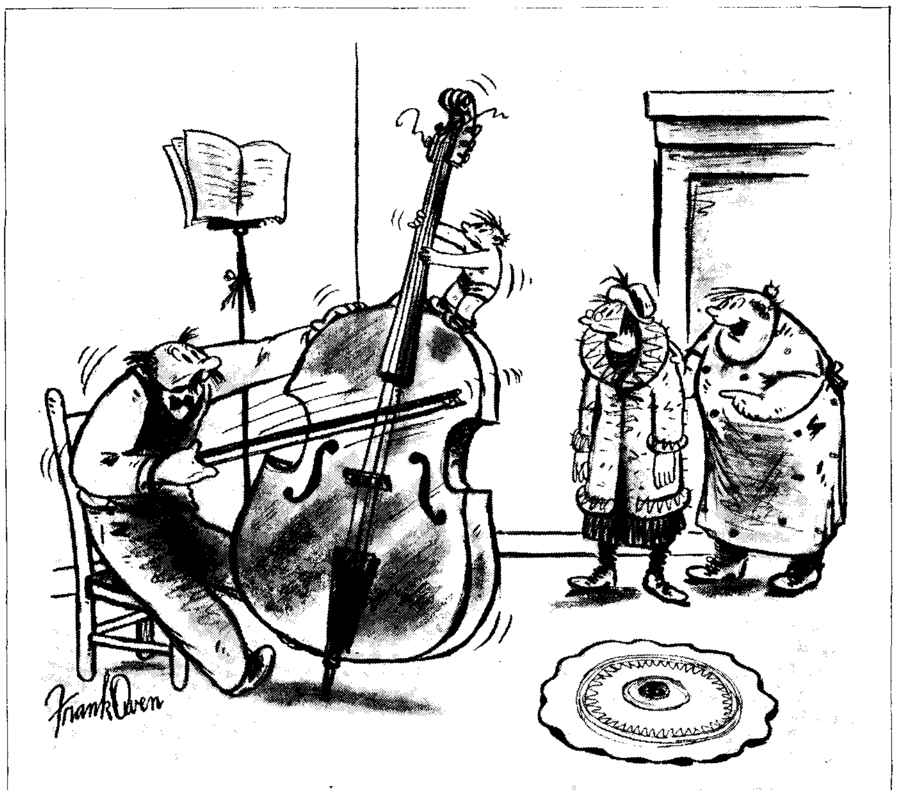
"I—I can't do that," she murmured in a low tone, her cheeks flushing and then paling.

"Can't?" asked Raglan sharply. "Why can't you?"

His tone returned her to self-possession. "I mean I won't. I won't go away while you're in trouble."

His eyes stared and then laughed at her. "Well, you can be sure of one thing," he said slowly. "Whether you're on that boat or not, I will be."

(To be concluded next week)



"His father can sit down and play now!" *Frank Owen*

Unprepared for winter

his resistance is low......

To all outward appearances he may seem as well prepared for winter as any one else. There may be a difference, however, in his physical condition—in the amount of *resistance* he has!

Do you think as he does? Have you still the old idea of waiting until you're sick to build up your resistance? Or have you come around to the new point of view? Do you prepare for winter hazards *in advance* by increasing your physical forces regularly every day?

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In Short

Continued from page 20

first tried out as an attention-arrester and a uniform. Anthony Burke of the Hotel El Mirador, Palm Springs, California, got a few people to pose in shorts for golf and tennis, the girls in white linen with polo shirts, looking very smart and pleased with themselves, the men doing their best to help out a friend. One of these illustrations made the Police Gazette, while the rest added to the fashion interest of rotogravure sections.

Once in, the men took to shorts even better than the women, since questions of avoirdupois didn't seem to bother them. Eddie Cantor, Lawrence Tibbett, Jimmie Durante, Walter Lippmann, General W. W. Atterbury, the Earl of Warwick, Harpo Marx, Charles Laughton and Johnny Weismuller became certified addicts. Lupe Velez arrived in furs, with a Mexican hairless under her arm, dashed breathlessly over to the sports-wear shop and returned with half a dozen pairs in assorted colors. Claudette Colbert found them *sympathique.* George Gershwin composed in them. Jean Piccard, Professor Auguste's six-foot-four brother, danced barefooted in his under the spray of a garden sprinkler, and then went in to deliver a lecture. The long and the short of it was that shorts became the shortest route to clothes success at Palm Springs.

If the years between 1930 and 1934 could have been wastebasketed instead of added to the agenda, this article would probably have appeared long ago. But America was much too busy trying to make both ends meet to bother much about decorating the middle. Shorts addicts continued their short-cuts to freedom. Keen tennis players adopted them, even for championship matches. The younger set of playboys and girls on Long Island and points west couldn't live without them on beaches, courts or bicycles. But the public wasn't roused until the New Deal began to flower forth in more time for play and more money to play with.

Name Your Figure

Granted that most of us are going to wear shorts—what kind will we wear?

The answers to that are as varied as our ages, types, weights, habits and color preferences. Practically every figure has been taken care of, and the business of "trying on" to find the perfect length, the ideal cut and the happiest piece of the rainbow is going to be just as serious as picking out an evening dress. The most popular length will be just above the knee. But some damsels start here, only to roll them up as though about to holystone the deck. Others go into action taking Hollywood's example and buying them closer to the stratosphere to begin with. Still a third contingent, cautious by reason of age or architecture, chooses the three-quarter trouser.

Getting down to cases, there's the one-piece model of princess inspiration that, when worn a bit loose, can disguise a lady overly wide through the beam. Some of these are cleverly gored to increase apparent height without breaks in the middle. Many have almost the effect of a skirt until the wearer moves. Lots of experts think this last, especially in its less voluminous versions, contains more all-round, adaptable chic than any of the others, since it doesn't call for legs like Dietrich's.

But our more advanced young ladies turn up their pert young noses at such compromise. They want shorts that *are* shorts, whether or not the top is shirtlike, shirtwaistish, sailor-collared or the mere gesture of a halter. Some take to strictly mannish shorts. These may be cut smooth or have those English pleats at the waist. Others like theirs patterned after masculine riding breeches, knee-length or shorter. Others, again, have a flair for flare that starts at the band. The girl with the waist wants a molded, high-cut yoke, with pockets before and fullness behind. The choice bit who doesn't fear being glorified all over gets a pair of those knitted "baby pants" in white, and half a dozen jersey halters in assorted colors.

Short Skirts Next?

Getting to and from play areas without having to change has been taken care of in as many ways as there are costumes. Here's a one-piece short in Indian cotton print that has a smoothly buttoned-down-front skirt to match, the hem of which comes to within ten inches of the turf, for the lady who plans to do a disappearing act as a commuter and emerge as a golfer. Here's a superb creature wearing one of those new capes in bright blue flannel with a waistcoat front. To the uninstructed eye, it's posed above a white linen dress, the skirt buttoning down both sides. But watch her when she's ready for action, and you'll see those buttons fly. They cover one-piece shorts. In the West, more trouser-minded than the East, the disguise may be flannel slacks over who knows what of giddy scantiness below. Topped with a drawstring-necked blouse and a mess jacket, the lady is as completely swathed as Martha Washington. Which is a good build-up for the moment when she isn't.

While white is the most popular star for 1934, the whole rainbow gets a chance in the chorus. Sometimes a single contrasting color enters modestly in the form of stripes, checks, plaids or dots in the material of a crisp one-piece short. Often top and bottom of a two-piece differ as vividly as possible, and there's no rule as to which should be the darker. Others go mildly haywire in a couple of colors used checkerboard-fashion, left leg matching right chest expansion. Occasionally the contrast is done unobtrusively with buttons, monogram, belt, collar-facing and what not, or shoes and hat. The Mexican gamut is popular with those who have no inclination for slow-motion approach—white linen shorts, halter in red, green and white stripes, shoes and wide, floppy hat in green. This, as the first manifestation, can be followed by infinite variety in recombination at slight expense and great effect. Waving the red, white and blue is another favorite amusement. Leaf green and coral makes an exotic combination. Yellow and white is as plentiful as the daisy. Anything with blue goes big. Ladies who don't feel sufficiently decorative in these editions try tie silk or add a foulard sash and kerchief to any white or neutral suit. Jockey caps vie with big hats. Turtleneck sweaters over the briefest shorts are seen alongside capes and coats when the wind turns. Positively the only recipe is to suit yourself—but not until you're sure you couldn't be suited better after trying on half a dozen more.

One result of all this new comfort and speed is prophesied by Mary Lewis, who launched the first New York shorts. She says they're the precursors of the short skirt—first for sport, later for general wear, not at all, perhaps, in the evening. How short? How soon? The Oracle won't commit herself. But she's sure that the traffic lights have changed.

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TOM has always been a hard worker. But a year ago he began to submit his ideas in clear, concise typewritten form. Tom's boss investigated; found Tom had a Remington Portable Typewriter, was putting his thoughts on paper at night. The other day Tom got a raise... the first in his company since the depression.

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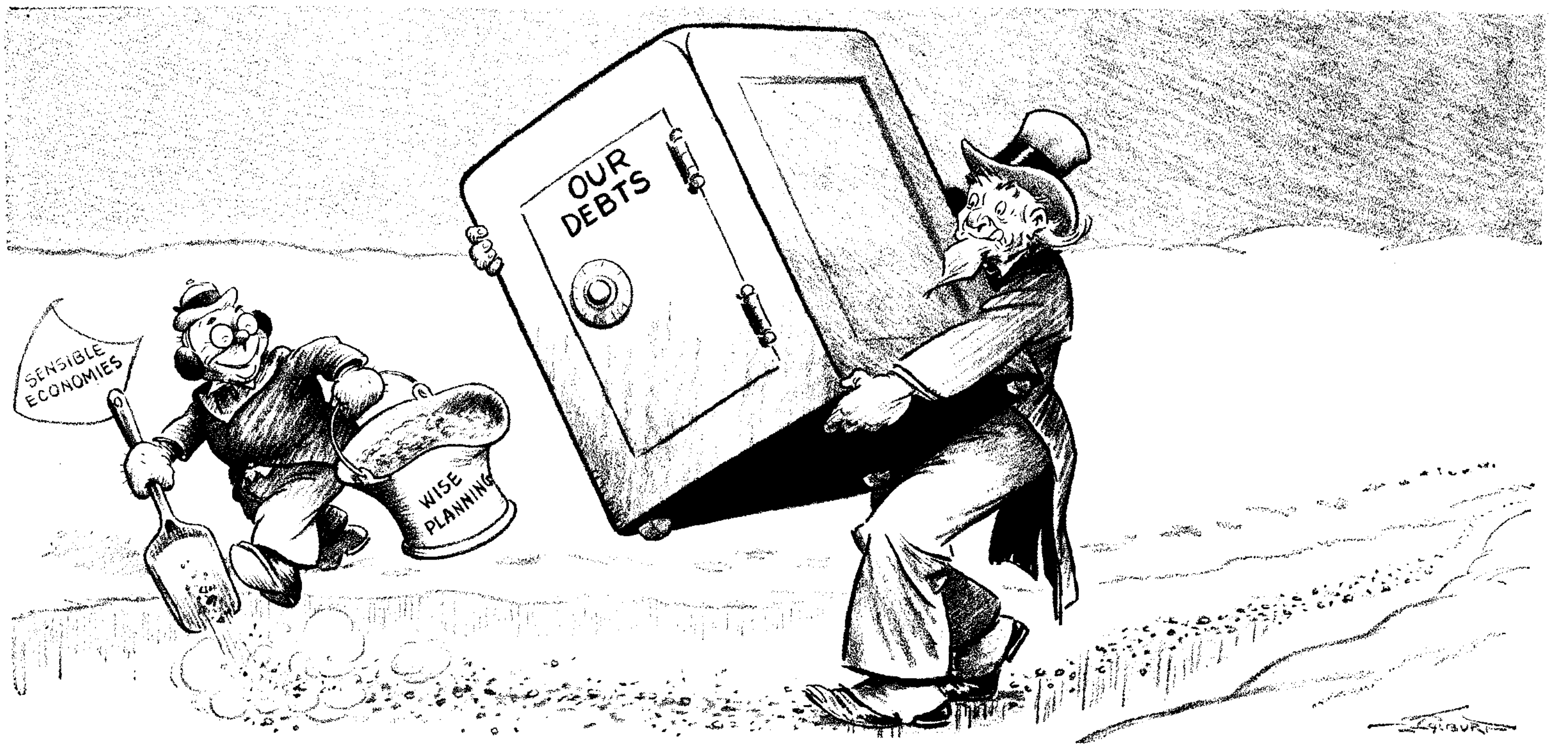

In Round Billions

WHEN Alfred E. Smith, New York's famous former governor, was a director of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, he expressed amazement at the huge figures he had to consider. In his practical fashion "Al" remarked: "I have been in businesses which left off the cents in making reports. I have been in others which reported in round numbers, leaving off the hundreds. I have seen others which told their stories in the thousands. This is the first time I ever heard a business report reduced to the round millions."

Now our governmental business is being figured in the high billions and all of us need a course in astronomy to get clear ideas of the volume of our public debts. This year as a nation we owe more than 23 billions. By next year President Roosevelt forecasts a public debt of nearly 32 billions.

Stupendous sums are these by any familiar standards and yet not so staggering if considered with reference to our normal productive power and our size as a nation.

Even if we do owe 32 billions in 1935 our national debt will be less than the sums Great Britain and France owed in 1919 and less than the British national debt today. Here is a table quoted from the United States News:

United States (1919) (All time peak)	$26,500,000,000
*Great Britain (1919) (Previous peak)	39,344,730,000
France (1919) (All time peak based on old value of franc at 19.3 cents)	40,144,000,000
United States (1934)	23,825,000,000
*Great Britain (1933) (All time peak)	39,500,570,000
France (1933) (Based on franc stabilized at 3.9 cents)	19,578,000,000
United States (1935) (Estimated by President Roosevelt)	31,847,000,000

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*Based on par value of British pound at $4.87.

Capacity to pay is the practical test of any debt. Thirty-two billions is a large sum. Interest and reduction of principal will cost us at least $1,350,000,000 a year for a long time to come.

Most of this sum and all the other expenses of government must be obtained by taxation. The total amount raised by federal personal income taxes has never been higher than $1,269,630,104, which was secured in 1919.

In recent years only about two million Americans have paid any income taxes. Despite higher rates the sums obtained by the government have diminished. Obviously, as the time approaches to begin repaying the national debt, the number of those who pay income taxes will be increased. Tax exemptions will be lowered and tax rates raised. We shall approach more nearly the burdens borne by the British taxpayers.

Our capacity to pay depends on our national income. If we have the money our taxes can be increased, but only if we have the money. The purpose of the vast expenditure by the federal government is to restore and to increase our earning power.

During the years prior to 1930 our national income grew rapidly and reached a prodigious sum. Here is the story:

NATIONAL INCOME

1914	36 billions
1922	66 billions
1929	85 billions
1933	40 billions

Plainly, if our national income can be increased from 40 billions to 50 billions or to 66 billions, which we had in 1922, the burden of taxes will be more easily borne.

There is another important point to be considered. In this country our private debts are much larger than our public debts. During the fat decade which ended in 1930 we voluntarily increased our private debts to extraordinary heights. We did this because we thought individually it was a profitable move.

Last March the sum total of all our long-term internal debts was reckoned to be 134 billions by Evans Clark for the Twentieth Century Fund. Of this sum, 26 per cent were government obligations and 74 per cent private.

Between 1922 and 1929 we repaid 6 billions of our federal debts and privately and through local governments we borrowed an additional 55 billions. Even with this great increase there was, in Mr. Clark's words, "no positive evidence of an intolerable debt burden upon our economy as a whole, assuming even a moderate improvement in general business conditions."

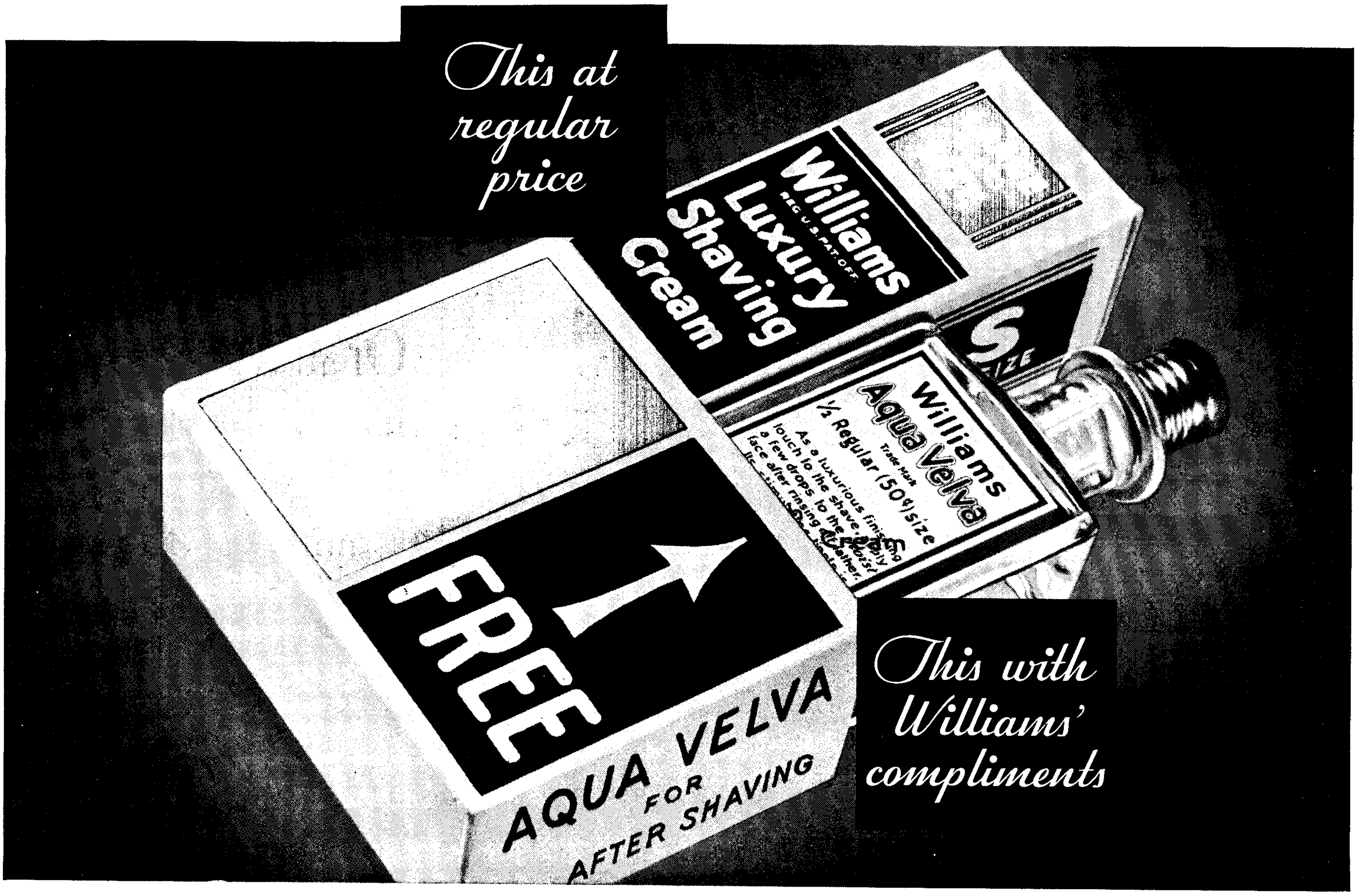
The increase in our national debt since 1930 has very largely been for purposes which in ordinary times would be served by private borrowing.

In public business quite as much as in private the measure of any undertaking is the result obtained. If the federal money is prudently and honorably expended and invested, if the ventures given government aid are actually in the public interest, there is little to fear.

Some business men and some farmers were fools during the years of expansion, but not all. In spite of the tax, about 60 per cent of all American farms are mortgage free, but in a few states one fifth of the farms are mortgaged over 75 per cent of their value. Industrial corporations as a whole did not pile up excessive debts during the boom.

If the Administration and Congress can exercise discretion, if the enthusiasts can be restrained and the crooks kept at bay, these vast outlays will in fact increase our productive capacity. With normal growth we can carry our debts in our stride. The key to it all is sense and decency. At any time these ancient qualities pay dividends to the nation as well as to the individual.

HAVE ONE ON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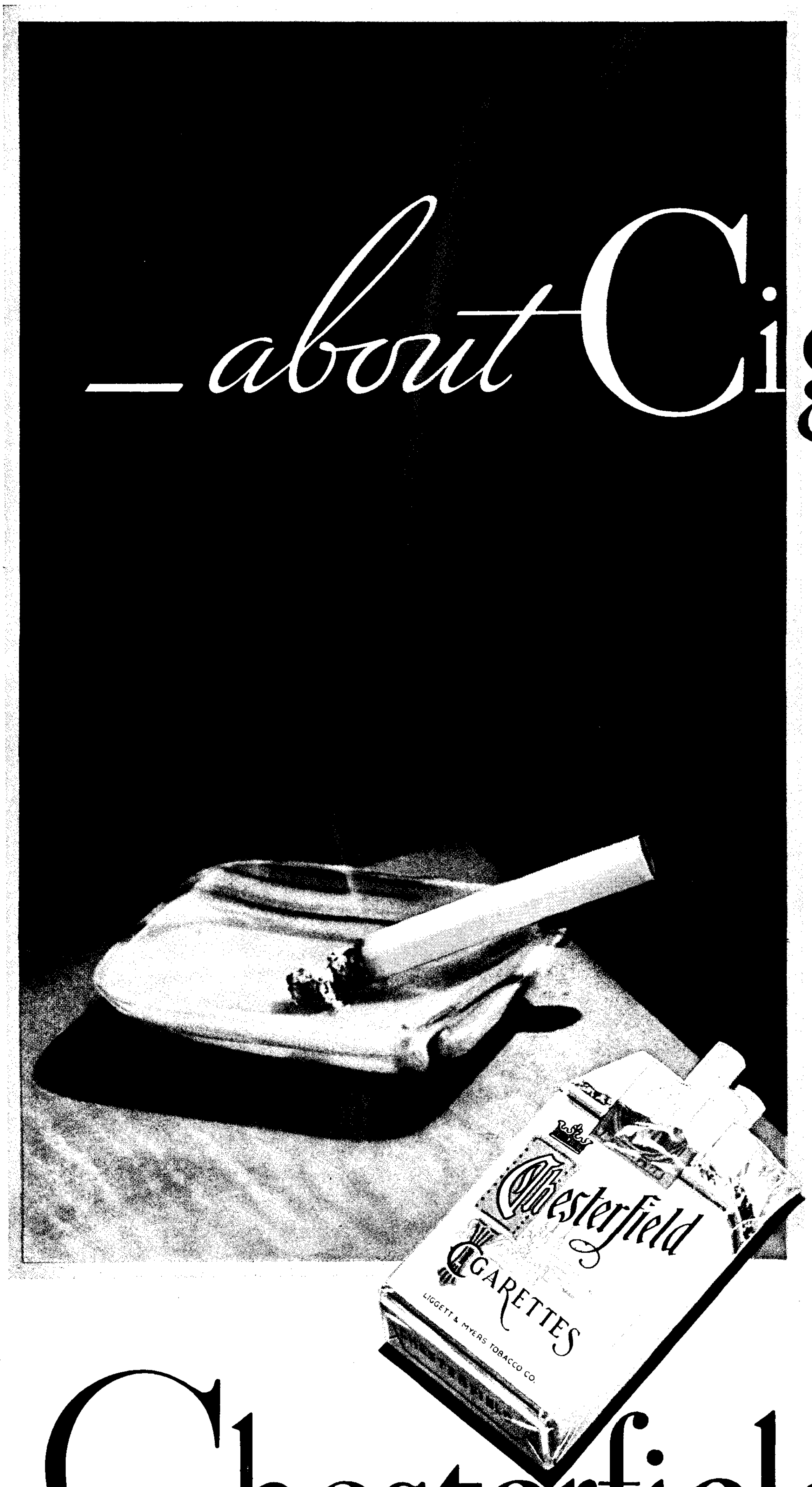

Of all the ways in which tobacco is used the cigarette is the mildest form

YOU know, ever since the Indians found out the pleasure of smoking tobacco, there have been many ways of enjoying it.

But of all the ways in which tobacco is used, the cigarette is the mildest form.

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MILDER
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